

**"THE OLD STONE BANK"
HISTORY OF
RHODE ISLAND**



VOLUME III

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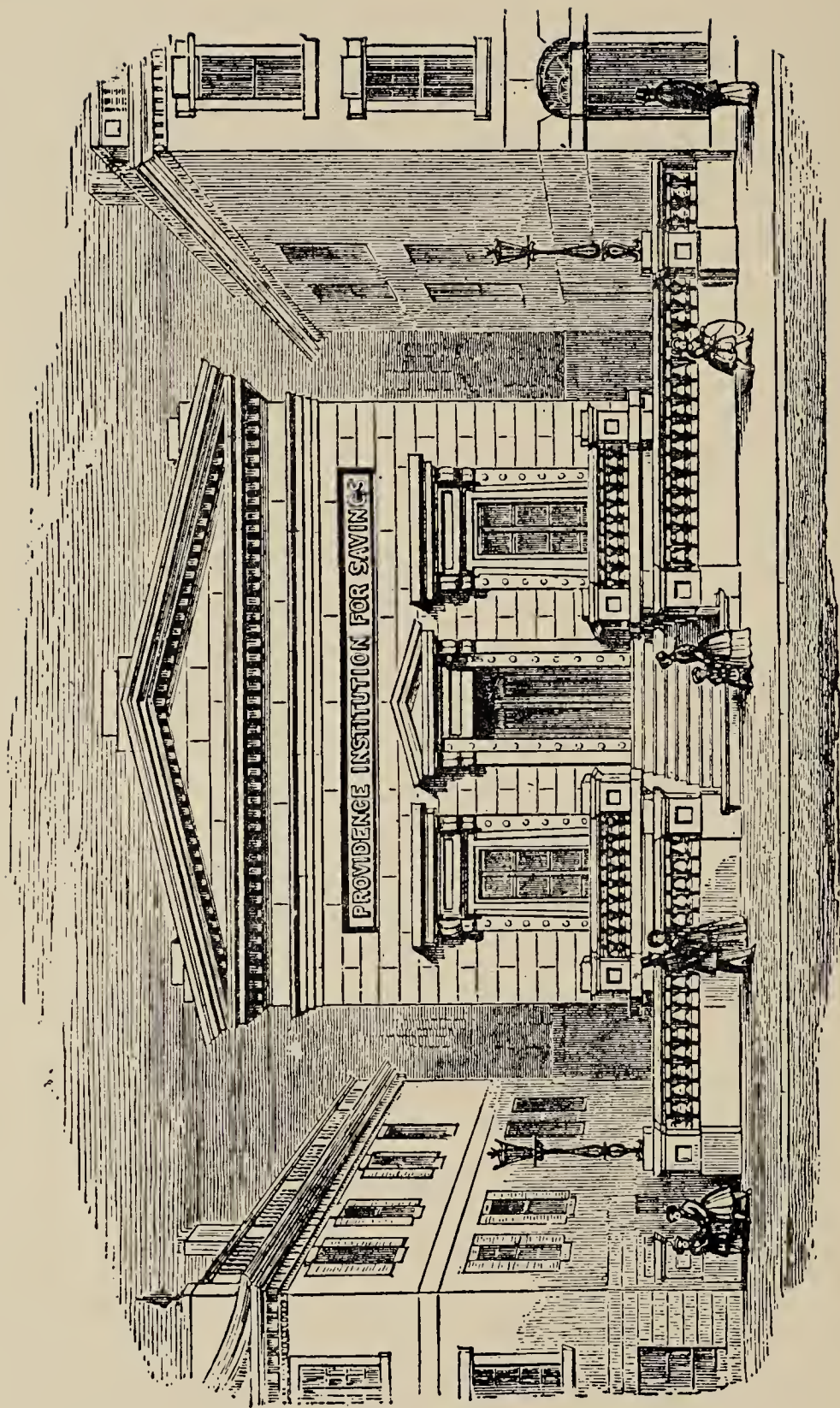
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**“THE OLD STONE BANK”
HISTORY OF
RHODE ISLAND**



THE FIRST BANK BUILDING OF THE PROVIDENCE INSTITUTION FOR SAVINGS.
ERECTED IN 1854 — ENLARGED AND REMODELED IN 1896.

**“THE OLD STONE BANK”
HISTORY OF
RHODE ISLAND**

VOLUME III

**By
JOHN WILLIAMS HALEY
“The Rhode Island Historian”**

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FOREWORD

THIS volume contains selected stories adapted from the series of radio broadcasts presented, since 1927, by the Providence Institution for Savings, under the title of "The Rhode Island Historian of the Old Stone Bank." Inaugurated when radio communication was still in comparative infancy, this original and unique means of entertaining and instructing a vast number of people throughout southern New England is now considered to be the oldest sponsored broadcasting feature in the history of radio.

For a limited period this bank regularly published pamphlets containing printed copies of the weekly historical talks presented by "The Rhode Island Historian," but this practice was discontinued when the demands for these exceeded all expectations. Two large editions of bound volumes, containing copies of the talks given in the past, have also been widely distributed, and the popularity of these valuable compilations has been most gratifying.

Volume III of "The Old Stone Bank History of Rhode Island" includes a few of the chapters published in Volumes I and II, for the purpose of providing its readers with a fairly broad picture of important people and events in local annals. By no means suggesting a complete history of Rhode Island, the following accounts, arranged chronologically as nearly as possible, are offered with the hope that they may accomplish their purpose — the telling of the true story of Rhode Island and its people in an entertaining manner.

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1819-1939

Extract from the report of Wilson G. Wing, President of the Providence Institution for Savings, at the one hundred twentieth Annual Meeting of the Corporation, October 2, 1939

To the Members of the Corporation.

1819

Anniversaries logically give rise to retrospection, and on this one hundred twentieth birthday a brief review of the history of this Institution may furnish some foundation for a perspective in our present troubled times and anxieties for the future.

The War of 1812, against which the Rhode Island legislature passed a resolution, proved economically profitable to the state, as apprehension as to losses by reason of the disruption of commerce was subsequently dispelled by the profits accruing from a program of successful privateering. The capital acquired served as a stimulus for substantial industrial activity in this community of some 10,000 souls, but progress was seriously interrupted by the disastrous gale of 1815 which inflicted a most damaging blow to industries and people.

It may have been somewhat due to the loss of the savings of industrious citizens who had at that time no safe place for their accumulations of moneys that this Institution was established.

Fourteen years prior the country had started on the first of its substantial territorial accretions by the so-called Louisiana Purchase from France in 1803 for Fifteen Million Dollars, although the northern boundary west from Lake of the Woods was not determined until 1818. In the year of our foundation Florida also had been purchased from Spain for Five Million Dollars.

The bank's first day's operations resulted in a total deposit of \$1014 represented by twenty-seven accounts, one of which has remained open until this time.

1839

At this time the nation found itself experiencing one of the ever recurring depressions resulting from over expansion and industrial development. Travel and transportation by steamboat had become increasingly popular, and the year 1835 marked the beginning of the railway age, an era destined to play a vital part in the development of the nation over the following one hundred years.

James Monroe had inculcated his Monroe Doctrine and Andrew Jackson had destroyed the United States Bank. Providence, a city of 23,000, had been incorporated for seven years. Trains were running between this city and Boston on the east and to Stonington connecting with steamboats from that port to New York on the west.

Our twentieth birthday also witnessed an internal problem which threatened to disrupt the state. For nearly half a century the question of a constitution to supplant that of the charter granted by Charles the Second in 1663 had provoked bitter local controversy. The advocates of a new constitution were chiefly concerned over the extension of suffrage rights, and the controversy led to the disastrous Dorr War during which on June 25, 1842, this Institution experienced a panic: "In consequence of an

intended attack on this city by an armed body of insurgents, a panic was produced among the depositors, and a large amount of deposits was withdrawn, to an extent exceeding the cash funds on hand, and as it became necessary to provide means not only for the amount overdrawn but to meet such further demands as may be made, the Treasurer was authorized to hire of the Providence Bank the sum of Twenty Thousand Dollars."

Dorr was convicted of treason and sentenced to life imprisonment, but released precisely one year later. His brother, Sullivan Dorr, was a First Vice-President of this Institution from 1830 to 1835.

Texas, having attained its independence from Mexico in 1836, was on its way to joining the Union, finally accomplished in 1845 but not until after a settlement of some Ten Million Dollars had been granted to the young empire in the adjustment of a territorial dispute on its western border.

Presumably in consequence of the disruption of the United States Bank, this Institution became actively interested in the stocks of local banks. Although the records are somewhat shadowy, probably our first bank stock investment was in the Farmers & Mechanics Bank, predecessor of the Phenix organized in 1835, for during the year 1834 the Treasurer was authorized to pay for sixteen additional shares. On practically the same day one thousand shares of Blackstone Canal were purchased, and during 1838 an interest was acquired in the Providence Bank. The retention of and addition to these investments for a period of over one hundred years is evidence as to the enduring stability of our local institutions. Dividends to depositors were consistently maintained at 5%.

1859

On almost precisely the fortieth anniversary of the founding of the bank, John Brown seized the government arsenal at Harper's Ferry, and events swiftly progressed to the catastrophe of the Civil War. Both Abraham Lincoln and Senator Douglas, competing for the presidency, addressed Rhode Islanders at Rocky Point, and when the election returns were counted it was found that the state had gone for Lincoln by twelve to seven thousand.

Providence with its population of 50,000 began sending volunteers to the northern armies in 1861, and during the war period the state sent over 24,000 men at an estimated cost of Six and One-half Million Dollars.

Ten thousand three hundred thirty-eight depositors owned \$2,085,000, having received dividends varying in rates, while the Institution had moved to new quarters especially built in Grecian style in 1854.

During the previous two decades Texas had joined the Union; Oregon by treaty with Great Britain was added in 1846; and in 1848 California, afterwards embracing the states as we now know them of Nevada, Utah, Arizona and a part of Oregon, was appropriated from Mexico with an indemnity to the latter of Fifteen Million Dollars, plus in 1853 a strip known as the Gadsden Purchase embracing Arizona and New Mexico for Ten Million Dollars in addition.

1879

This birthday saw national prosperity progressing by leaps and bounds after the trials of the post war period. The nation was emerging from the pioneer stage, and besides absorbing a steady tide of migration from Europe which helped to develop undigested territory to the west, was lending energy to industrial development and

providing, conversely, markets for the products of mines and manufactories with its concomitant benefits to railroading.

New England capital was playing a very important part in this western development, supplementing the tide of moneys accruing from European sources. Alaska had been purchased from Russia two years previous for \$7,200,000. Providence had grown to more than 100,000 people. Roger Williams Park was in process of development and people were beginning to look to the skies, with balloon ascensions increasing in popularity. Almost 21,000 depositors owned over \$8,800,000 on the bank's sixtieth birthday. The variation in dividend rates during this period evidenced the troubled post war readjustments, — dividends varied from 6% and 7%, and even 8% in 1865, to 4%.

1899

Our eightieth birthday witnessed the end of the Spanish War with the treaty of peace signed in 1899. A regiment from the state had been mustered but did not see active service.

Work was begun on the state capitol and the general assembly held its first session two years later. The city had grown to slightly over 175,000 and this Institution had kept pace with 34,728 depositors having accumulated almost Fifteen Million Dollars. Dividends had been maintained at 4%.

The most popular investments of the time were in transportation companies, both electric urban and suburban and railroad corporations. Marconi had made claims for transoceanic wireless telephone communications, electric cars had supplanted horse cars in a large measure, plans were announced for a modern central fire station on Exchange Place, and President Faunce became the head of Brown University.

Two territorial additions had taken effect in the form of the Hawaiian Islands in 1898 and acquirement of the Philippines from Spain in 1899. It is interesting to note that during a great deal of agitation at the time, Chamberlain, the elder, made many speeches looking to an alliance between Great Britain, Germany and the United States, observing that England had no longer a community of interests with Russia or France.

1919

Once more our birthday was in a year of peace conferences, that of the fateful truce at Versailles, shortly followed by the Communist Internationale in Russia. Wartime prohibition became effective June 30th, to be succeeded by federal prohibition in the following year through an act, however, never ratified by our individualistic state. Women in Rhode Island began registering as voters.

Two significant changes in the policy of this Institution had taken place. A maximum deposit of \$1000 prevailing since the establishment of the bank was raised in 1901 to \$1500 and subsequently in 1917 to \$2500. Fifty-three thousand four hundred and thirty-two depositors owned \$33,405,000, and Providence had grown to just under 238,000. Returns to depositors were at 3½% and 4%.

While each twenty year period has shown industrial expansion and progress in invention, this period saw, besides the terrific social and political upheaval of the Great War, the beginnings of two developments destined to change the whole complexion of our ways of living. During these years the airplane and automobile were brought to a state of practical operation leading to the tremendous expansion realized in the last twenty years.

Purchase of the Virgin Islands from Denmark for Twenty-five Million Dollars was consummated in 1917, and this country turned from the debtor condition prevailing since its foundation into that of a creditor nation.

1939

So we have arrived at our one hundred twentieth anniversary with our two new branches and a modernized main office, with fresh recollections of the terrific hurricane of just over a year ago, and after an epoch which has experienced the greatest expansion and depression in our history, surviving a veritable turmoil of affairs, economic, financial, political and social.

In this period the electric railways industry reached its peak in 1922, while 1930 apparently marked the climax of the railroad era. Rallying from the depths of 1932 and 1933, it seemed only two months ago that we were apparently again knocking at the threshold of a new uplift, with the blessings of new industries having their inception in earlier years being brought to further refinement and development.

Until about the turn of the century savings banks had been recognized as most essential components of our banking structure, furnishing the only facilities for the modest accumulations of liquid capital available to individuals of modest means. Commercial banks saw little profit and considerable annoyance attendant on multitudinous transactions in small amounts. They avoided the investment of time money in forms that rendered quick realization impracticable, and by their policies established a severe distinction between deposits of demand and time.

However, this line of demarkation was not to be continued. Many small banks, particularly in rural communities, found deposit volume, regardless of type, essential to their successful operation. Larger institutions grew to tremendous proportions by acquisitions and consolidations, and time money became a constantly mounting proportion of deposit liability. The eleemosynary nature of the mutual savings bank did not appeal to the leading citizens in the rapidly developing new communities to the westward, and the development of savings banks without profit motive, largely confined to states along the North Atlantic Seaboard, practically ceased. Indeed, much discussion as to the imminent decease of these old-fashioned institutions took place in the roaring 1920's, but their record, with over 25% of the prevailing deposit liability nationwide during 1932 and 1933, furnished conviction as to their enduring qualities.

Today it might appear that supplements to the integrity of time moneys in the shape of deposit insurance, social programs in the form of old age pensions and unemployment insurance, and attractive opportunities for investment in U. S. Baby Bonds presented in an intensive campaign subsidized by the government might threaten the conservative progress of mutual savings banks. However, in view of the all-time high records in both deposits and liabilities, these developments apparently supplement their objectives.

The contribution to the citizens of this community of the Old Stone Bank (so-called since the erection of its first building in 1854) has been inconspicuous but substantial. Over 300,000 individuals have opened and closed their accounts, benefited, without interruption, by dividend accretions at rates dictated by current conditions through the years.

In these days of billions the Seventy Million Dollars paid to our depositors seems inconsequential. However, dollars and values must be viewed as relative in the period

that has been reviewed. This sum is larger by Eight Million Dollars than all the moneys paid for the acquisition of territory by this nation up to the purchase of the Virgin Islands in 1917. Today it is equivalent to the cost of a modern fully equipped battleship and two submarines.

It seems in the distant past, but is actually but a short time, when we were confidently looking forward to a changed and better world in which to live, benefited by automobile, airplane, radio and improved methods in industry resulting from research, only to find ourselves in a world of conflict, disaster, and fearful of unforeseeable contingencies, with the bitter reflection that the existing state of affairs appears the consequence of intolerance and errors of judgment and discretion committed in the last twenty years.

It is inappropriate, however, to indulge in gloomy prophecies on birthdays, and far more satisfying to resolve that means shall be found to utilize our material advantages, our strength and higher ideals for the betterment of all people everywhere.

This brief sketch of our past history, with its recital of growth and development and its survival of wars, excursions, alarms and storms, lends confident conviction in the ability of this Institution to carry on for the best interests of its 78,491 depositors with \$66,969,473.39 through the encouragement and assistance of its friends interested in the continued progress of a project established so many years ago for the mutual benefit of its depositors and community.

THE LAND AND WATERS

THAT long period from creation to the time when the area today known as Rhode Island became habitable for man and beast may forever remain a dim mystery; in fact, little is known of life here a century or so before the coming of the white man, but enough remains for us to conceive an account, rather an observation that, for the present, must constitute the first chapter in, or prologue to, Rhode Island history. And that chapter or prologue will treat of the physical features of the area in which we live, unchanged but little since the time, three hundred years ago, when man with his pen first put down the recordings of what transpired in this little patch of American soil, its greatest length but forty-eight miles; its greatest width but thirty-seven. But, land and waters have a close relationship to history. Land and waters have much to do with determining the destinies of its inhabitants.

Rhode Island and the adjacent area that constitutes the Narragansett basin, or that land drained directly or indirectly by Narragansett Bay, was at one time shaped into its present general physical appearance by a great glacier, or ice river, that flowed slowly but steadily down from the north, eventually emptying itself into the sea. This great glacier, impossible to conceive in magnitude and irresistible power, may have moved very slowly across the nearly level floor of Southern Massachusetts until it approached the vicinity of present Woonsocket. From there to what is now Providence, a distance of only a few miles, the drop of approximately sixty feet per mile

gave this ice filled, semi-fluid stream considerable velocity and momentum as it gouged its way down the Blackstone and old Moshassuck River beds. From the deductions of geologists we can picture this enormous ice plough fashioning the bed of the Providence River, cutting the channels that created the islands in Narragansett Bay, perhaps shearing off mountains to hills, smoothing rough ridges and crags; grinding rocks to sands and clay; picking up giant boulders and transporting them to distant points; wiping fertile soil from hillsides and spreading it in the lowlands; chopping out rugged headlands; smoothing out curving beaches; cutting, dredging, ripping and pushing. That which was here before the glacial recession became completely transformed into what is here today, in the form of land and waters, allowing for the comparatively slight changes wrought by erosion, by a few centuries of soil and subsoil geological transformations, and by the hand of man in his constant struggle to make his home more habitable and his industry, trade or profession more profitable.

This Narragansett glacier was probably confined to the Blackstone River bed by the high elevations of land in Woonsocket and Cumberland. It is quite possible that the Sakonnet River and Mount Hope Bay were fashioned by another glacial stream or by a tributary of the main ice flow. If this generally accepted theory is true, it is logical to conceive that there was a joining of flows at the northern end of Aquidneck near Bristol Ferry, with one branch continuing down to the

sea through the Sakonnet channel, and another dredging its way along the western side of the great island at the lower end of the Bay.

And again it is quite conceivable that the land area of Rhode Island as well as that of Southern Massachusetts and Connecticut at one time extended many miles south of the present ocean bounds. Some scientists have gone so far as to say that the land at Boston was at least forty miles from the sea at the end of the last glacial period. The same might have been true of Rhode Island and surrounding country. Those who are familiar with the coastline in this vicinity can readily visualize how a great plunging mass of hard-packed ice might have plunged itself into the sea pushing up from below the surface of the water the present land formations which we call Long Island, Fishers Island, Nantucket, Martha's Vineyard and Block Island.

At any rate, the Rhode Island area attained its outward appearance many, many centuries ago, and as the time approached when a new race of men was destined to live and hunt in its forests; to settle upon and cultivate its shores; to fish and sail upon its waters, Nature, in all her goodness, had bestowed upon it the advantages and resources necessary in an abode for active, hardy and vigorous men. In the hills, valleys, streams and waterfalls were the exhaustless forces that would create and sustain manufactures of many varieties; in the climate and soils the rewarding fruits of intelligent tillage; in the open-harbor tidal waters, uniting in one great artery to the ocean, the streams of agricultural and manufacturing industries, the opportunities and wealth of commercial enterprises. The first man to dwell in this spot found virgin forests on all sides awaiting the cutting into rude planks and timbers for the building of pioneer homes at some far distant date. These same forests were overrun with deer, and many species of small animals, their flesh offering sustenance, their hides, warmth and bodily protection. The streams, bays, harbors,

ponds and lakes were stocked with fish, and the mud flats were as yet undisturbed, hoarding unlimited stores of shellfish down through the ages. Game birds flew this way not yet knowing the deadly sting of a whizzing arrow or the stunning power of a hunter's volley.

From the eminence overlooking the site where the founder of these plantations proclaimed freedom of soul nearly three hundred years ago, his predecessor, the red man, or the latter's predecessor, some unknown type of primitive man, once beheld a scene that is no more. From that site, now crowned by the hoary walls of Brown University, the first lone man may have looked westward through the branches of towering oaks and elms across a picturesque stretch of land and water. "The Great Salt River" flowed far below, broad and unconfined. On the east it was bordered with ancient forest trees, and on the west by deep marshes studded with islands overgrown with coarse eel grass. At the head of the bay the channel widened into a cove with a broad gravelly beach on the east and north, and a border of salt marshes on the west. It received on its northern side, two small sluggish rivers, each with its own basin of swamp and woodland. Still farther westward low sand hills, scantily covered with pines, rose above the marsh. Before this unknown observer was the sharp descent to the pebbly shore of the "Salt River," to the east was the thickly wooded slope that gently descended to the banks of the Seekonk. To the south danced and sparkled the waters of a great wide bay bordered with rocky shores and sandy beaches.

The stage was set for a play, a play with many actors and many scenes. Not exactly a tragedy, certainly not a comedy, this play was destined to be an heroic tale of men and women, inspired by noble ideals. The little area which we call Rhode Island became the center platform, the world the audience, and the only critic the same Divine Agency that picked both the actors and the actresses and assigned to them their immortal roles.

THE FIRST PEOPLE

THE first people to live in the area that comprises the present State of Rhode Island belonged to a race whose origin is as yet unknown. They were called Indians, not because they came from India, but because Christopher Columbus, in 1492, sailed to these shores and believed that he had come to the outer fringes of the East Indies, already famed for beauty, fertility and wealth. Naturally, the adventurous navigator called the inhabitants of the islands, supposed by him to be parts of India, Indians, a name as strange to the red men of this continent as were the fair-skinned men and curious ships that ventured to these shores. In his writings, Columbus noted that these so-called Indians were neither wild savages, nor cruel barbarians, and he observed that they had kindly faces, that they carried no weapons, and were courteous and generous. Quoting his very words, Columbus said, “They were gentile, without knowing what evil is, without killing, without stealing.” “Because,” he said, “they showed such kindness for us, and because I knew that they would be more easily made Christian through love than fear, I gave to some of them some colored caps, and some strings of glass beads for their necks, and many other trifles, with which they were delighted, and were so entirely ours that it was a marvel to see.” The name “Indian” was thereafter applied to the aborigines of North America.

For generations, scholars have sought to ascertain the origin of the American Indian, many opinions have been rendered, many theories proposed, but the beginnings of this race still remains a mystery. Anthropologists have been unable to trace the descent of the red men from any other existing races, their individualities differentiate them from all other nations and tribes of this earth. However, this is true, the Indians were decidedly inferior to the Cliff Dwellers of Arizona and the Mayan people of Yucatan. In language, laws, dress, dwellings, food, tools, arms, art, etc., the Mound Builders, Cliff Dwellers, Aztecs and

others who dwelt in this land many centuries ago are believed to have attained greater heights of accomplishment than the wandering Indian tribes first encountered by Columbus. But, there is yet to be found a single evidence that the Indian had a predecessor in what is now Rhode Island. So, until the archaeologist reveals the Rosetta Stone of prehistoric man in these parts, we must consider the Indian as the first inhabitant, and of him not a great deal is known.

Not a great deal is actually known because he left little behind for us to study, observe and reflect upon. The Narragansett tribe, the largest and the most powerful in this vicinity, practised little or no form of writing or illustrating; its members confined their handiwork to the fashioning of stone, bone or shell implements for home or hunting use; they knew nothing of sculpture beyond the crude cutting of small images; little of their works in wood or other perishable materials has survived the passing of time or destruction by the elements; and they had no historian. Nevertheless, these Narragansetts constituted a powerful nation, they held the center of Indian power in the great northeastern area of this continent, neighbor nations were subservient to them; many smaller and weaker tribes or clans were compelled to pay them tribute and ally themselves in times of war or political difficulty. And so, from the meagre evidences of Narragansett civilization which have been unearthed hereabouts during the past century, from their own tribal traditions which were related to the first white settlers; and from the recordings of the few early writers who preserved certain important facts about them, let us begin to piece together the complete story of the peculiar traditions, manners, customs, habits, social development, beliefs and experiences of a race of people who once lived on lands which we and our ancestors have completely usurped.

Canonicus was the chief sachem of the Narragansetts at the time when the Eng-

lish came to these shores to establish the first settlement. His grandfather was Tashtapack according to Indian tradition, and here is a case where we must depend entirely upon tradition until more tangible evidence is discovered. Tashtapack was too proud to join either of his two children in wedlock with the children of any of the subordinate sachems who came to his Sachimuacommock, or royal palace, to pay tribute or to receive orders. Whereupon he married his own son and daughter to each other and, subsequently, they became parents of several sons, the eldest being Canonicus. This story of the unnatural union of blood brother and sister, in order to preserve the power and dominion of the Narragansetts, was never doubted by the natives, and it seems to have been borne out and justified by the known actual condition of the tribe at the time of the landing of the whites. At that time, no eastern tribe could compare with them, either for the extent of their jurisdiction, and number of their warriors, the compactness of their population, the firmness and wisdom of their government or the industry of their people.

Note carefully the following interesting facts. In addition to the domination of the Narragansetts over the Wampanoags, the Massachusetts tribes on Cape Cod, Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket and elsewhere, this powerful tribe that centered its kingdom right where we live today, had full and undoubted jurisdiction over the inhabitants of a tract of country, extending from the region of the Nipmucks, now Oxford, Massachusetts, on the north, southerly to the ocean, including the Island of Manisses, which we call Block Island, Fisher's Island and a portion of Long Island. It began on the east with the Seekonk River, on the eastern shores of the Bay and extended westward, including the islands, to the borders of the Pequot and Mohican tribes that dwelt on the banks of the Thames River, that flows into the sea at New London, Connecticut.

The general name "Narragansett" was applied to all the inhabitants of this long tract of country; but the natives living within its borders were divided into several petty tribes, each having its under-

sachem and a local name. On the other hand, the name strictly belonged to the natives who occupied the land on the western and southwestern shores of the Bay, to the chief ruling tribe, the sachem of which was the grand sachem of the Nation. The political set-up was similar to our present organization with its small villages, towns, cities with their mayors and a governor whose office corresponds with the earlier position of grand sachem. This tract of land previously bounded was not a mere forest penetrated only by roving native hunters; it was diversified with towns, villages, camps and cultivated fields. Agriculture had made considerable progress among the Narragansetts, since some historians have described occasional gratuities made to individuals, out of surplus crops, of one thousand bushels of corn. Their chiefs could call five thousand warriors in the field, and their population was so dense that one, in travelling a distance of twenty or twenty-five miles, would pass a dozen towns or villages, consisting of from twenty to two hundred or more dwellings. How surprising these facts are when we reflect this was so less than only three hundred years ago, and it is all the more surprising when we observe that all this is no more. A few arrowheads, an occasional disinterment, perhaps a rotted tree-trunk canoe, a mere handful of crude implements, comparatively speaking a meagre assortment of specimens of Narragansett civilization, is all that is left of this vanished race of men who loved these pleasant shores, perhaps with a greater degree of appreciation than we are able to show today, we who have inherited that which was lost by our predecessors.

It is said that the Narragansetts were further advanced in the arts than any other aboriginal nation of the north, although the articles found in these parts are greatly inferior in workmanship and in ingenious fashioning to the articles of a similar character found farther westward and among the tribes of the south. But, here in the northeast, they excelled in the manufacture of earthenware, in forming tools and implements wrought from stone. They excelled in making belts and girdles for ornaments, and in the manufacture of

wampum — that is, shell beads originally made for the purpose of personal decoration. Wampum, or Wampumpeague, because of its value, became a medium of exchange and it answered all the purposes of coin. The wampum that originated here was exchanged along the seacoast, and for hundreds of miles inland. The Narragansetts became wealthy as well as powerful. It is claimed that the United States is the wealthiest nation in the world because it has the greatest treasure of gold — so too was this tribe that inhabited the shores of the Bay the wealthiest in the region; here was the most valuable source of fancy string beads laboriously cut from bleached shells. The wealth of the Narragansetts gave them additional importance in the eyes of the surrounding tribes. Even the ferocious Mohawks, called by the Hon. Job Durfee “the Romans of aboriginal America,” esteemed them as brothers and equals, and, in any great emergency, were always ready with their aid.

Continuing a bit with the study of Indian politics at the time of the white man’s arrival, we find that, up to that time, there was only one tribe in this section of the country that maintained its independence, from the autocratic, or rather, dictatorial, Narragansetts. About thirty or forty years before the landing at Plymouth, an inland tribe called the Pequots decided to become a nation of conquerors. Moving eastward from some area in the western or northern part of New England, they exterminated or vanquished one tribe after another until they arrived at

the outposts of the Narragansetts, where they found a strong barrier to their course. In Connecticut, in the vicinity of New London and Groton, across the river, they paused in their career of victory, settled on the banks of the river, built a few rude fortifications and carried on a prolonged war with the tribesmen who had at last checked their campaign. Most of the other Connecticut tribes became tributaries of the Pequots, but the powerful Narragansetts repelled all advances and firmly maintained their independence. With all other tribes the Narragansetts maintained peaceful relations, although in some cases this peace was the enforced type prevailing by necessity rather than by choice.

Immediately preceding the arrival of the Pilgrims a terrible plague killed off a great many of the Wampanoags who lived in the vicinity of Warren and Bristol and this blow quickly placed Massasoit, sachem of the Wampanoags and ruler of an independent confederacy of ten or more tribes, under the Narragansetts who, luckily, were untouched by the prevailing pestilence. Likewise, the Massachusetts tribes, those immediately beyond the old Plymouth Colony, were also subject or tributary to the local dictators. It was this body of aboriginal people in New England that first came into friendly contact with civilized society, and it was this same powerful, proud and hopeful nation that, in a little more than half a century after the first touch of the white man, scattered and disappeared as before a consuming fire.

THE CHARACTER OF THE INDIANS

WE now turn to an observation of the nature or character of the first people to live in the area known, today, as Rhode Island. Unfortunately, most of the early writers who related stories, not facts, about Indians, and, to be exact, most of these who have ever written about the local tribes, have been decidedly one-sided in their conclusions and statements. To them the Indian appeared only as an

enemy, and therefore, he is generally treated from the standpoint of the white man who allowed little or no credit for his adversary, however good, right, just or noble the latter might have been. Any English historian, writing at the time of the American Revolution, indulged in few compliments for the Colonists over here, simply because they were the enemies at the time. The German editor wasted

few kind words for any of the Allied enemies during the World War; the Confederate annalist was certainly biased in his opinions of the Northerners not so many years ago. It all comes down to a point-of-view in such matters, exactly as it did in the case of the white man when he told of his enemy in the forest. To the white man the Indian was a savage enemy; in his own mind the Indian was a patriot in every true sense of the word. Did he not sacrifice life and property in a losing struggle to preserve what he had every right to believe belonged to him and to his people? Does not patriotism mean "devotion to one's own country"?

Since the Indian had no historian, and since the tribes in this section of the continent had no written language other than a few hieroglyphic symbols, it should be readily understood why it is difficult to present a clear picture of a race that has completely disappeared from its native homelands. And this is even more of a task when, with few exceptions, the finer characteristics of a people have been overlooked or purposely deleted by nearly all annalists during the past three centuries. So, to correct one unfair impression that the Indian was a heathen, in the figurative sense of the word, let us consider the Indian's idea of the supernatural, his idea which involved his religion, his faith in a future state, together with some of the superstitious beliefs and practices which were the natural outgrowth of religious sentiment common to all humans.

Taking the premise that the Narragansetts were originally a branch of the Algonquin or Chippeway stock, a great family of tribes scattered, at the time this country was discovered, from the Penobscot to the Chesapeake, from the Great Lakes to the Atlantic Ocean, it is possible to ascertain facts concerning the religious beliefs of the Narragansetts, Wampanoags, Pequots and other small groups that roamed the forests and fished in the streams in the northeastern corner of the present United States. What was true of the great Algonquin confederation was undoubtedly true, in general, of the Rhode Island tribes. And if so, it can be concluded that the local natives acknowl-

edged one Supreme Spirit, Giver or Master of Light. They regarded this Great Master or Spirit as the supreme source of all power, and of all good. They supposed the earth upon which they dwelt to be an island resting upon the bosom of the great deep. Furthermore, these natives were strong in their belief that this great Master, many, many years before had lifted the earth from the bottom of the sea; clothed it with forests and foliage, and caused its mountains, valleys, plains, lakes, rivers and bays to be filled with all manner of beasts, birds and fishes. They regarded themselves as the children of the Master and believed that the earth and the waters, with all of their abundance had been provided by Him as an inheritance for their special use.

Apparently they recognized in this Great Master a sort of Omnipresence. He was the God who looked down from above. His presence was felt in the towering mountain, its overhanging cliffs, and in the quiet forests. His voice was heard and his strength was felt in the roaring waterfall where the forest trembled for leagues around. Where mysterious echoes broke the silence in dark caverns and in deep ravines, in short, wherever they found the sublime and the ominous combined, there they recognized the presence of this invisible Being. On the other hand, while they believed that He existed everywhere, his chosen abode was ascribed on the Island of Sowanus, somewhere in the far southwest, the direction whence came the balmy breezes of the summer, bringing abundance from the soil, trees and bushes, and giving warmth and joy to the earth's inhabitants.

Now we come to a phase of New England Indian religion that is rather difficult to describe, although an understanding of it is necessary if certain customs and practices are to be comprehended. To the Indians, God was the Chief Manitto, or Great Spirit, the great One among many Manittoes or Spirits. In Christianity the attributes of the Creator are represented by such living things as the lamb and the dove, whereas in Indian religion the attributes of the Chief Spirit or Manitto was revealed in many different living forms. Sometimes it took the form of a

mighty eagle that coursed over the great ocean, with eyes flashing fire, and wings rustling thunder, and that upon touching the wave tips with the plumage of its breast, the earth, filled with all living things, at once arose and floated on the surface of the sea. This form seems to have been typical of the Great Manitto's power. But, there was another form which was probably emblematical of his boundless benevolence or of the absence of all evil. Here, in this section of Southern New England, the Great Manitto was symbolically represented by the Great Hare, or Divine Hare. This may appear curious to some people, but consider the lamb and the dove.

Whenever the Indian discovered something which he could not explain he considered it a Manitto or Spirit, one that was subordinate to the Supreme Manitto. For example, when he placed his hand upon his breast and felt the beating of his heart, and asked himself the same question which neither science nor philosophy has yet conclusively explained, "What causes this beating?" he knew that it was something mysteriously wonderful and he called it "manitto." The same with the pulsing in his wrist, there the Indian discovered another manitto. Following the same reasoning, diseases, which upset the healthful action of these and other manittos were looked upon by the Indian as evil manittos, or evil spirits. The sun, moon and stars, as they ran through their changes in the boundless heavens, were looked upon as the most beneficent of manittos. The vast, rolling ocean that lashed these shores with never ceasing fury was a manitto of all but omnipotent power. Each species of animal had its special manitto; that of the deer, the fox, the beaver and so on throughout the entire range of wild life on land, in the sea and in the air. And whenever any individual species was distinguished for excellence of its kind, as the deer for speed, the fox for its cunning or the beaver for its industry — each ruling deity of the species would become a manitto in the mind of the Indian. Thus, we have a clear explanation of the native amulets, totems, badges, stone cuttings, skins with talismanic pictures and other forms of household Gods

and heraldic insignia that featured representations of animals.

King Philip's belt or pouch, made of wampum, was ornamented with the representations of animals. It is believed that some particular animal was often regarded by a brave in these parts as of such religious importance that he accepted it as his guardian manitto. Such was the case when it had been presented to him by the Chief Manitto in a dream, or during the ceremony of initiation as a chief or warrior, and thereafter the representation of the animal would doubtless become the badge of the individual.

Surrounded, as he believed himself to be, with a multitude of greater and lesser spirits, and convinced that the supernatural was above, beneath, around and within him, the Indian looked upon a selected few individuals as the natural intermediaries for communication with these spirits. These few might properly be called the native priests who were called upon to act as prophets, physicians and magicians. These officials sacrificed to the Great Manitto, received from Him the revelations of the future, expelled the vicious demons that afflicted the sick; and conjured up spirits from the depths to do the bidding of the tribesmen. Where there was illness the priest used a variety of simple herb remedies, but the principal means by which he hoped to cast out the demons were his charms and incantations; and, since diseases were acknowledged to be evil manittos, none but the priests could effectually subdue or control them. The priest would sit night and day at the side of the patient, rattling the chickicone in his ears, and practising other mystic ceremonies for the avowed purpose of directing the attention of the demon from the work of destruction. Such superstitious practices seem childish to some people, but they can readily be explained in the light of Indian faith and philosophy.

The Indian believed in the immortality of the soul and his notion of the nature of the soul was seemingly as fixed and definite as that of bodily existence. There were two terms in the Narragansett dialect by which the soul was designated, and both seem to indicate the source from

which their idea of it originated. *Cowewonk*, one of these terms, was derived from *Cowene*, meaning to sleep, and these children of the forest believed that the soul worked while the body reposed. The other term, *Michachunk*, probably meant a "clear sight," whereby it may be inferred that the world of dreams was a world of realities. Whenever the image of a dead friend or relative appeared to an Indian in a dream he firmly believed this image to be his friend's soul, spirit or manitto. Great consequences of mingled good and evil resulted from this belief. It inspired the dying and his friends with consoling and confident hopes. It gave form and character to their funeral cere-

monies, and it gave long-enduring strength to the spirit of vengeance. No better insight into the true character of the Indian could be gained than from the foregoing account of his religious convictions. He loved Nature in all of its manifold forms, he revered beauty and feared God, he knew the difference between good and evil and looked upon the soul as immortal. He respected treaties, and not once in Rhode Island history did he break a bargain. In every instance he met kindness with kindness, and when the time came for him to turn to war to preserve life, liberty and property, he fought with all the fury that ever inspired a patriot to defend a just cause.

NATIVE MANNERS, CUSTOMS AND HABITS

SOME of the most definite evidences of Indian civilization in the section known today as Rhode Island have been revealed and are continually being disclosed within or beneath the top-soil of meadows, glades, fields, ravines and sheltered hill-sides, sites that were once the habitations of people who have disappeared completely within the comparatively short period of three hundred years. Archaeologists, professional and amateur, are constantly stumbling upon, or scientifically excavating, various articles once fashioned by Indians and used by them in their daily pursuits. Local museums are rapidly acquiring priceless articles of antiquity that make possible the piecing together of the complete story of how the aborigines here once lived, hunted, played and indulged in primitive forms of craftsmanship; and not a few private book-shelves and mantels in Rhode Island now display choice examples of crude stone knives, bone implements, arrowheads and soap-stone bowls. Yet, all of these discovered to date represent but an insignificant portion of the treasure that still remains hidden in the shady waste places of Rhode Island; in the tightly packed sub-

strata of oyster, clam and quahog shells, known as shell-heaps; and in the immediate vicinity of ancient quarries and native work centers, most of them as yet undiscovered.

The objects showing actual Indian workmanship that are most commonly found today in Rhode Island are pieces of chipped flinty stone, not flint, as this is not common hereabouts, fashioned into arrowheads, knife blades and spear-heads. They vary in length from one inch up to seven inches or more. There appears to be no definite line of demarkation between arrowheads, blades and spear-heads, the three classes grading one into another and in many instances being indistinguishable as regards appearance, and perhaps interchangeable as regards use. Experts have come to the belief that many of the so-called arrowheads and spear-heads were more probably knife blades. Some of the tiny arrowheads were undoubtedly used in hunting birds and small animals, and the long and slender types appear practical for spearing fish.

There is one stone implement that the uninformed would probably discard should he happen upon it, the Indian drill or punch, used for all sorts of perforation

work. These are usually about an inch and one half long, sharp at one end and fashioned with a knob at the other. They are crude but extremely efficient when twisted by hand to bore a hole through skin or wood. Then there are various sizes and styles of axe-heads, varying in length from $3\frac{1}{2}$ " to $10\frac{1}{2}$ " long. The smaller ones are generally labelled tomahawks but they were actually used by the natives as hatchets. The larger axes may have been found useful in splitting logs, but it is more likely that they were used for ceremonial purposes. The cruder and smaller specimens of axes found here are merely notched, but the larger ones have two deep grooves on each side. The sinews used to attach the stone head to the handle lay snugly in these grooves.

Occasionally some lucky collector or amateur searcher will hit upon a native adze, but most of the finds have included the implements heretofore mentioned and such things as gouges, chisels, hammers and anvil stones, all necessary in the tool kit of an Indian craftsman; mortars and pestles, very practical instruments used for the grinding of corn; and plummet stones or pendants, that may have been used for the sinking or anchoring of fish nets. Ceremonial stones, household idols, incised, ornamented or notched specimens of unknown purposes about complete the list of hard stone articles found in this region and definitely traced to the age of stone implement manufacture in Indian history. The two important soapstone quarries, one in Johnston discovered in 1878, and the other in Westerly probably furnish many of the bowls, pipes and other shaped utensils that continually appear in opened graves, shell-heaps and other native depositories.

Besides, such interesting relics as deer-skin bags, pouches, quivers, colored beads, wampum, fragments of pottery, bangles, fishhooks, hair ornaments, sections of blankets and raiment have been found within the past century, and it is certain that much more will be discovered as men learn to recognize articles of definite Indian origin and the desire to reconstruct aboriginal civilization gains in general popularity. It must be remembered that all specimens to be found are not made of

hard stone. The Indian in these parts learned to use copper, horn, bone, brass and shells in the manufacture of articles for use at home, in war and for the chase.

The people who once made and used these and many other articles of practical and ornamental value were great hunters of beasts and birds, an abundance of which fell before the crude but swift arrows and the heavy, sharp-pointed spears. Curiously enough the Indians held to a tradition which saved the lives of crows — scarcely one native in a hundred would kill them. It was accepted "That the crow brought them first a kernel of corn, and a bean at a later date, and that these came from the fertile fields of the Great God Kautantouwit in the far southwest, whence came all of Nature's bounties." Chestnuts were a choice delicacy for the Indians. They also dried acorns and made a tasty dish by boiling them. Not only did they eat walnuts, but they made an excellent oil from these nuts, good for many uses, especially for anointing the hands. They ate everything available in the way of fish and shellfish, and cultivated keen tastes for wild cherries, grapes, huckleberries, barberries, cranberries and strawberries. Nets were stretched and weighted down across inlets or coves, and when the tide ebbed, the imprisoned fish were dispatched with arrows or clubs. Whether the white man inherited the craving for seafood from his predecessor, or residents of the Narragansett shores from time immemorial have been born with the desire, the fact is evident that the Indians as well as their white successors have always looked upon the clam as a favorite delicacy. This humble, low-tide treasure was the choice tid-bit for Indians in these parts, winter and summer.

Many local natives were engaged in the making of wampum or Indian currency. These manufacturers of money lived by the seashore, and were prudent men, gathering shells during the summer from which they made wampum during the winter. The money of the Indians consisted of certain parts of two shells. These two varieties were the one white, the other black, inclining to blue. The white was made from the shell of the peri-

winkle, as we now call the shellfish. The outer shell was broken off and the inner shell was cut into small pieces, or beads, in which a hole was bored, whereby the "money" might be collected on a string or sinew. The black was made from the shell we now call a quahog.

They were great tobacco smokers. The Narragansetts made stone pipes, but the most extraordinary pipes came from the Mohawks. Some were two feet long with men or beasts carved so big or massive that a man would have been mortally hurt by a blow from one of them. All the men had tobacco bags containing tobacco and pipes, hanging at their backs. What we call smoking was, in those days, often called "drinking tobacco."

One of the most interesting customs took place on the traditional Indian Saturday night. An Indian bath house or sweat house was usually built near a stream whereon an Indian village was invariably situated. A fire was built in the center, and the smoke hole closed, and made tight with mud. Stripped naked the natives ranged themselves in a circle around the fire; the door was closed and plastered with mud from the outside. Then they began a dance, going round and round the fire until they were in a state of profuse perspiration. This kept up until they were obliged to stop from exhaustion; then out the door they rushed for a refreshing plunge into the neighboring stream.

Assuming that the Narragansetts conformed with other Eastern and Mid-western tribes in their games and athletics we can note that the most important of the Indian games was called "ball-play" and it survives today with some changes in the Canadian national sport, Lacrosse. Whatever served for goals were usually several hundred yards apart, and the players numbered from eight or ten up to hundreds on a side. The paraphernalia included crude implements similar to the modern lacrosse racquets, made of bent wood and netted with rawhide. The ball was probably made of deerskin stuffed with moss, and the object of the game was to drive the ball, using the racquets, under the goal of the opposing team. The ball

was thrown with the racquets and was supposed not to be touched, although rules in certain cases allowed the contenders to run with the ball in their hands. It was a thoroughly strenuous game as the Indians played it, and men were kept in training for the pastime. Children also had their games, but most of these were small-scale imitations of the sports indulged in by their elders. The youngsters had one game that might be considered quite characteristic — a breath-holding contest. Indian children were taught to make designs with string wound about their fingers, from which the "cats-cradle" trick has come down to us.

The burial service of the local tribes was curious. The corpse was wrapped in blankets or mats, and this final act of dressing the body was considered a sacred duty, performed only by some person in official capacity. Following the Indian form of committal service, the body was taken to the shallow grave and deposited usually in a sitting posture. Then all the mourners would squat in a circle around the place of interment and indulge in lamentations for the loss sustained. Oftentimes, many of the personal effects of the deceased were buried with him, and this fact has been evidenced many times when the contents of an Indian grave have been brought to light and studied. An iron kettle enclosed the head of the chieftain Massasoit when he was laid to rest and several other specimens of his personal property were discovered when his grave in Warren, Rhode Island, was opened several years ago. When some distinguished Indian died, the ceremonies are believed to have been most imposing; friends blackened their faces and continued to keep them in that condition for a year or more as badges of sympathy.

In personal appearance the local Indians were usually tall and erect, strong in physical proportions, with high cheek bones and dark piercing eyes, and the hair was straight and black. Their complexion was the usual dark brown or copper color, and their language was distinguished by phonetic combinations and phrasing unknown to any other race.

RHODE ISLAND AND THE VIKINGS

MUCH as Rhode Islanders would welcome reason to believe that American history began with the chance visit by wandering Norsemen to these shores, the fascinating, romantic tale of "long keels with Vikings bold" tarrying for several months in the new-found Vinland must be looked upon as nothing more than a legend. And what startling news it would be if some evidence of Viking occupation, however small but undisputed, could be chanced upon, substantiating the theories and deductions of many reputable persons, and giving the poet and the romanticist unlimited avenues for literary fancies, to say nothing of the widespread interest in the pre-Columbian period that would be revived by any significant disclosure. But, not a thing has yet been found in or near Rhode Island, in fact, anywhere in New England, that can be linked with Norsemen and their supposed expeditions to this side of the Atlantic about the year 1000 A.D. Interesting as it is, the oft-repeated story of bold, fair-haired adventurers sailing up Narragansett Bay into the waters of Mount Hope Bay must be classed as a legend, although the original account was not presented to the world with that intention.

The idea of associating Vikings with Rhode Island land and waters originated a little more than a century ago. Then, Charles Christian Rafn of Denmark was undertaking an extensive reproduction and translation of all the Icelandic manuscripts that contained references to the Norse discovery of America, and in the course of his research wrote to the Rhode Island Historical Society for information. In a letter dated June 15, 1829, Rafn requested the local Society to inform him of any suspected remains of Norse occupation anywhere along the American coast. This request developed into a long exchange of correspondence resulting in Rafn's acquiring considerable data including a drawing of the inscription on the world-famous Dighton Rock, located on the east bank of the Taunton River, at the head waters of Mount Hope Bay near

Assonet Neck. Subsequently, Rafn deciphered the Dighton Rock markings according to his own theories, definitely linking the Vikings with the origin of the inscriptions. The distinguished Danish scholar published the results of studies in 1837, in an impressive volume entitled "Antiquitates Americanae," a monumental piece of scientific research filled with priceless translations and reproductions of ancient manuscripts. In this publication he proceeded to match up localities vaguely described in the Icelandic manuscripts; therein he attempted to prove conclusively that the Vikings did the inscribing on Dighton Rock; and at a later date he took steps to prove that the Old Stone Mill in Newport, and "The Skeleton in Armor," celebrated by Longfellow, and discovered on the shores of Mount Hope Bay, in Fall River, in 1831, were relics of the Norsemen. As a result, the translated accounts of Norse exploration and adventure in respect to the American coast became associated particularly with Narragansett Bay, and the story has held on well in spite of the fact that it has been proved quite untrue.

Professor Edmund B. Delabarre of Providence has done more than any other authority to disprove the claims that the Norsemen were responsible for writings on Dighton Rock and on other marked rocks in this vicinity. His book, "Dighton Rock," published in 1928, covers the subject from every angle and includes Professor Delabarre's own conclusions as to the origin of the inscribed characters on the side of Dighton Rock, and on several other marked rocks in this vicinity.

However, writers, poets and many historians have accepted the belief that these roving sailors from Iceland and thereabouts paid one or more visits to Narragansett Bay many years before the expedition of Christopher Columbus in 1492, and so widespread is this belief even among informed Rhode Islanders, and because the story has such a wealth of dramatic interest, and since it appeals to the imagination of most people, it should

and probably will be included in all general histories of the State. As a matter of fact most authentic histories of races, continents or states grow out of a certain amount of mythology and legend, therefore is it not right and proper for a state such as Rhode Island with its splendid known history, its virtually unmatched record of contributions to the progress of civilization, to have in the background a colorful legend, one that appeals to the imagination, as long as children are taught that it is a legend and nothing more? Regardless of that opinion Vikings will probably never become disassociated with Rhode Island. The Norsemen's own accounts of their journeys here, as translated and interpreted by others, is related as follows in its generally accepted form.

In the year 985 A.D. a courageous Viking named Biarne sailed away from the shores of Iceland on a journey to Greenland where other Icelanders dared not venture without help of maps, charts or other navigation guides. Hurried onward by fair winds, the tiny craft soon left Iceland far behind and the men could see nothing but the great expanse of heaving ocean and the lofty dome of the sky above. After several days on the choppy North Atlantic, a thick fog enveloped the craft and bearings were soon lost. Then the wind changed suddenly and soon rose to a gale, and, although sails were quickly furled Biarne and his frightened crew were driven farther and farther to the south. Finally, the fog lifted, and wind subsided and once again the men could see sky and ocean about them. For a day and a night they sailed not knowing where they were. On the second morning, a great shout arose among them, "Land, Land," they cried. There, off to the east along the horizon they could see the dim outline of a coast line, hazy, indistinct like a low, blue cloud. The excited sailors crowded the rail of the ship pointing and wondering. Knowing that this land was too far south to be Greenland, Biarne changed course and sailed as close to the shore as he dared. He decided not to allow his men to land for fear of wild beasts or wild men, and since the journey had already taken much longer time than he had planned, turned about and sailed northward leav-

ing behind that mysterious and pleasant stretch of unknown country.

Biarne related his discovery to the astonished inhabitants of Greenland, none of whom had ever suspected the presence of land to the south. Among those who heard the tale was one who regarded the information with more than passing interest, and his name was Leif Ericsson, a Viking of great courage and ability. No sooner had he heard the report than he began to dream of finding this fair land to the south and of exploring it. For fifteen years he toiled and saved for the expedition and finally completed his plans by purchasing the very ship that had belonged to Biarne. Many stories are told of why Leif left Iceland hurriedly to escape the wrath of Eric the Red, but the important part of the saga is that Leif Ericsson's expedition finally got under way, that he eventually reached the fair lands first encountered by Biarne.

Landing, Leif and his men found a country destitute of attractions and calling it Helluland, or the land of flat stones, they returned to the ship and continued their journey to the south. After a short sail another land was sighted and again they went ashore to investigate. This place proved to be well wooded, with a wide sandy beach, and the translation holds that Leif said, "This land shall be named for its qualities, and it shall be called Markland or Woodland."

Then they returned to the ship and sailed into the open sea before a northeast breeze and were two days out before they saw land again. They sailed toward this land and came to an island which lay to the eastward of the mainland. They ventured into a channel between the island and a promontory which ran out to the eastward from the mainland. Holding on their course they saw wide mud flats laid dry at ebb tide and at last went on shore at a place, as they described it, where a river flowing from a lake joined the waters of the sea. The ship went up the river into the so-called lake and the long journey came to an end. The men decided to remain there for the winter (it was estimated to be the year 1000 or 1001), and to build some shelters on the protected shore.

It is at this point that the Rhode Island suggestion first appears. By the process of deduction, some scholars have decided in their own minds that the landing place of Leif and his band was somewhere on the shores of Mount Hope Bay, possibly on the shores of Mount Hope itself. Continuing with the legend, the Norsemen found nuts ripening on the trees, the leaves turning brown and red, plenty of fish in the waters and an abundance of game in the forests. They described the land as rich and fertile and the place was named Vinland because of the clusters of luscious grapes they found and enjoyed. The story goes that these strangers fished, hunted and explored for a whole year and then set sail for home carrying with them a great cargo of lumber and other treasures.

Thorwald, Leif's brother, followed the same course in 1002 and passed a winter in the shelters erected by Leif. For two years he explored the new country and during the summer of 1004, while sailing northward, his ship was driven ashore in a storm. Thorwald was said to have been

killed in a skirmish with the Indians, and his party later returned to Greenland. Thorfinn of Iceland later visited the lands now famous in the households of the Vikings. Thorfinn had married the widow of Thorstein, another brother of Leif Ericsson, and it was to Thorfinn that Rafn in his "*Antiquitates Americanae*" attributed the markings on Dighton Rock.

According to the translations and interpretations of the old manuscripts Thorfinn and his party remained in Vinland for three years, hunting, exploring, fishing, trading, and sometimes fighting with the Indians, and, at the end of that time, they all returned to Greenland. Around the foregoing theme of Norse exploration, based entirely on the findings of Rafn of Denmark just about one hundred years ago, the greatly embellished tale of Vikings in Rhode Island, on Cape Cod, Nantucket, Martha's Vineyard, and on the lonely island called Noman's Land, has been woven. It is to be regretted that such a good story cannot be substantiated by established facts.

EARLY EXPLORATIONS

SINCE the long-disputed claim that the Vikings, or Norsemen, were the first white men to set foot upon what is now Rhode Island soil has been fairly well disproved, it will be necessary to consider another theory before turning to the record of one who was known to have been present in these parts early in the sixteenth century. And this theory comes from the same authority whose exhaustive studies of the Dighton Rock inscriptions, and of markings on other rocks in the vicinity of Narragansett Bay, probably eliminate all possibility that Leif Ericsson or any other of his race recorded presence here by cutting words, dates or pictures on Dighton and other rocks. Professor Edmund B. Delabarre of Providence has gained international fame, including decoration by an important foreign nation, for his translations and interpretations of the Dighton Rock markings, and

if Professor Delabarre is correct in his deductions, and no one has yet come forth with facts to upset his startling theory, a Portuguese explorer by the name of Miguel Cortereal was the author of the rock writings at the head waters of Mount Hope Bay. And if so, Miguel Cortereal, in 1511, must have been the first white man, or the leader of the first band of white men, to sail upon Rhode Island waters and to gaze upon these shores. Therefore, since a recognized authority has awarded first honors to one of a family of intrepid Portuguese adventurers, and without attempting to review, even briefly, the reasons why Professor Delabarre believes that Miguel Cortereal was the one who left his signature and other information in rock markings not far from Providence, following is related a general outline of this Cortereal theory. Until facts to the contrary are produced, if ever,

no history of Rhode Island can be considered complete without this recently constructed chapter.

In 1500, or thereabouts, Gaspar, or Gaspard Cortereal, member of a noble Portuguese family, sailed from Lisbon, landed on the coast of Labrador and, having named the country, returned home with some of the natives whom he had captured. In the following year he undertook a second voyage to the Arctic seas from which he did not return. Several months later his brother Miguel led an expedition for the purpose of discovering him, but he also never returned. The king, Emmanuel, sent out two ships hoping to find the brothers, but no traces of either could be found. If Miguel finally reached Narragansett Bay and settled among the Indians at Assonet Neck, he must have made the journey from the vicinity of Newfoundland in the lone remaining ship of his expedition. Otherwise, he must have covered that great distance in a makeshift sailboat constructed from the wreckage of his ship, and it is quite possible that he met with some sort of accident in the storm areas along Labrador or off Newfoundland. If Miguel Cortereal and a handful of his men escaped alive from a shipwreck somewhere far up north and the trip down the coast was made by land through the wilderness it would have taken many years.

Following the theory that Miguel and his party eventually sailed into Narragansett Bay and arrived in the Taunton River, some of the men were sent ashore for water. At the spring a skirmish with the Indians ensued, ending with deaths on both sides, including the local Indian sachem. For some reason the voyage came to an end there; perhaps the ship had become disabled, or there were too few left to handle it. Perhaps they were all held captive for a while by the natives, or it may be that the crew, after passing a winter or more there, moved on and were lost elsewhere. Cortereal, then about sixty years old, it is believed, remained and in some manner became the leader of the Indians, holding the place of the dead sachem. His name on Dighton Rock, as Professor Delabarre reads it, was in-

scribed to attract the attention of other explorers who might chance that way. A few traditions handed down by the Indians lend strength to the belief that white men were present in the vicinity of Dighton Rock several years after the disappearance of Miguel Cortereal. The whole story is based upon a logical theory, that awaits further confirmation or rejection; continued research brings about surprising changes in knowledge of historical facts.

And now we turn to a series of facts concerning an early exploration of the land and waters comprising what is today Rhode Island. In 1523, Europe was disturbed by a war between Francis I of France and Charles V of Spain. Inasmuch as the latter had established regular trade and communication between his newly discovered lands in America and Spain, Francis I sought to harass his enemy by preying on the ships which brought the spoils of the West Indies to the Spanish ports. He commissioned Giovanni da Verrazzano for the work because of the latter's great ability as a navigator. Verrazzano was born in Florence, Italy, about 1486, and although his family was one of noble Italian blood, he did not remain at home to enjoy the ancestral lands, but took to the sea at an early age. He gained his first experience in navigation in the Mediterranean, making trading voyages to Egypt and Syria, and, in 1505, joined the maritime service of France.

His career in this exciting service was brilliant and reached a high point in the year 1522 when he captured a treasure ship which Cortes, Conqueror of Mexico, was sending to the Spanish king. The value of the vessel and its cargo amounted to millions, much of it being made up of the spoils of Montezuma's palace. With the capture of this ship the eyes of the French king were at last opened to the enormous treasures which Spain controlled across the Atlantic. He quickly perceived that any delay in joining the great tide of exploration and conquest in America would be disastrous for France. It is amusing to note that this French monarch, with a keen sense of humor, wrote to his contemporary, the king of

Spain, and inquired why it was that France was neglected when the world was divided between Spain and Portugal. He asked if Adam, the first man, had left a will and testament designating these two kingdoms as his sole heirs. Naturally, no answer was made to this facetious inquiry, so the king of France sent for Verrazzano and directed him to go out in search of lands which contained gold and precious stones, and to look for a through passage to China.

At the start of this historic expedition, sometime in 1523, Verrazzano had four ships under his command, but a severe storm totally disabled two of these, and the other two were forced to seek shelter on the coast of Brittany. When the two remaining ships had been repaired, Verrazzano cruised southward along the coast of Spain; but, by the time he reached the Island of Madeira, he had decided to make the voyage to America with just one ship, the "Delfina." Sailing from Madeira, on January 17, 1524, he had with him fifty men, provisions for eight months, arms, a supply of munitions, and a store of naval supplies. In twenty-five days he had sailed westward eight hundred leagues, encountering one terrific storm but otherwise the voyage was quiet and uneventful. Changing his course slightly northward he covered four hundred more leagues before land was sighted. The spot where he first dropped anchor before proceeding northward up the coast of North America, was in the vicinity of Wilmington, North Carolina.

In the account which this Italian navigator rendered to the king of France upon his return, he constantly mentions the lack of harbors along the coast, which necessitated the sending of a small boat to the shore whenever the crew wished to barter with the natives. This absence of harbors did not appear to endanger navigation, for nearly everywhere along the coast the water was deep enough to anchor the "Delfina" a short distance off shore.

Verrazzano stopped at the mouth of the Hudson River to engage in some more bartering and finally sailed the shores of Long Island, on the ocean side; he passed what has since been named Block Island,

and entered the mouth of Narragansett Bay. This region seemed to attract him more than any other visited. He found the harbors excellent, and he was greeted in a friendly manner by the Indians who approached the ship in small boats and uttered strange cries, which, of course, he could not understand. Having first won the friendship of these Indian inhabitants by throwing trinkets to them, Verrazzano finally induced them to step upon the decks of the "Delfina." Both men and women were the finest specimens of natives he had yet seen. He reported that they were extremely good tempered and generous, and not only helped the white strangers to move the ship to a safe anchorage, but also supplied the commander and his crew with all provisions needed. Verrazzano was greatly impressed with the fertility of the soil in the country that surrounded the lower end of the Bay; he found plains adapted to any sort of cultivation, luxurious trees, some bearing fruits and nuts, and great numbers of deer and other wild animals. Especially did he notice the wild grapes which grew in abundance when crudely cultivated by the natives.

After a stay of fourteen days he departed from Rhode Island waters, sailed northward along the shore for a few leagues, then turned seaward and headed for Europe. Despite the fact that he did not discover a northwest passage to China, he believed he had, for he concluded that North America was a group of islands and not a continent. Giovanni da Verrazzano did not live to achieve more glory and greater knowledge of lands and waters on this side of the Atlantic, for on his second voyage to America he was captured by the Spaniards and taken to Colmenar, Spain, and there put to death in 1527. Nevertheless, he was either the first or the second white man to come to what is now Rhode Island, and a great many people believe that the distinction of being the first belongs to him.

The first definite information about Rhode Island was supplied by Verrazzano. His maps were destroyed but he succeeded in returning some important and detailed notes to his sponsor, Francis I of France. Verrazzano named Block Island "L'isle de

Louise" in honor of the king's mother, and Maggiollo, who later assembled all known facts concerning the New World, design-

nated the present Point Judith as "Cape de Saint Joani," a name that gave honor to Verrazzano's patron saint.

THE FIRST SETTLER

LITTLE is known of William Blackstone's early life in England. Even the date of his birth has been lost in the shadow of the more illustrious Sir William Blackstone of legal fame who may or may not have been of the same family. The first records of William Blackstone of Rhode Island connection are those that include reference to his education in England. It is known that he received his degree of Bachelor of Arts from Emanuel College, Cambridge, in 1617, and his Master of Arts degree in 1621. He was ordained an Episcopal clergyman in 1621 and two years later joined an expedition to found a New England colony, with headquarters at or near Boston, having jurisdiction, civil and ecclesiastical, over all settlements in the New England section of America. The expedition arrived at its destination and a settlement was started, but it received so little backing from the mother country that the leaders soon gave up and returned home. William Blackstone remained and, in about 1625, settled at Shawmut, now called Boston, and built the first house erected there. This pioneer homestead stood on the west slope of Beacon Hill, on land now bounded by Beacon and Charles Streets, and faced the public park lands today known as Boston Common. He lived alone, traded with the Indians, cultivated gardens and tenderly nursed his apple trees, said to have comprised the first apple orchard in the Massachusetts Bay Colony. According to one historian, Blackstone's nearest neighbors were the Walfords at what is now Charlestown and Samuel Maverick, a trader, who lived at what is now East Boston. Although Blackstone was still a member of the Established Church of England and a recognized official in that denomination, he was a true Separatist, openly declared his inde-

pendence and rebelled against the rules and regulations of the lord bishops back in England.

In 1630, Governor Winthrop and his group of prospective colonists arrived from England and established a settlement on the north side of the Charles River at a spot where Charlestown is now located. Later, when many of the Winthrop band fell sick because of the lack of pure water, Blackstone crossed the river and invited them to make their homes within his territory where there were many untainted springs that gushed ample supplies of fresh water. It must have been with a great deal of surprise that these weary and discouraged settlers made the acquaintance of this hospitable stranger, for they hardly expected to find an Englishman already established in a land regarded by them as an absolute wilderness. They were also surprised to observe that he wore the garb of an English clergyman, and this habit of his must have been hard for them to understand when he explained that he had left England to escape the tyranny of the potentates of the English Church. It is evident that Blackstone's quarrel was not one of doctrine but of ecclesiastical jurisdiction over individuals.

At any rate, Winthrop and his party crossed over into the section where Blackstone lived, built houses there, and called the place Boston, after Boston, England, the home of some of the company. According to tradition these invited guests later attempted to oust their host on the pretext of having a grant to the lands from the king. It is said that Blackstone replied to this ungracious attempt as follows: "The king asserteth sovereignty over this New Virginia (that was the name then applied to the lands along the Atlantic coast) in respect that John and

Sebastian Cabot sailed along the coast without ever landing at any place; and if the quality of sovereignty can subsist upon the substratum of mere inspection, surely the quality of property can subsist upon that of actual occupancy which is my claim.” Whether or not those were his actual words, the contention is characteristic of his ingenious logic and independence. However, the records show that each member of the Boston Colony paid him six shillings for his rights to the land, and he retained a few acres for his own use. On this land of his he continued to maintain his residence, his apple trees flourished and so did the roses that he imported from England.

Blackstone remained in the midst of the Boston Colonists for five years although he consistently refused to join with them. Doubtless his social activities were not particularly pleasant, for he was quoted as saying on one occasion: “I came from England because I did not like the lord-bishops, but I cannot join with you because I would not be under the lord-brethren.” It was all too clear to him that there was intolerance within and without the church, and like Roger Williams he soon discovered that the Puritans, with all their good intentions, had added little to man’s liberty of actions or of conscience here in this new land whence they had come to escape persecution.

Finally, in 1635, urged by his desire to pursue a sequestered life of contemplation and study, in addition to other reasons, William Blackstone invested his small capital in cattle, and with his few belongings, including his precious books, he set out into the wilderness in search of a new home. He took with him one companion, named Abbot, from whom Abbot’s Run in Cumberland takes its name. This little expedition of two men and a few head of cattle, including a bull, followed the Indian trails and finally came to a place called Wawepoonseag by the Indians. There a settlement was established in a territory without a single white inhabitant. It was then a part of Rehoboth, and is now Cumberland. His home was built at the foot of a three-terraced hill near present Lonsdale. On the second terrace he dug a well, and on the top a

shelter was erected which was called a study. Consequently the hill became known as “Study Hill.” Of course, one of the first things he did was to plant fresh shoots from his Boston apple trees and slips from his imported English rosebushes.

In this new and lonesome abode Blackstone pursued his philosophical studies, and his library consisting of eighty-six volumes occupied the bulk of his time and attention. His books as well as his writings were destroyed after his death when his home was burned in an Indian attack in 1675. He, like his contemporary Roger Williams, had no trouble with the Indians at any time, for he probably respected their rights and looked upon them not as savages and enemies but as neighbors. Despite the fact that William Blackstone has been referred to in many histories as a recluse, or as an eccentric, he did not remain a bachelor. After he had become well established in the shadow of Study Hill he frequently made journeys to Boston, riding on a bull, and these visits finally resulted in his marriage to Sarah Stevenson, the widow of John Stevenson. The wedding ceremony was performed in 1659 by Governor Endicott, the groom preferring a civil magistrate to a minister of the Boston church, which he persisted in refusing to join. Mrs. Stevenson had a son John by her first marriage, and she also gave the name of John to her son by the second marriage. This caused considerable confusion in the family records as time went on. John Stevenson was given fifty acres of the Blackstone farm after the death of his stepfather, while John Blackstone became somewhat dissipated and squandered his heritage of the land. But the latter eventually settled down to a respectable life in Branford, Connecticut, where his descendants acquired a high place in public esteem.

Mrs. Blackstone died in 1673, two years before her pioneer husband, and both were buried at the foot of Study Hill. It is interesting to read what Stephen Hopkins, the distinguished citizen of Providence, once said about William Blackstone: “Mr. Blackstone used frequently to come to Providence to preach the gospel. . . . Many of the trees which he planted about 150 years ago are still pretty, thrifty fruit-

bearing trees." These visits referred to by Mr. Hopkins were made when William Blackstone was quite old. He did not walk easily and therefore rode a bull on these excursions. Some people of his time looked upon him as a radical, but the children all loved him because he always brought them sweet, rosy apples, the first they had ever seen or tasted.

His case is an interesting one especially since little or no space is devoted to him in the history books. He was the first white inhabitant of Boston and the first of Rhode Island. He maintained his devotion to the principles of the Established Church of England but he refused to submit to the intolerance of those who attempted to force religion upon him by civil decree. Later when he found himself among refugees who sought to escape religious persecution, and they continued

to allow intolerance to persist in their own circles, he sought liberty in the wilderness and there found what he had long sought. And with it all he stood as a keen thinker, a true apostle of pure religion, a rugged character of unflinching purpose, one of those rare individuals who maintain ideals in the face of obstacles to which weaker souls succumb. In no way can he be classed as a great leader in man's age-long struggle to gain true liberty and freedom of conscience, but he was one who wanted such privileges and he persisted in his endeavors until his ideals had been attained to their fullest degree. It seems proper that William Blackstone found absolute independence of the individual man in things of the spirit in lands that are today a part of Rhode Island, the acknowledged birthplace of full and complete religious liberty.

ROGER WILLIAMS

IT WAS one of those dreary, gray February days in the year of 1631 when a small English ship suddenly appeared in Massachusetts waters and stolidly made her way into Boston harbor. The same "rockbound coast and woods against a stormy sky" that had met the wondering gaze of their Pilgrim forerunners lay before the eyes of the little group of people that huddled on the deck of this stranger from the seas. These people had sailed westward from England to come to the Colonies, where they might escape persecution because of their religious beliefs. Here in this new land they sought liberty and the freedom to worship God in the way they pleased.

Of this band of Puritans there was one who received an unusually warm welcome from the members of that sect which had already settled in New England. He was Roger Williams, a young clergyman. He was known to the colonists, who had often heard him referred to as "a godly minister."

Roger Williams was born in London about 1603, the son of James and Alice

(Pemberton) Williams; his father was a merchant tailor. He was graduated from Pembroke College, Cambridge, in 1626, and immediately thereafter became deeply interested in theology. To Cambridge, where Williams attended college, there had migrated from Holland many Anabaptists and Mennonites who had preached the doctrine of severance of Church from State. This idea appealed to him strongly and soon he was completely won over to that belief, in spite of almost universal opposition to its tenets. His extremely radical views on this momentous question of the times brought him into great disfavor with his friends and associates, and presently he began to consider that unknown land across the Atlantic, whither the Nottinghamshire Pilgrims had embarked on their great adventure several years before. Now, the Winthrop company of Puritans were soon to set out for the land of Massachusetts Bay, and Williams turned his eyes in the same direction, determined to renounce forever the land of his birth with its associations.

Shortly after his arrival he went with his wife to Salem, Massachusetts, where he accepted the pulpit in the local church. Because he had completely left the English church, and since the Boston church had never separated entirely from the Church of England, Williams was able to retain his appointment in Salem but a very short time.

From the very beginning — even before Williams had left his mother country — he had had a warm spot in his heart for the American Indian. In England, he had read of these unfortunate red-men in the new land across the sea. He had heard of the miserable way in which they lived, knowing little or nothing about God and religion; he felt sorry for them and made up his mind that some time he would do his best to assist them.

Here in Massachusetts among the Indians, his love for them and his interest in their welfare provoked increasing criticism, and it was but a short time after his arrival that the colonists pointedly censured him for his radical activities. There were but few men in Massachusetts who believed that this country rightfully belonged to those who first were here. Roger Williams was one of those who had that opinion and his ideas were a great offence to the Puritans. It seemed like treason to him to say that the land rightfully belonged to the king, and that the heathen savages had no right to it. In spite of the colonists' great terror of the Indians who lived about them, Williams felt no fear of the savages. He spent days and weeks at a time among them learning their ways and language; he tried to teach them about God and how to live better and cleaner lives. His whole life was devoted to helping them and lifting them above the station in which the white man seemed willing to have his red neighbors remain.

The Indians in New England belonged to one large main tribe known as Algonquins, and this tribe was subdivided into several smaller tribes, of which the Narragansetts were the most friendly. Among the Narragansetts Williams spent most of his time, where he developed a warm friendship for the powerful but very bashful Canonicus. All this increased his unpopularity with the Puritans, and more

so, perhaps, because he disagreed with them in regard to all their ideas of church and government. He was always quarrelling with them over some point of law or religious belief. On the subject of punishment for breaking church laws, Williams was at sword's point with the Puritan fathers. He believed that the magistrates had no power to punish people for not attending church or for breaking the Sabbath day.

Hatred of Williams and his views increased until it was decided that the Colony no longer had room for him; he was such a trouble maker that the Colony could never hope to have peace as long as he was permitted to remain and air his disturbing doctrines. Finally an order was issued that he must leave and take abode elsewhere, far from the Massachusetts Colony. Because of illness at the time the order arrived, the annoying crusader was not deported at the time specified, and was allowed to remain at his home until the spring of 1636.

In the meantime he continued his radical preaching and campaigning, and many colonists became his ardent followers. This news eventually reached the ears of those who had permitted him to extend his period of grace, and they decided to end matters then and there. He was to be kidnapped secretly and sent away on a ship to England where the authorities would make sure that he ceased his mischief. Luckily Williams got wind of the plot, and, at a minute's notice, he disappeared into the wilderness accompanied by one lone companion, his faithful servant, Thomas Angell. Leaving behind him home, family and his few friends, he cast his lot with Angell, and the two wandered about from place to place for nearly fourteen weeks.

Most of this time the two refugees plodded through the snow and ice on foot, and at times they paddled aimlessly along New England streams in native canoes. Starvation and death by freezing faced them at every turn during the cold wintry months of lonely wandering in search of food and shelter. They managed to exist until spring, when the two found it easier to procure food, but still Williams feared to make his appearance in Massachusetts.

The only way out seemed to be to make a settlement in some place where he might build a home for his wife and family, and where he might live in peace among his beloved Indians, far from the discordance of English life.

At last he decided to locate his settlement on the east bank of what is now the Seekonk River, somewhere in the present town of Rehoboth, Massachusetts. A short while after he had established himself, five of his devoted followers came out to join him and make their homes in more pleasant and peaceful surroundings. It is said that this handful of pioneers found conditions in the Colonies about as distasteful as had Williams, and for much the same reason.

Hopefully they went to work to improve living conditions in the home of their adoption. Lumber was hewn for the homes that they had planned, gardens were laid out, and the soil was prepared for sowing the seed. Everywhere about them lived friendly Indians who tolerated their presence without the slightest sign of hostility. Williams' friends in the forest seemed to value his friendship and take an interest in his good fortune and safety. About the time he decided to send for his wife and children, an event occurred which made it seem as though nothing but ill luck stood in the way of the "godly minister," who loved Indians better than he did his white brothers. Williams was advised in a letter from Governor Winslow of Plymouth that the place selected for a settlement was in territory under the jurisdiction of Plymouth Colony. Expressing his regret over the circumstance, the Plymouth Governor ordered Williams to break up his settlement and depart.

Sad of heart and disappointed, the plucky little band gathered together their few belongings and loaded them into the one canoe they owned. Forsaking their half-built homes, the seeded gardens and crude wilderness improvements, they reluctantly paddled out into the lonely river which marked the western boundary of the Colony from which they had just been ejected. Where to go they did not know, so they paddled the heavily loaded canoe toward the opposite shore. Outlined against the sky like a painted scene,

a motionless and formidable group of warriors loomed suddenly before the gaze of the startled strangers as they approached the shore. Little hospitality appeared in the attitude of these stony-faced Indians until their spokesman shouted the greeting which Rhode Islanders have come to regard as the friendliest of welcomes.

"What Cheer, Netop?" That greeting was the turning-point in the fortunes of Roger Williams. It represented the corner stone of the State that was to evolve from the incident.

Williams answered the natives in their own tongue, and in conversation with them learned that he had come to the land of his friend, Canonibus, and his mighty tribe. This was cheering news to the wanderers, for Canonibus was still a close and trusted friend of Williams. They knew that a warm welcome awaited them wherever Canonibus' word was law. With smiling faces and lighter hearts they paddled back into the stream, and followed the shoreline south in search of a convenient landing place. This they found after rounding what is now known as Fox Point and coming up a short distance along the Moshassock River. At the point where three bodies of water converge, they disembarked and carried their goods ashore. Here again they were confronted with surprised natives who plainly showed their goodwill toward the white men. The Indians expressed a desire to have the strangers remain and settle among them, and, as a token of their friendly feeling, a meal of fish and corn was spread before them. Of this the red-men and their white brothers partook with a sincere spirit of mutual friendliness.

What was it that had guided Williams, the unpopular champion of the doctrine of brotherly love, to this place of happy abode, where no one begrudged the other his right to live and worship as he pleased? What great power brought him and his faithful associates to such a delightful place, far from the vicious tongues and unsympathetic regard of men who doggedly traveled the straight and narrow path of religious bigotry? Surely it could be nothing else but God's own providence.

And so, fired by the desire to share religious liberty with those who were oppressed and persecuted, he then and there

established a harbor of refuge where liberty and freedom of thought might forever prevail, and he called this place *Providence*.

EARLY DAYS OF THE PROVIDENCE SETTLEMENT

THE actual spot where Roger Williams decided to end his wanderings was in the immediate vicinity of a spring long used by the Indians in these parts and which was located just opposite the present site of the Cathedral of St. John on North Main Street in Providence. There can be little doubt about this location because the land that Roger Williams later selected for his own extended east and west at that point, and his family burial plot has been positively identified just above the spring on the hillside. Roger Williams could have landed at some other point along the shore, but it seems quite logical that the particular spring that has long been referred to was the one that was on or adjacent to his property. And using now a little imagination, let us follow in the footsteps of Roger Williams immediately after the decision had been made to remain in this place which he called Providence.

He probably set his companions at work building a wigwam or some rude, temporary shelter, and it is quite natural to suppose that he lost no time in ascending the high hill to the east in order to secure a wider view of his new home. He may have made this initial survey from what is now Prospect Terrace, where one can still gain an unbroken view for miles to the north, southwest and west, or he may have gone farther up the slope to some vantage point in the vicinity of what is now the campus of Brown University. If he did that, and tradition indicates that he did, he would have peered through the openings in the dense woods of oak trees down upon the “Great Salt River” that flowed far below, wide and unconfined. The bank of the river at the foot of the hill where he had beached his canoe was

bordered with ancient forest trees, while across the river, the west bank (now downtown Providence) was marshy and studded with islands overgrown with coarse marsh grass. These islands that Roger Williams beheld were completely submerged by every spring and full-moon tide. At the head of this Salt River or Bay, the channel widened into a cove, with a broad gravelly beach on the east and north and a border of salt marshes on the west. On the north side two small sluggish rivers flowed into this cove, and each of these rivers, the Mooshassuck and the Woonasquetucket, had its own environment of swamp and wood land. Still farther to the west the founder could have observed low sand hills, scantily covered with pines rising above the marsh, and beyond these more hills shrouded in a bluish haze with dense forests extending to the north and west. The hill upon which Roger Williams stood probably did not offer any particularly attractive agricultural opportunities, but the fertile valley to the southwest, across the river, very likely suggested easy conversion into corn fields and pastures. Furthermore, closer inspection of the river and cove shoreline must have revealed ample supplies of clams, oysters and other forms of native shellfish. Additional encouraging prospects were offered by the sight of salmon ascending the river, and by glimpses of deer in the woods, and by unmistakable signs of wild life all about. Roger Williams and his companions undoubtedly needed no further inducements to convince them that they had chanced upon a place that offered unlimited facilities for the permanent site of their long-hoped-for settlement. It must have occurred to all of them many times

during that historic first day that the name Providence had been a most fortunate and appropriate designation for the place.

So much for the area in its untouched, unchanged physical character. Among the first settlers with Williams were William Harris, John Smith, Francis Wickes, Joshua Verin, and Thomas Angell. William Arnold, a tailor, with his son Benedict and son-in-law William Carpenter, arrived soon after. Thomas Olney Sr., Nathaniel Waterman, John Throckmorton, and Stukeley Westcott, among others, left Salem to settle in Providence and be included among the first householders. According to biographer James Ernst: "The men with their families began to build houses on parcels of land assigned to them by lots" but it is more likely that the first ones lived in wigwams or rough log shelters daubed with clay. Mrs. Williams with her children soon joined her husband. Little Mary was two years old, and Free-born but a few months.

It did not take these pioneers long to become completely satisfied that both the natural advantages and resources of Providence were ample, and before a great amount of time had passed they began to make their first aggressions upon the wilderness surrounding the head of the Bay. And the first step was the establishment of a broad highway along the east side of the Great Salt River, a thoroughfare that followed the curves of the shore. The settlers selected the east shore because the land there was firm and easy of access, while across the river, it was flat, marshy and scarcely habitable because of the lack of fresh water. Little did our ancestors think that, some day, New England's second largest city would rest upon the same area that appeared so uninviting just three hundred years ago. This road or highway probably followed the course of the present North and South Main Streets, and extended from the present Fox Point as far north as Constitution Hill. Its name, the "Towne Street," was descriptive of its original character and importance in the community, and it held its original designation for nearly a century and a half.

As suggested before, most of the first settlers probably lived in wigwams or thrown together shelters until this "Towne Street" was laid out. Then, with the convenience of a public-highway and the receipt of titles to the soil selected by certain individuals, a straggling village of approximately fifty houses was set up on the eastern side of the street along a tract of about two miles. Naturally, the owners were the architects and the builders, and there was a goodly amount of cooperative construction and mutual aid while the trees were being felled in the near-by forests for the lumber, and rough, unhewn stones were dragged from the hillside for the foundations, steps and for the huge chimneys. No one will ever know just how the allotment of these land parcels was conducted but it is doubtless true that Roger Williams had first choice and therefore selected the plot that included the spring, and that his original associates in his adventure had next choice after him. The committee in charge of this land division consisted of Chad Brown, John Throckmorton and Gregory Dexter. Mr. Brown's plot was in the vicinity of College Hill, John Throckmorton's was adjacent to the Williams' land on the south; and Gregory Dexter was last in line on the north. All of the plots were at least five acres in area.

Difficult as it is, try to visualize the layout of early Providence by picturing a familiar area of the present city bounded on the west by North and South Main Streets and on the east by the Seekonk River. Then divide that area in half by running an imaginary line running north and south. The original home lots of the first settlers, and the lots were extremely narrow, extended from the western boundary, or North and South Main Streets, to this imaginary north and south line. Originally, the north and south "halving line" was a road or trail which was called the "Highway" or "the highway at the head of the lots," indicating a distant and little-frequented region, but today we call it Hope Street. An old plan showing the first division of home lots indicates that fifty-two individuals held titles to the uniformly-marked off land assignments. The East Side of Providence, that is, east

of Hope Street, was mostly swamp (later commonly referred to as Cat Swamp) and what is now Fox Point was first called Fox Hill. The present business section of downtown Providence was then called Waybaussett Neck and there was only one road in the early days on the west side of the Great Salt River. It was called Pautuxett Road, a highway that extended off to the southwest.

The houses along Towne Street were at first only a story and a half high with a huge stone chimney at one end of the structure. Most of them had but two rooms, the large living room, dining room and kitchen combination and the sleeping chamber upstairs, often reached by a ladder as space was too precious for stairs. No doubt, Roger Williams had the largest and the most pretentious homestead of his day, but that is not a known fact. Like the houses, the furniture and the equipment that went into them was largely home made. Although the average first settler was not a mechanic or a carpenter

by trade, nevertheless he could fashion planks and timbers from logs, and he could make the rude tables and chests that stood upon the sanded floors. Chairs in those days were luxuries — the families that possessed them had not more than one or two and these were invariably reserved for elders of the households. As a substitute for chairs the old English settle stood at the family table, by the winter fireside, or before the door in pleasant summer weather.

Thus you have a general picture of the place called Providence approximately three centuries ago. Long before that, Nature had set the stage for the coming of the first inhabitants who changed but little the physical appearance of the place. With the arrival of Roger Williams and his few associates a new era was about to begin, one that might be called the second act in the drama of Rhode Island, and an act with many scenes depicting the life and times of one central character supported by a distinguished cast of actors and actresses.

THE PROVIDENCE PURCHASE

THE establishment of a Colony was not the only purpose in the mind of Roger Williams when he decided to accept the hospitality of friendly Indians and remain among them in the vicinity of Narragansett Bay. The moral and social uplift of the natives was then his concern, for, in his own words, he said, “My soul’s desire was to do the natives good, and to that end to learn their language, and therefore desired not to be troubled with English company.” And if Williams had been in search of complete divorce from social contact with the Massachusetts Puritans, he might have followed in the footsteps of his neighbor and contemporary, William Blackstone, and become a recluse shunning all persons whether or not they agreed with him on the questions that were giving the Massachusetts and Plymouth authorities no end of trouble. But, this ardent, exiled missionary was not destined to live a solitary life in the

pleasant place he called “Providence.” He found greater responsibilities, heavier duties than the mere spreading of Christian doctrine among the Indians whom he had long ago determined to elevate morally and socially.

The companionship of many others was forced upon Roger Williams soon after that eventful day in 1636 when he decided to accept a cordial invitation and remain in peace and concord near the headwaters of Narragansett Bay. His tiny settlement grew rapidly with the influx of others who were also under the displeasure of the neighboring Puritan government. News spread rapidly in the vicinity of Boston about this “shelter for persons distressed of conscience,” this community where complete religious toleration might be secured. The liberals, the freethinkers and the idealists all came flocking to the side of Roger Williams in such numbers that he was forced to change his original pur-

pose and become the founder of an officially established settlement.

Although political responsibilities prevented the founder of Providence from devoting his entire time to social service work among the Indians, his pleasant relations with the natives were of the greatest value to him, when he came to purchase lands and sites for his settlement. His kindness, patience and gentle bearing toward those who little understood the ways and intentions of the white strangers had won the esteem and confidence of the Indians; therefore, it was a simple matter for him to negotiate with them in a businesslike manner when the founder sought title to lands which rightfully belonged to those first residing there. And, it must be remembered, that this friendship thus early acquired and mutually maintained, was an important influence later when the wrath of natives was turned upon the Colonist and it doubtless saved all of the New England settlements from complete extermination.

From the Narragansett sachems, Canonicus and Miantonomi, Roger Williams obtained his first deed of the lands in the vicinity of Providence. Evidently the lands were conveyed to the new owner first by verbal agreement as the original document appears to be in the form of a "memorandum" that confirms a previous transaction. The exact wording of this precious record dated March 24, 1637, and titled "Deed from Cannannicus (Canonicus) and Miantonomi to Roger Williams," may be transcribed as follows: "At Nanhiggansick, the 24th of the first month, commonly called March, in ye second year of our plantation or planting at Mooshausick, or Providence-Memorandum, that we Cannannicus and Miantonomi, the two chief sachems of Nanhiggansick, having two years since sold unto Roger Williams, ye lands and meadows upon the two fresh rivers called Mooshausick and Wanasquetucket, doe now by these presents, establish and confirme ye bounds of those lands, from ye river and fields at Pawtuckut, ye great hill at Notquonckanet, on ye northwest, and the town of Maushapogue on ye west. As also, in consideration of the many kindnesses and services which he

hath continually done for us, both with our friends at Massachusetts, as also at Quinickicut and Apaum, or Plymouth, we doe freely give unto him all that land from those rivers reaching to Pawtuxet River; as also the grass and meadows upon ye said Pawtuxet River. In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hands."

This deed was signed first by the sachem Canonicus who penned his mark that resembles a crude sketch of an Indian canoe, and beneath that appears a rough design of an arrow, the mark of Miantonomi. The former's signature was witnessed by Setash, an Indian whose mark appears to be a circle, and Miantonomi's signature was affixed in the presence of Assotemewit, whose official signature resembles an automobile crank more than anything else. At the bottom of the document appears a second memorandum that may be read as follows: "3. month, 9. day. This was all again confirmed by Miantonomi, he acknowledged this, his act and hand up the streams of Pawtucket and Pawtuxet without limits we might have for our use of cattle, Witness, whereof . . . Roger Williams — benedict Arnold." Since the execution of this remarkable document many questions have arisen in regard to the correct interpretation of the wording used; at one time it was claimed that a part of the instrument was forged by one of Williams' associates who sought personal gain; and historians have often attempted to alter dates and to decipher meanings from the wording other than those which have become well-established in the records of early Rhode Island history. The spelling of the several proper names that appear in the deed have changed noticeably with the passing of the years, but there should be no doubt in anyone's mind regarding the original purpose of the worn and mutilated document that is now safely preserved in the Providence City Hall.

There is no record of the amount that Williams paid the Indians for these lands, but it is generally understood that he gave his native friends many presents, and that he was forced to mortgage his property in Salem in order that he might

procure more presents and thus retain their confidence and friendship. And, right here it may be observed that Williams was not actuated in this and other transactions by any selfish motives. The Providence lands were legally sold and transferred to him and they were his to make use of or dispose of in any manner that he might choose. He might have secured a grant or patent of all the lands in the Colony, controlled the government, sold real estate to the settlers and thereby amassed a fortune for himself and family. This he did not do. Having had his own disastrous experience with an aristocratic government, and having endured the persecutions of civil and ecclesiastical dictation, he resolved to establish a Colony where liberty of conscience would be freely offered to all men. Inspired with a lofty conception of this principle of soul

liberty, and true to his convictions of truth and duty, Roger Williams was determined to found a settlement where the civil power should have no authority in spiritual matters, and every man could be free to think for himself.

For this privilege the world had been waiting for centuries. Regardless of claims by other Colonial founders and by champions of other great leaders in thought and action, Roger Williams was the first one in the history of the world to embody the full privileges of personal liberty in the government of his Colony, the colony that later became the State of Rhode Island. Shortly after receiving the deed from the Narragansett sachems, Williams reconveyed these lands to the several persons who united their fortunes with him in laying the foundations of the new Colony.

WAR WITH THE PEQUOTS

WORD by word, chapter by chapter, the true story of the American Indian in New England is being compiled by modern writers and historians whose minds are free from the prejudices that misguided the pens of those who first recorded the history of relationships between the white men and the occupants and rightful owners of this territory. School children are now being taught that the sachems and the tribes in this particular section of America, without exception, extended the hand of friendship and spoke the word of genuine welcome three centuries ago when a group of liberty-seeking pioneers left home and fireside to implant civilization in a strange land. The exaggerations of those who called themselves “Indian Fighters” and the bitter accusations of the white men who saw naught but evil in a race, driven to the defense of life and homelands, are gradually being replaced by impartial analyses of conditions that finally brought about a tragic struggle that ended in the extermination of one race and the ascendancy of another. Now, it is generally understood that the early relations of the white settlers with

the adjacent Indian tribes were, in the main, peaceable and friendly. The treaty made with the Wampanoag sachem Massasoit in 1621 was sacredly observed as governing the relations of his tribes with all the Colonies until his death. However, the Wampanoag tribe was a subject tribe to the Narragansetts before the coming of the Pilgrims to Plymouth, and this alliance brought about through the kindness and peace-loving character of Massasoit turned out to be a bold stroke of diplomacy and a defiant secession from the control of the stronger tribe. Keep in mind that the Wampanoag tribe occupied Rhode Island territory in the vicinity of Bristol and Warren and the Narragansetts were generally centered around what is now Providence.

To understand fully the significance of the following account of the important chapter in local history, which might properly be called “The Pequot War,” it will be necessary to preface the record with a few observations. During the first years of the Plymouth settlement it would have been very easy for the powerful Narragansetts to have slaughtered the

Pilgrims and put a quick end to the colonization of eastern New England. They could have done this even if the neighboring Wampanoags had preferred to remain neutral, or if the latter had rallied to the defense of the feeble Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay Colonies. It is true that there was considerably less friendly feeling between the Narragansetts and the early Colonists than there was between Massasoit's tribe and the pale-face strangers, but this absence of friendship did not approach any feeling of hostility. Perhaps trouble was avoided because the Narragansetts were ruled by two unusually wise and cautious leaders, Miantonomi and Canonicus, the latter being one of the greatest that ever ruled an Indian tribe. He loved peace, he knew how to hold his tongue, bridle his wrath, and he understood the temperaments and shortcomings of his subjects. According to tradition, he was the eldest of four children, the offspring of a blood brother and sister. His grandfather, Tashtassuck, ruler of a vast Indian empire, having a son and a daughter whom he could not match in marriage with others of equal rank and dignity, caused his children to be united as man and wife. Canonicus, the oldest of four children springing from this rare and unnatural union, inherited the noble qualities of his ancestors and reflected his royal lineage by his efficient administration of tribal affairs and by his nobility of character. Like his generous contemporary, Massasoit, Canonicus never violated a pledge made to the white settlers.

His young nephew, Miantonomi, associate ruler of the Narragansetts, was much more of a fiery leader, a type always ready to crack-down upon someone or to settle an argument without delay and by force. Luckily for all concerned the elder Canonicus was the last word in all important decisions in tribal administration, and there again was the reason why friendly relations were maintained with those who had come from afar to seek a new home. Now it appears that it would have been much more diplomatic for the leaders of the Plymouth Plantation if they had entered into a treaty with the powerful Canonicus instead of with Massasoit;

it might have avoided much of the intra-tribal disagreements and fighting between the Narragansetts and the Wampanoags, and it might have prevented hostile attitudes in other directions. For example, it was in 1632 that the Narragansetts sent an expedition to capture Massasoit then living at Sowams, or Warren. Captain Miles Standish, leading forces from both Boston and Plymouth, came to the defense of their old friend, neighbor and faithful ally, and drove back the invaders. It is easy to see that this episode would cause some feelings of enmity between the Narragansetts and the whites, even though the trouble started over tribal differences.

At this point it is proper to observe that Roger Williams, friend of the Narragansetts and also of Governor Winthrop, served as the great peacemaker between the two forces, reconciling their differences and quieting suspicion on either side. This immortal, many-sided man became the only successful mediator between the Indians and the English colonists, and, in this capacity, he distinguished himself as a statesman, diplomat, counselor and politician. Let us consider the details of one instance wherein Roger Williams, the founder, served both his compatriots and his newly-made friends of the forest.

The Pequot tribe of Indians occupied the territory west of the Narragansett lands, the domain extending along the Long Island shores from Weekapaug on the east to the Connecticut River on the west. Their headquarters were probably in the vicinity of present New London and they held sway over all of the tribes of the Connecticut Valley. They were extremely warlike, said to be cruel, and, although fewer in numbers, they terrorized their neighbors, the Narragansetts. The white Colonists found this out not long after the establishment of settlements in New England and it became the firm purpose of the English to reduce the power of the Pequots and perhaps exterminate them. The murder of several English traders by the Pequots somewhere near the mouth of the Connecticut River and the strange murder of Captain John Oldham, a Dorchester trader, while on a

business expedition to Block Island, quickly brought matters to a head, and when the rumor prevailed that the Pequots were trying to enter into a secret alliance with the Narragansetts and the Niantic tribes, a troop of two hundred men from Boston and adjoining towns was raised and placed under command of Colonel John Endicott and Lieutenant Colonel John Winthrop, Jr., to make war upon the tribe. This Bay expedition under command of Endicott set out in three vessels for Block Island where the English attacked the native inhabitants, killing fourteen and wounding many others. The wigwams were burned, canoes destroyed and the corn supplies ruined; thus the murder of John Oldham stood avenged. The next stop for the avenging expedition was at Saybrook near the mouth of the Connecticut where the Pequots were attacked in spite of the advice of Captain Gardener who commanded the fort there. Then they journeyed back along the Sound to the mouth of the Thames River, New London, where Endicott attacked the native villages, killed many of the Indians, and burned their wigwams. The next day the village on the east bank of the river was treated in the same manner. Fourteen natives were killed, forty wounded, and not a white man was lost.

There may have been reason for the actions of the English on Block Island but there certainly was no justification for the wholesale meting out of punishment along the Connecticut coast, and the Governor of Plymouth Colony remonstrated with the Massachusetts Bay government for needlessly provoking a war. As might be expected, Endicott's actions angered the entire Pequot nation and it was not long before the defenseless inhabitants of Connecticut were subjects of vicious revenge since the Pequots plotted retaliation on all English Colonists wherever found. Sassacus, the chief sachem, quickly attempted to form a union of all tribes for the destruction of all settlers in New England. His plan included the alliance of the Mohawks, the Nipmucks and the Narragansetts, which would increase his fighting forces to at least eight thousand men. If successful,

this alliance of warriors, most of them veteran fighters, and experienced in both the native and the white man's methods of carrying on warfare, would undoubtedly mean the end of all English settlements in New England.

On the shores of Narragansett Bay was a tiny settlement called Providence, established in the name of religious liberty by Roger Williams and a few companions in 1636. One man, and one man alone, banished by his countrymen stood between them and certain death. He alone cherished the confidence and respect of Canonicus and Miantonomi, who would make the final decision whether or not the Narragansetts were to join with the Pequots and others in the plan of complete extermination of the whites.

Roger Williams was at once appealed to by the Governor of the Bay Colony to intercede with Canonicus to prevent his alliance with Sassacus. Mr. Williams, realizing the seriousness of the situation, hastily journeyed in a frail canoe to the wigwam of Canonicus where he found the Pequot chief already arguing for the plan of alliance and the immediate overthrow of the whites, sparing none. It took three days and nights for Roger Williams to accomplish his purpose, all the while in danger of his life, since he was a white man pleading for the safety of white men, whereas Sassacus, an Indian, was pleading for unity and loyalty in the Indian tribes as against the whites. Then and even now, it appears that it was a hopeless task for a lone man of another race to be victorious in such an issue, but Roger Williams, with the might of his argumentative powers and with the background of genuine friendship for the red men, did win the alliance of the powerful Narragansett tribe to the side of the English colonists. Miantonomi and the two sons of Canonicus were induced to go to Boston, where a treaty of alliance and peace was made between the Colony and the Narragansetts, leaving the belligerent Pequots to fight their battle alone.

Finding that they must then fight unaided, Sassacus led his Pequots in a campaign of murder and destruction. Colonial troops from Massachusetts and Connecticut, reinforced by Indian volun-

teers from friendly tribes, planned an attack on the Pequot fort near the present village of Mystic, Connecticut. The battle on May 26, 1637, proved to be a complete victory for the whites — more than 500 native men, women and children were slain, and only a few escaped. Sassacus was killed later among the Mohawks and the scattering remnants of the tribe disappeared from this section of New England.

Although the white military leaders won everlasting renown for their gallantry in action, it was really Roger Williams who made the great achievement in the war. For nearly forty years thereafter the Colonists lived in peaceful relations with the native tribes, and the ancient trail leading from Providence to New York, still called "The Pequot Trail," reminds us of a very precarious period in early Colonial history.

PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

SINCE this volume of historical accounts has been designed to cover, rather completely, the earliest days of Providence and facts pertaining to the entire area that later became the State of Rhode Island, subject matter will not be limited to the lives of certain outstanding individuals and to points closely related to political development. Primarily, this book is intended to give the present generation a clear picture of what these lands looked like three hundred years ago, of the people who lived here then; how our ancestors lived their lives and how they met conditions quite unlike those with which we are familiar. After all, history should be written as a narrative of human experience and the intimate details of social development are as important as the chronological arrangement of events and discussions of their relation to each other. Because most history teaching requires study of lengthy spans of time to be completed within a comparatively brief period, students generally fail to absorb the vital details of man's history and, as a result, acquire nothing more than a sketchy review of high spots, punctuated with a few dates and a hazy assortment of biographical facts.

Therefore, as this Rhode Island narrative develops it will contain from time to time word pictures of life and times in these Plantations in the hope that many will thereby gain a clearer knowledge of social conditions while they are organizing

in their minds the proper sequence of political episodes. And to that end, let us once again look in upon Roger Williams and his few associates who settled three hundred years ago on the shores near the head of the Great Salt River as they called the head of Narragansett Bay in the immediate vicinity of what is now the center of Providence. The houses and the layout of the original community were described in detail in a previous episode, but there are other facts about these pioneers and the home of their adoption that should interest us. For example, the first drinking water came from the spring located near the landing place of Williams, and perhaps from other springs in the vicinity. Following this primitive community practice of fetching water for household use from natural springs, a few wells were dug, not within the enclosures of private property, but on the Towne Street, and the water supply from these wells was free to all. At first, one of these public wells supplied several houses in a neighborhood group, later, there was a long row of wells, one in front of every second or third house. Street traffic was no problem in those days, so these obstacles were the cause of no complaint. One hundred years passed before it was necessary to secure permission to dig a well, or to set up a pump to replace the original well curb. At this point it might be well to refer to a few of the families that knew these conditions concerning which we are interested in making obser-

vations. And these references will indicate street name origins, and at the same time localize certain points of historic interest.

The Towne Street followed the course of present North and South Main Streets from Fox Point to Constitution Hill, and at the Fox Point end were the dwellings of the Tillinghast, Wickenden and Power families. The name Power was given to one of the very first streets, and at the beginning of the last century the name Wickenden was commemorated in a like manner by the successors to the original Wickenden estate. A Tillinghast memorial monument stands on the Barker Playhouse land, at lower Benefit Street, on the original site of the Tillinghast family burial ground. To the south of the main office of the Providence Institution for Savings were the home-lots of the Fields, prosperous farmers and for a long period among the chief landholders of the town. The northernmost Field estate on the Towne Street was the site of the Garrison House or block house during the Indian wars. This was one of the largest structures of the first century of Providence history and served as a strong fortification for the townsmen — they fortified themselves in this wooden stronghold located on or very near the present site of the "Old Stone Bank" and successfully prevented the Indians from burning the town forty years after the founding of Providence. College Hill marks the site of the Chad Brown homestead; Thomas Street, just to the north of the First Baptist Meeting House, was the original home site of the Angell family. Just north of the Angell house was the dwelling place of Thomas Olney, successor to Roger Williams. John Throckmorton and Joshua Verin were next-door neighbors to Williams whose home-lot extended east and west parallel with all the other lots, and, of course, most everyone knows that the Williams lot was in the immediate vicinity of St. John's Cathedral on North Main Street. A few paces to the north of the ancient St. John's churchyard lived Richard Scot, one of the first Quaker converts and a bitter enemy of Roger Williams, in spite of the fact that the two were neighbors. On the same

Scot estate lived William and Mary Dyer, the latter journeying from there back to Boston where she was hanged for Quakerism. Near present Olney Street lived Gregory Dexter who contributed his full share to the controversies of the day. A little farther on was Shadrach Manton, the town clerk, who recorded for preservation much of the town's early historical documents.

Each home-lot had its dwelling place with a narrow lawn before the house, fronting on Towne Street. As soon as the settlers began to accumulate herds of cattle, barns were set up a little to the east of the row of houses. The eastern slope of the hill, approaching the Highway, which was nothing more than an eastern boundary line of the home-lots that extended as far as the present line of Hope Street, furnished the pasture lands, with brooks, meadows and well-watered fields. That particular area can be localized by such present street names as Prospect, Brown, Thayer, and Brook. Most of the original home-lots had orchards half-way up the western slope of the hill, and closer to the dwelling places were the family burial plots. In the very near neighborhood of present Benefit Street the resting places of the founders and their children were ranged in long succession. There, from one end of the community to the other lay the earlier generations of Dexters, Williams, Olneys, Watermans, Angells, Browns, Crawfords, Powers, Tillinghasts and other illustrious patriarchs of three centuries back. The remains of the founder and Mrs. Williams were interred in the family plot just east of Benefit Street near Bowen Street at the rear of the beautiful Dorr mansion. In 1860, the remains of Roger Williams were taken up and placed in the Stephen Randall tomb in the North Burial Ground for safekeeping and they remained there until a few years ago when they were transferred to the receiving vault of the same historic cemetery. These remains are now safely deposited in a bronze box which has been removed to the special crypt provided for the purpose in the Roger Williams Memorial on Prospect Terrace in Providence.

Now for a moment let us consider the

breadwinning activities of these and other families who were the first to come and remain. At first the settlers were well-armed, but as their fowling pieces (bell-muzzled guns) wore out, they could not be repaired as there was a scarcity of mechanical skill, and new fire-arms could not be purchased because there was a scarcity of capital. Therefore, it became necessary to hunt with bows and arrows and the children were taught the use of these primitive weapons. Fishing was carried on in a simple way by individuals for home use, and there was no real development of that activity as an industry, whereas fishing laid the foundations of the wealth of Boston. The principal activity was agriculture which seems to have been the first step wherever men have gone into the wilderness, there to create for themselves homes, sustenance and civilized order. The first settlers of Providence were practically all engaged in farming and in the raising of cattle and their efforts were crowned with early success in spite of their lack of tools, implements and capital.

During the first years, the voyages and excursions of the settlers were not extended farther than between Towne Street and certain points around the headwaters of the Bay. And as the highways in those days were mere bridle paths through the woods, boats and canoes furnished the speediest forms of transportation. The crude craft belonging to the settlers lay along the beach in front of Towne Street; a man either fastened his canoe or his boat to stakes or iron rings or he beached it high and dry in front of his dwelling. Roger Williams is believed to have journeyed by water to his trading post later established near present Wickford,

for, on one of his business trips, his canoe was overturned, his goods lost and he narrowly escaped with his life. There was little need for wharves then, for Massachusetts merchants and occasionally Dutch traders were depended upon for the sources of all manufactured articles, and they had or could purchase but few of these.

Days were spent in the fields or in some activity that would improve living conditions. Perhaps, in the cool of the evening, some of these pioneers would sit in front of their dwellings and smoke their pipes while they contemplated the results of their endeavors and mused upon what the future held in store. They may have visioned in their mind's eye the great thriving city that was destined to grow and expand upon the marshy lands on the opposite shore, but little did they realize that they were a vital part of an immortal experiment that was the direct forerunner of the establishment of the first true democracy. They were probably more concerned with the outcome of their next harvest, with the discouraging attitude of their bitter Massachusetts enemies, with the dangerous prospect of an Indian war or with the clouds of mosquitoes that arose from the marshes on the shoreline across the way, from the very area that is now the heart of downtown Providence.

At any rate, these are just a few of the sidelights upon life and times immediately after the coming to these shores by Roger Williams. Such items as these rarely appear in the ordinary history books although a satisfactory comprehension of the evolution of a people is impossible unless some intimate details are included with the highlights, and most of the highlights treat of political development.

ANNE HUTCHINSON

IN any fairly complete review of the Rhode Island narrative, one of the first individuals to draw the spotlight of attention from Roger Williams, once the Providence settlement was established, we find to be a woman, a woman of remarkable vision, power and spirit, and

also the mother of fourteen children. Her name was Mrs. Anne Hutchinson, probably the first American champion of women's rights, and probably the first of her sex to challenge openly the inherited authorities, privileges and prerogatives of the so-called "stronger" sex. Her life

story is interesting; certain of her ideas concerning spiritual matters are difficult to interpret, but she influenced events and their turnings not only in Rhode Island but in the infant nation during the very beginnings of American history.

Anne Marbury was born in England at some time during the last years of the reign of Queen Elizabeth; it is generally agreed that the date of her birth was in the neighborhood of 1594, when religious controversies were approaching their height in that troubled nation. Her father was a Puritan minister, preaching both in Lincolnshire and in London. Her mother was a sister of Sir Edward Dryden, father of the poet, and Anne was said to have enjoyed every advantage of education and culture that the time afforded. While she was still a child, Queen Elizabeth died and James I became the King. King James desired most intensely "An ordered and obedient Church, its synods that met at the royal will, its courts that carried out the royal ordinances, its bishops that held themselves to be royal officers." The Puritans disputed this royal policy of making men obey the word of the crown in matters both civil and spiritual, but their objections availed little except continued and more severe persecution.

At an early age Anne Marbury married William Hutchinson, described as "a very honest, peaceable man of good estate" and later referred to by Governor Winthrop as "a man of a very mild temper and weak parts, and wholly guided by his wife." During the last few years that Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson spent in England, Anne must have been well aware of the fact that people all about her were engaged in a relentless struggle for their rights against the Crown. Everywhere people were studying the Bible, pondering over its meanings, rebelling against the arbitrary dictates of the Bishops. Since her father was a Puritan clergyman, she probably shared his sorrow over the persecution of her friend, the Reverend John Cotton, and this incident in her life may have aroused her indignation to the point where she resolved to leave England and follow Cotton across the ocean to the new world where she and her family could continue to benefit by his teachings.

At any rate, she left England with her husband and a large brood of children in 1634 and made the crossing to Boston on the ship "Griffin," and it has been recorded that the family fortune brought along to America amounted to nearly one thousand guineas in gold.

Until the new Hutchinson home could be built in Boston, Anne and some of her many children found shelter in the home of her beloved idol, the Reverend John Cotton, and for the three years that the family remained in Boston the homestead was directly across the street from that of John Winthrop and soon the Hutchinson fireside became "the social center of the town." Anne proved to be not only a capable, energetic and amiable person, but also an efficient nurse. As she went from home to home on errands of mercy, she would talk with the young women unto whom she ministered, and gradually won their complete affection and respect. In fact, both men and women welcomed her intellectual and magnetic personality, for she had a vigorous mind, dauntless courage and a natural gift for leadership.

To what did such unusual attributes in a woman in those days lead? To trouble of course, since not even the men dared to question authority or to speak their own minds when it came to matters of religion and personal liberty. And this is how it all started. Three hundred years ago in Boston the women of that community participated fully in the long, very long Sunday religious services, and they also might be present at the Saturday evening services. Naturally the women mingled with the numerous assemblies for constituting churches, for ordaining ministers and elders, but there were certain meetings for religious discourse from which they were excluded. Whether she resented this occasional exclusion of her sex, or whether she was prompted by a desire to supply a deficiency, Anne Hutchinson instituted a series of meetings for members of her own sex. This novel enterprise of hers met with favor rather than with disapprobation, at first. As many as one hundred women would attend these meetings, and for a period she held two each week. The nominal purpose of these meetings was for the review and inter-

pretation of the sermons delivered by Mr. Cotton on Sunday, and at his usual Thursday lecture. It can be rightfully claimed that, through her leadership of this group, Anne Hutchinson thereby became the first organizer of the earliest women's club in the world. How long it was before these meetings invited criticism from many of the clergy and civil officials, is not certain, but, certainly, by the end of the first two years of Mrs. Hutchinson's abode in Boston, she was being severely regarded as an instigator of strife and dissension.

And she found herself in trouble with the authorities not because she was the organizer of special meetings for the women of the community, but because she took advantage of these periodic gatherings to expound some very peculiar and decidedly seditious doctrines for the times. Rather difficult to comprehend in this enlightened age, these ideas had considerable justification when they are considered in the light of what is actually known about Puritans and their customs. Using simple terms, Anne Hutchinson preached that it was not necessary to look holy in order to hold deep religious feelings. Or, even in plainer terms, she exhorted her followers to justify themselves before God through their hearts, minds and works, and she openly condemned those who were content to seek salvation through pious expressions, grave and reverend bearing, sombre dress and other outward forms of religious manifestation. Inward sanctification she called "The Covenant of Grace," outward sanctification, "The Covenant of Works." Anne Hutchinson continued to place considerable force upon the prime necessity of adopting the Covenant of Grace, besides, she finally singled out those clergymen in the Colony who advocated this Covenant and those who did not advocate it. The ministers whom she criticised, directly or indirectly, were much offended. Trouble was brewing for Anne Hutchinson from many sources in spite of the fact that her sympathizers and ardent supporters rapidly increased in numbers, and all the while she continued to preach, condemn, denounce and upbraid those in authority who failed to recognize the rights of individual

man. From her privately conceived Covenant of Works she went on to preach that all classes of people — clergy and laity, the rich and poor, the educated and uneducated — stood as equals before the law with rights as to life, liberty and justice, unabridged, except as forfeited by crime or lost by incompetency.

Soon the doctrines of this apostle brought official denunciation upon her head. She was tried by a court of the church and condemned for her obnoxious pronouncements, and she was next summoned before the supreme civil tribunal, at which, however, the most eminent of the clergy were present, and appear to have taken a very active part as witnesses and advisers. This general court of Massachusetts met on November 2, 1637; her sentence of excommunication was followed by one of banishment, and on March 28, 1638, Anne Hutchinson and her husband and approximately eighteen persons from Boston who sympathized with her — besides the members of her own family — departed for that haven for all souls distressed for conscience's sake, Rhode Island, and here the party was graciously welcomed by the first advocate of human rights in America, the first champion of free speech, Roger Williams.

In Providence, Mrs. Hutchinson drew around her a goodly number of people, including Quakers and Baptists, and these listened to her discourses with great interest. Later the ministers of the Bay Colony dispatched three of their members to Providence to inform the exiles that if they would recant all belief in the Covenant of Grace they could return. Anne met these emissaries in a kindly manner; the conference lasted two days and then the three departed, reporting their mission hopeless. Roger Williams liked Mrs. Hutchinson and was much in sympathy with her although he did not adopt all of her views. He thought that in view of her great usefulness as a nurse and neighbor she should be allowed to speak when she chose and say what she wished. "Because," as he said, "if it be a lie it will die, and if it be truth, we ought to know it."

In a short while Roger Williams succeeded in inducing Anne Hutchinson and her company to abandon her original idea

of journeying on to Long Island or Delaware and there to found a permanent settlement. Through the efforts and encouragement of Roger Williams the group decided to form a settlement on the Island of Aquidneck, or the Island of Rhode Island (the present area comprising Portsmouth, Middletown and Newport). Subsequently, the island was purchased from the Indians and the settlement grew rapidly as other persons were forced to leave Boston by the arbitrary measures of the authorities. At Aquidneck, as at Providence, was established a government which recognized the great principle of soul liberty; and the little colony continued to increase and prosper under this benign influence of spiritual freedom, and at length became so populous as to send out settlers to the adjacent shores.

After the death of her husband, which occurred in 1642, Mrs. Hutchinson moved

to New York where her life was suddenly ended by a tragedy. In August, 1643, Anne Hutchinson and the fifteen members of her household at the time, with one exception, perished at the hands of the Indians. There is much more to tell about that settlement on the Island of Aquidneck; many of those who accompanied this outstanding woman leader of her times played important parts in the history of the area that is today known as Rhode Island; but you have heard the surprising story of the one who led the way. Her career in this vicinity was not so exciting and full of human interest as was her period of residence in Massachusetts. However, she takes her place among the immortals of these pleasant shores that harbored both leaders and followers who had the courage of their convictions and who risked all to enjoy religious freedom which they believed was the basic principle of a free state.

MARY DYER

A MARTYR is commonly described as one who testifies by his death to his faith or principles, and the martyrdom of countless individuals seems to have been one of the most important phases of man's history when one goes right back to the beginnings of things and follows the course of human progress through the centuries to the present time, and including the present time. It is sometimes difficult to understand the whys and wherefores of a single case of martyrdom because few of us have experienced such convictions as will urge us to join with any group, religious or political, for the purpose of compelling by force others to accept some given set of tenets or principles; neither have many of us felt such convictions as will lead us to violent death simply because we fail to accede to some group or established authorities in matters politic or religious. However, even though martyrdom seems like something that belongs to the Middle Ages or before, it is not far removed from us in this day and age, and it certainly was common to

our ancestors here in New England, not so many years ago, comparatively speaking. And, there's one case of martyrdom that comes very close to home, and it concerns one who left Massachusetts and came to Rhode Island actuated by the same motives, and forced into exile for the same reasons, that guided the footsteps of Roger Williams to these shores just three centuries ago. The story of this particular martyr is virtually a sequel to the tale told of Anne Hutchinson, the leader of the party of religious exiles who first settled the Island of Aquidneck, and although this story does not reach its conclusion until a date that is a little in advance of the period that is being stressed at present in this series of chronologically arranged episodes, nevertheless, it started shortly after the founding of Providence in 1636.

William and Mary Dyer came to this country in 1635 and arrived in Boston at the time when Roger Williams was having his greatest difficulties with the authorities of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. This

couple had previously lived in London where Mr. Dyer was engaged in the millinery business. Mary, his wife, was a person of unique character, courageous, inclined to be fanatical, of sweet disposition, attractive in person and highly intelligent. Upon the arrival of the Dyers in Boston, they were immediately admitted to membership in the Boston Church of which John Wilson was the pastor and John Cotton was the teacher. Their lives were lived without incident until Anne Hutchinson instituted her famous meetings for women. Mary Dyer attended these meetings and became very friendly with Anne Hutchinson. And then, when the latter heard her sentence of excommunication pronounced by the Elders of the Puritan Church in Massachusetts and rose to depart from the church from which she had been banished, she did not go unaccompanied. Another woman as fearless as Anne also rose from the congregation and passed down the aisle and out the door at her side. This other woman with the courage of her convictions was Mary Dyer.

Furthermore, shortly before the excommunication of Mrs. Hutchinson, Mr. Dyer had been one of those who signed a protest to the Elders who had condemned the Rev. Mr. Wheelright for unorthodox preachings, and, as a result, Mr. Dyer was disfranchised and lost his civil rights. Thus it is apparent why the Dyers joined the Hutchinson party in 1638 and came to Providence and later went to Aquidneck where they were among the founders, eighteen in number, of the Town of Portsmouth, and later among the founders of Newport. At this point it might be well to refer to a matter that may appear ridiculous to us in this enlightened day and age, but which had profound significance in the destiny of Mary Dyer. It was shortly before she left Boston with the Hutchinson party of exiles that Mary Dyer was forced to deny an ugly rumor spread in the community by her enemies. These viper-tongued busy-bodies circulated the story that she had given birth to a monstrosity which, they declared, was a sign of Divine retribution for her faith in, and adherence to, Anne Hutchinson. That stories of this sort could have been started or repeated in those days

indicates that ignorance, stupidity and downright viciousness must have accounted for much of the tragedy and trouble in the first days of Colonies.

As inhabitants of Aquidneck, or the Island of Rhode Island, the Dyers were well received. William was made Clerk of Rhode Island in 1638, and two years later Secretary of Portsmouth and Newport, and he held the latter office for seven years. In the course of his life he held many prominent offices of public trust, including that of Attorney-General. With his family he lived the normal life of a well-respected townsman with executive abilities above the average. Several years later he accompanied Roger Williams to England, together with John Clarke, where the group sought to obtain a change in the charter previously granted to William Coddington. Mary Dyer accompanied her husband to England and remained there for five years, becoming a Quaker before she returned.

In the meantime, the Boston Colony had been invaded by Quakers and the place was fairly seething with fury against them. And yet, according to facts pertaining to that tempestuous period, the people of Boston were not so opposed to the Quakers as were the magistrates and the clergymen who saw in these newcomers a threat to the existing civil and religious dictatorship. Here again crops up that paradox of men leaving one country to seek religious freedom elsewhere, but in the land of their adoption the freedom seekers become even more despotic than those from which escape had been effected. Note also in such cases that political power, gained and maintained through religious domination, is invariably behind the measures taken by men to persecute others in the name of religion. In Boston the Quakers were persecuted simply because the individuals then in power did not want to lose that power; what the Quakers believed about the worship of God was a secondary matter.

So great was the hatred for the simple, truth-seeking Quakers that a law was passed which imposed a fine upon any sea captain who brought them into Boston. Under this law Quakers who did come into the Colony were to be thrown into prison,

whipped, and placed at hard labor. As fate would have it, among the first Quakers to arrive after the passage of such brutal laws were Ann Burden and Mary Dyer. Both were immediately thrown into prison and Mary Dyer was not released until her husband arrived from Rhode Island to demand her release. The next arrivals experienced a much more painful fate. They were whipped, imprisoned, fined and finally banished. One woman, Margaret Brewster, was stripped to the waist and dragged through the streets of Boston tied to a cart, with a flogging later for good measure. Stories of such inhuman practices in ancient times cause the reader of history to wince, but think that the foregoing evidence of man's inhumanity to man took place in staid old Boston less than three hundred years ago. Besides, laws were enacted by which Quakers could be punished by cutting off their ears or boring a hole through their tongues with a red-hot iron. A final decree, however, stated that any Quaker who returned to the Boston Colony after once having been banished would suffer the death penalty.

This would seem to be sufficient to keep all Quakers away from the “Forbidden City.” Yet, in 1659, in protest against the authorities who had conceived such cruel laws, William Robinson and Marmaduke Stevenson went to Boston and were thrown into prison at once. Mary Dyer, hearing of their plight, came to Boston to visit them and she was also imprisoned. For three months these three remained in jail and then were tried and ordered to leave the Colony in two days. Mary Dyer returned to Rhode Island, but the two men decided to stay within the Colony and test the bloody laws, risking death. Other Quakers began to swarm into the Colony and with them returned Mary Dyer from Rhode Island. Robinson and Stevenson were seized again along with Mary Dyer and shortly the three were sentenced to death on the gallows. In October, 1659, the trio were taken to Boston Common where the hangman had already adjusted his rope to the branches of a great elm. So great had been the force of public opinion against the entire procedure that the authorities called out

the militia to quell any disturbance or an attempt at rescue. Arm and arm with her two friends Mary Dyer approached the executioner with no fear in her eyes, but with the calm, superhuman smile of a martyr lighting her countenance. The men were executed before her eyes, and she, with the noose about her neck, had ascended the ladder when the magistrates announced her reprieve. Her persecutors had suffered Mary Dyer to undergo all the terrors of death merely as a warning, but such heartless treatment had only prepared this martyr for ultimate death at the same hands. She was again sent away from the Colony.

And now comes an angle of true martyrdom that is hard to comprehend. Once Mary Dyer was out of the confines of the Colony the Boston authorities used her case to soften the public opinion which had risen against them for the two hangings. And then it was that Mary Dyer realized that because of her the deaths of her fellow martyrs would have no lasting influence in the Quaker cause. What did she do? She returned to Boston without delay, and appeared before Governor Endicott and the church officials. Once again she received the sentence of death, and this time there would be no reprieve. The pleadings of her husband, also a Quaker, accomplished nothing. She was led to the gallows on Boston Common, hanged by the neck until dead before an audience of terrified friends and sympathizers, and she was buried nearby on the Common in a grave that has never been located.

Even though we question the motives of martyrs, and wonder at the fervor that sometimes leads them to untimely deaths, we know that Mary Dyer did not give her life in vain. The report of her execution was related to the King of England, and although one other Quaker was hanged before official action could be taken, the English monarch put an immediate end to such cruel proceedings in Massachusetts. And thus ends the tragic tale of Mary Dyer, the Quaker martyr of Rhode Island who departed from the home of a friend living in Providence in the year 1660 and resolutely journeyed to Boston and to death in the name of religious liberty.

PORTSMOUTH AND NEWPORT

SINCE Newport was originally an outgrowth of Portsmouth, we must go back a bit in the history of the latter place and review a few pertinent facts. Without resorting to repetition of details, it was religious persecution in Massachusetts, resulting in banishment, that led to the coming to Providence of about twenty intelligent and prosperous persons who sought a likely place for a settlement either on Long Island or farther south. Roger Williams received these exiles and urged them to select a spot for their settlement in the vicinity of Narragansett Bay. The Island of Aquidneck was finally selected by these people and it was purchased from the Indians at a price of forty fathoms of wampum and a few gratuities. The entire island and the grass on several other islands down the Bay became the property of William Coddington and his friends, and preparations were made immediately to take possession. William Coddington was born in Boston, England, in 1601. When the Massachusetts Bay Corporation was formed he was made one of the assistants or council, and later became the treasurer. He was one of those who sympathized with Anne Hutchinson in her trial for sedition, and that is why he was found among the exiles residing temporarily in Providence as guests of the hospitable and kindly Roger Williams.

Before leaving Providence for their new home at Aquidneck, William Coddington was chosen chief magistrate under the title of Judge, and he was authorized to "do justice and judgement impartially according to the laws of God." The prospective settlers also appointed a secretary and clerk. The land at the cove around the northeasterly end of the island was chosen as the most desirable location for the settlement. "The first house-lots, mostly of six acres, were laid out on the westerly border of the cove. The Indian name for the place of settlement was Pocasset. The name, Portsmouth, was agreed upon in July 1639 although it seems to have been used earlier."

The Pocasset or Portsmouth settlers immediately started in to plant, and the first law enacted was to the effect that none could become inhabitants except those who should be "received in by the consent of the Bodie and do submit to the government." During the first year of the settlement many local acts were passed making provision for the maintenance of peace and order, for military organization, for the location of a meeting house, for validating land titles and for many other community needs. But, it was not many months before there came a slight change in this apparently harmonious and satisfactory governmental system. The original compact agreed upon by the Antinomians of Portsmouth set up a sort of mutual benefit or cooperative government by which all laws were passed by the members while the chief magistrate or judge was simply the presiding officer. But, on January 2, 1639, it was enacted that the judge assisted by three elders (John Coggeshall, Nicholas Easton and William Brenton) should govern according to the general rule of the word of God. Once every quarter they were to report to the assembled freemen, who were given the power of veto. Thus, if the executive officers interpreted the will of God contrary to the determination of the freemen, any act in question could be repealed. This mode of government lasted about four months, during which period William Coddington vainly attempted to have greater powers delegated to the office which he held. Failing in this attempt, Coddington and his political supporters made up their minds to resign from the Portsmouth experiment and set up another community elsewhere. On April 28, these revolvers met and drew the following instrument: "It is agreed by us whose hands are under written, to propagate a Plantation in the midst of the Island or elsewhere; and doe engage ourselves to bear equal charges, answerable to our strength and estates in common; and that our determinations shall be by major voice of judge and elders; the

Judge to have double voice.” The latter stipulation smacks somewhat of the tone of present-day forms of dictatorships.

The five officers of the little settlement and others signed the foregoing and the complete list of names is as follows: William Coddington, *Judge*, Nicholas Easton, John Coggeshall, William Brenton, John Clarke, Jeremy Clarke, Thomas Hazard, Henry Bull and William Dyer, *Clerk*. Moving to the southern end of the Island they established a settlement or plantation and called it Newport. Those who remained loyal to the original tenets and who preferred to stay in Portsmouth reorganized their government and affirmed their allegiance to King Charles, and in his name bound themselves into a civil body; they elected William Hutchinson judge and elected eight assistants. Provision was made for a quarterly court of trials, with a jury of twelve men, although small cases could be tried before the assistant judges. This was a government constructed according to English law — Portsmouth was therefore the first in Rhode Island to acknowledge allegiance to the king or to provide for an English jury trial. The seceders not far away in the new settlement of Newport depended more upon the will of God than they did upon any accepted code of laws, rules and regulations. However, the strongest and the wisest men had gone down to Newport, and even though it lacked strength in numbers, the group at the lower end of Aquidneck speedily acquired control of the Island and from this point on the history of the Island is traced chiefly in the records of what happened in Newport.

The next important move was to bring about a consolidation of Portsmouth and Newport, and this was finally accomplished after a long period of negotiations. On March 12, 1640, decreed previously as Election Day, the union of the two towns was brought about and William Hutchinson and his associates presented themselves in Newport, and willingly assented to reunion with their former brethren. It was then agreed that the chief magistrate of the island should be called governor, and the next deputy-governor, and the rest of the magistrates assistants. The governor and two assist-

ants were to be chosen in one town and the deputy and two other assistants in the other town. The election resulted in the choice of Coddington as governor and William Brenton as deputy-governor. A democratic form of government prevailed on the island until the union of both towns into the new colony in 1647. In May, 1644, it was ordered by the Court “that the Island commonly called (Aquidneck) shall be henceforth called the Isle of Rhodes, or Rhode Island.”

This brings us to the point where the stage is set for wider horizons in the field of Rhode Island politics and for greater opportunities on the part of Rhode Island’s leaders to display their powers in the world of local and international diplomacy. Roger Williams will again enter the scene in a new and most important role, and other leaders will appear among the several communities that came to be the component parts of a new colony, then in the process of formation.

The entire experiment on the island down the Bay is worthy of careful observation when one considers the social development of Rhode Island on a broad scale. The motive of the original settlers was simply to form a political and religious community entirely separated from Massachusetts, and even though these persons were compelled by force to depart hurriedly from Massachusetts they carefully laid their plans and selected a suitable location for their future home. The social development of Newport through the centuries bears out the wisdom of Roger Williams in recommending Aquidneck and confirms the good judgment of those who selected the place. It is true, according to the foregoing account, that a division in their number followed not long after the first planting, but a reconciliation soon took place and from that point on harmony prevailed. Petty strifes were quickly settled in orderly constituted courts. Enough power was invested in their form of government to enforce decrees, and obnoxious persons were dealt with directly and conclusively.

The first settlers on the Island of Aquidneck were, on the whole, men of high standing, intellectual and endowed with ability in matters of government

administration, and many of them were men of wealth. Roger Williams lacked the advantages of having educated and well trained associates, although this observation cannot be considered as a reflection upon their characters. It just happened that Newport and Portsmouth attracted men of breeding and culture and

subsequent events described in future accounts will bear out these statements. Many provisions pertaining to education, religion and other social and political privileges were made at an early date in the Rhode Island career because of the foresight, intuition and influence of these first families of Newport and Portsmouth.

SAMUEL GORTON

ANOTHER individual left England for a country where one could be free to worship God according to his own interpretation of the Scriptures; another of those noble spirits who esteemed liberty more than life itself, and counting no sacrifice too great for maintenance of principle, refused to dwell in a land where the inherent rights of man were not acknowledged or respected. This individual was Samuel Gorton, who proved to be the most ardent defender of the principles fearlessly propounded by his contemporary, Roger Williams. Both Gorton and Williams, although of entirely different temperaments, were motivated by the same influences to leave England, to depart later from the Massachusetts Colony, and to fight for the rights first offered to all men here in Rhode Island. His life story is as interesting as the record of his political experiences after destiny finally directed his footsteps to these shores. Samuel Gorton was born in the year 1592 in the town of Gorton, at that time adjoining, but now included within, the city limits of Manchester, England. His ancestors had lived in this locality for generations, and it has been said that the Gortons were members of a gentry that descended from noble ancestors. Samuel spent the years of his youth in the town of his own surname, and there he received his early education. As he approached his majority, King James was the ruler, and, as was described in a previous chapter, this monarch was very successful in drawing tighter and tighter the bonds that united church and state. Then, all subjects were forced to obey the word of the king alone, power was inherited

through the accepted divine right of kings; all liberal views were soundly denounced; and church laws were pressed upon a long suffering nation through the artful cooperation of the clergy who zealously lent themselves to the support of the king's prerogative and to the shaping of everything to his views, right or wrong. Prominent lower schools and many of the higher universities were hotbeds of revolt, and the educators were kept busy opposing the students who held liberal viewpoints, and who refused to subject their independence to arbitrary direction of their private opinions of how, when and where God should be worshiped.

Young Gorton of Gorton, England, turned out to be one of the many youthful English independents who were probably termed "radicals" in those days. However, his views on the burning topics of the day did not divert his attention from his education. He took full advantage of his opportunities to acquire a thorough cultural training and became an accomplished scholar, and more than ordinarily skilled in the languages and in the intricacies of English law. He assembled an excellent library and from the choice volumes which it contained he extended his mastery of various subjects, especially politics. Later events proved that he had a better mastery of law and politics than had the elders and magistrates of Massachusetts, and that he always understood his individual rights better than did those who sought to deprive him of his personal privileges.

Apparently, Samuel Gorton did not leave his home until he was about twenty-five years old, and there is documentary

evidence to prove that he later carried on a clothing business in London. His father had been a merchant tailor before him and was a member of one of the merchant guilds; Roger Williams' father was also a merchant tailor and a member of a guild. Samuel appeared to have plenty of ready money, and it is quite possible that he had inherited riches from his immediate family. There were great industrial and commercial opportunities for a young, enterprising business man in London at that period in history; England must have held many precious attractions and associations for him, in spite of his general disagreement with the parties in power, but these conditions did not prevent him from having adventurous thoughts regarding the new land across the Atlantic. The decision was soon made; he made up his mind to join the little group of settlers on the rock-bound coast of New England, where he hoped, like many others before him, “to enjoy liberty of conscience in respect to faith toward God and for no other end.”

In that same eventful year, 1636, when Roger Williams came out of the wilderness to settle at the place which he called Providence, Samuel Gorton landed in Boston with his family, including his wife, his eldest son, Samuel, and possibly one other child. Mrs. Gorton was a lady of refinement and education, and her bringing up and previous environment little prepared her for the experiences which she was destined to encounter in company with her pioneer husband. Her parents were also comfortably well off and later sent their daughter herds of choice breeds of cattle which were raised on the Gortons' New England farm.

Gorton experienced disappointment as did Williams when he arrived in New England to seek liberty of worship and to escape the persecutions of the English government. In fact, it is most interesting to observe the strange parallels in the careers of Williams and Gorton from the time each landed in Boston. In spite of the strict control of spiritual and political activities in Massachusetts, much open discussion existed, and the people indulged in warm controversies over the

curt actions that resulted in the banishment of popular men. There is no record to prove that Gorton took any active part in these debates, but it is quite likely that he was soon convinced that the liberties he dearly sought were not to be found in Boston. He remained there for a few weeks and then moved to Plymouth, where he found, as did Williams not long before, a much more liberal government. But, things soon changed in Plymouth. Shortly after Gorton's arrival there, an election was held resulting in the selection of Prentice as Governor of the Colony. This individual personified extreme hostility to everything opposed to church, and demanded submission of everything to its direction. He ruled with an iron hand and naturally directed abuse upon those who refused to support his autocratic and blindly narrow administration. Gorton, the liberal, was destined to cross swords with Prentice.

Previous to November, 1638, Gorton had retained the services of Ellen Aldridge, a servant of good reputation who had lately come from England to live with the family. It had been whispered about that said Ellen had smiled in church on one or more occasions, and presently she was arrested, brought to trial and commanded to answer to this most serious charge. The poor woman was punished and threatened with deportation. Gorton claimed that the court proposed to banish her as a vagabond, and, to escape the shame threatened to be put upon her, she fled to the woods, where she remained for several days, returning to his home for shelter. Gorton appeared before the court in defense of the disgraced Ellen and pleaded that her offense was not recognized in English law. He in turn was charged with contempt of court for defending the woman and was instructed to answer for this contempt at the next session. He did defend himself for defending one of his household; he was fined for seditious conduct and given fourteen days to leave Plymouth.

There was no redress, so on December 4, 1638, two years after the famous journey into the wilderness by Roger Williams, Samuel Gorton departed from Plymouth, bidding farewell to his wife, children and

friends, and plunged hopefully into the frozen forest. His journey was one of extreme hardship and peril, but he survived, and before the expiration of the fourteen-day period allowed him to depart, he arrived in Pocasset, at the northern end of Aquidneck, now the Island of Rhode Island. There he joined the exiles in the Hutchinson group and took sides with them in their controversies with William Coddington, who was attempting to set up a government on the island without a charter. Gorton made a mistake in this respect and was soon forced by Coddington and his adherents to leave the island. Then, in 1641, he went to Providence where Roger Williams was having political difficulties with a faction headed by William and Benedict Arnold, Massachusetts agents who had settled in the vicinity of the Pawtuxet River. Because of his reputation as an enemy of unchartered government Gorton was not well-received. And finally, Providence was split into three factions, headed respectively by Roger Williams, the Arnolds and Samuel Gorton. The Arnolds seceded from Providence in 1642 and submitted themselves to the authority of the

Massachusetts Colony, and Gorton countered with a quick move by joining with others in purchasing a section of land in the vicinity of present Warwick, and moved there in 1643, calling the section Shawomet.

The Arnolds, not far away, quarreled with the Gortons aplenty, and the former complained to the Massachusetts authorities. Subsequently, the Gortons were summoned to court in Boston and the Arnolds were sent a warrant to appear in Shawomet. Taking advantage of this humorous political dilemma, the old, relentless enemy of these Plantations, Massachusetts, determined upon what was considered a smart and timely stroke. What transpired and what happened to Samuel Gorton, sometimes called "The Political Saviour of Rhode Island," will be described in the following chapter. Providence and the tiny settlements that were gradually coming into existence here and there along the shores of Narragansett Bay were entering upon an era of social and political development — the entire subject contains all the elements necessary for the conception of an entertaining narrative.

THE FOUNDING OF WARWICK

SAMUEL GORTON held strong admiration for the common law of England and had no respect for a government that was not officially sanctioned by the English crown. Accordingly, he set about winning converts to his theories among the Providence settlers, and he lost no time in making himself very unpopular. Discussions became so heated over this open challenge to the authority of Roger Williams and his associates that a group of local citizens finally registered objections to the unendurable conduct of Gorton by petitioning Massachusetts for assistance in the matter. That, of course, was a hopeless move since the expected answer was received to this petition; it was suggested that the Providence Colony submit to the jurisdiction of either the Massachusetts or Plymouth Colony be-

fore intervention in any matter could be made. One is impressed more and more with the early success of the Rhode Island Colony as these countless instances of bitter enmity and downright meanness on the part of Massachusetts are observed.

At any rate, the troublemaker found it hard going in this peaceable, exceptionally well-satisfied community, and so, with a few enthusiastic disciples, he left Providence and went down across the Pawtuxet River and settled in the lands which were then known as Shawomet and which later became Warwick, and we shall see how the latter name was acquired. Gorton and his associates purchased these Shawomet lands from the Indian sachem, Miantonomi, and the deed was signed in January 1642. For five years, Gorton carried on what might be termed

a mutual benefit association with no attempt to exercise any of the powers of legal government. All acts and services were entirely voluntary and all of the Shawomet settlers still considered themselves under the jurisdiction of the English government. These lonesome pioneers labored diligently to lay the foundation of a settlement that was destined to grow into a thriving township and later into a city of many progressive communities.

It was not long after Gorton and his company settled down the Bay from Providence that difficulties arose with a faction, headed by William and Benedict Arnold, Massachusetts agents, that had already settled in the vicinity of the Pawtuxet River. Gorton petitioned Massachusetts for protection and, as a result, the Boston authorities assumed control of affairs there and appointed a commission to treat with the local Indian chieftains Sacononoco and Pomham. The latter were argued into denying that they had ever assented with others to the sale of the Shawomet lands to Gorton. More trouble from the direction of Massachusetts, and it ended in that greedy Colony's claim to jurisdiction over the area in question.

Now follows a record of political development in Rhode Island that is far from being an abstract from the dry chronicles of a town's evolution. Rather, it becomes a far too brief review of a sparkling sequence of human endeavor and human experience. In condensed form we find that, following a lengthy correspondence between Massachusetts and Samuel Gorton, an armed force was sent to take him and his companions back to Massachusetts to stand trial for heresy and sedition. They resisted arrest at first but finally surrendered and agreed to journey to Boston provided that all might go as “freemen and neighbors.” On October 17, 1643, the prisoners were brought before the court, found guilty and sentenced. Gorton and his companions were held in prison until the following spring when they were released and banished from both the Massachusetts and Rhode Island Colonies. The released prisoners were allowed fourteen days to

disperse and go beyond the colonial boundaries. Naturally, they first returned to Shawomet in search of the scattered members of their families and to visit their deserted homes. Presently, at the suggestion of Gorton, the exiles paid a visit to the Island of Aquidneck down the Bay and there they received a friendly welcome and an invitation to remain in peace.

Of course, the Shawomet lands were then claimed by Massachusetts and the banished Gortons were warned that if they attempted to return there again, it would be at the peril of their lives. But, when the Indian chieftain, Miantonomi, was treacherously murdered by the Mohegans, Gorton was invited by the saddened tribesmen to come back to Shawomet and there join with them in a discussion concerning the rightful ownership of the disputed lands. This council concluded its discussion with the agreement by the Indians that they would submit themselves to the rule of the English government, and Samuel Gorton, John Wickes, Randall Holden and John Warner were appointed commissioners to go to England and present “their act and deed” to that government. Upon arrival in England these commissioners reported the fact that the Indians had consented to English rule, and they also presented a full account of how Massachusetts had usurped jurisdiction over the lands in question.

This diplomatic mission to England was successful. Everything sought for was obtained. Massachusetts was instructed to permit the Shawomet settlers to return to their homes and reside without interference, and to withdraw from Shawomet all persons who had taken possession of any lands in the absence of Gorton and his friends. The Governor-in-Chief of Foreign Plantation was then the Earl of Warwick, and he ably espoused the cause of these earnest commissioners. As an expression of their grateful appreciation for his encouragement and indispensable assistance, the name of the Shawomet lands was changed to Warwick in honor of their friend and champion. Later on when Gorton returned to America, the same helpful Earl of Warwick provided a

letter of protection that saved Gorton from being arrested again when he passed through the forbidden territory of Massachusetts.

Randall Holden, one of the four commissioners, brought back the instructions from the English Government to Massachusetts, upon the receipt of which Edward Winslow was sent across the sea to register official objections to the proceedings that certainly must have been very distasteful to the Massachusetts authorities. Gorton remained in England until Winslow arrived and the two argued the case before the Governor-in-Chief of Foreign Affairs. The previous decision in the matter was sustained except the exact title to the Warwick lands was not made quite clear. The final answer by the English official was that Gorton and his associates had "transplanted their families thither and there settled their residences at great charge, we commend it to the government within whose jurisdiction they shall appear to be — not only not to remove them from their plantations, but also to encourage them with protection and assistance in all fit ways." This revised order was sent to Massachusetts and Connecticut under date of July 22, 1647. From its wording it is easy to see how the question of Colonial jurisdiction was left open. This point was not cleared until jurisdiction was established by the Colony of Rhode Island over the Narragansett country. Occupancy of Shawomet, or Warwick, was granted to Gorton and his associates on the condition that they "demean themselves peacefully and not endanger any of the English Colonies by a prejudicial correspondence with the Indians or otherwise."

Shortly after Gorton's return to Rhode Island from England, William Coddington, who had tried to usurp the power

in Rhode Island, was deposed and was forced to flee in disgrace. This was but one of the uprisings that prevented orderly government in Rhode Island. While all this was going on in Warwick, Roger Williams had been engaged in procuring a charter for his settlement, but that is a story in itself and will be covered in detail when the stories of the four original towns have been completed.

But to complete, at this point, the story of Warwick and the life account of its founder, Samuel Gorton, we find that Massachusetts was not easily defeated in her desires, for as late as 1676, the question of the Arnolds and the Pawtuxans arose again. Gorton and some of his adherents were again chosen to go to England to petition the king and argue against the envoys sent by Massachusetts. After a long and anxious interval, the Gortons of Warwick were successful once more. The king declared the Massachusetts charter which named the Pawtuxet and Shawomet sections as its property, void. This was the crushing blow for all the Massachusetts aspirations, and the triumph for Gorton and his followers was complete. Rhode Island truly owes them a great debt.

Throughout his life, Gorton, despite his reputation as an independent thinker and a radical, was constantly in public office, serving many years in the General Assembly and in many other capacities. He was a true friend of the Quakers and enjoyed great friendship with the Indians. When he died, in 1677, Rhode Island lost a staunch son, a man of fearless integrity, and an invaluable defender of the rights of men. His final days were passed in the Shawomet lands for which he had fought during the greater part of his active and colorful career.

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE COLONY

ONE would naturally suppose that once Roger Williams and his contemporaries had purchased their respective slices of Rhode Island territory from the Indians, the questions of title and ownership in respect to these areas would have been settled once and for all. At this long range it seems that self-establishment would have determined sovereignty over all internal matters, and created one or more commonwealths strong enough and independent enough to hold prestige among the rest of the young and struggling New England settlements. In Providence, Warwick, Portsmouth and Newport, the four original Rhode Island towns, the pioneer inhabitants were first concerned with the important problem of self-preservation; homes and shelters had to be erected, food and clothing supplies provided, the wilderness transformed into ploughed fields and pasture lands, and protection from beasts and the elements devised. Those were the ground-breaking, digging-in days, but soon came a period of simple organization of community life among these few towns. True it was that they all held dissimilar opinions in regard to government and methods of administering laws, edicts and regulations, but in general these towns experienced the same transitions from disordered pioneering to ordered community working and living. And soon followed a period of internal dissension, only natural in the early stages of social and political evolution; at the same time, outside forces, Massachusetts, in particular, threatened to absorb the handful of struggling settlements on the shores of Narragansett Bay. It was soon apparent that the Indian grants, which awarded these towns not much more than squatters' rights, would be insufficient if the Rhode Island settlements hoped to become the political equals of their neighbors.

Naturally, England, the mother country, was then looked upon as a source of authority; in fact, it was the only source of recognized authority here in New England at the time. Newport made the first move

to secure royal recognition. On November 25, 1639, the Newport Court commissioned two of its citizens to write to England and seek from the king a patent of, or title to, the Island of Aquidneck. This effort availed nothing, and three years later a new committee of the Island's ten principal men was appointed to "consult about the 'procuring' of a patent for this Island and Islands, and the land adjacent, and to draw up petitions and to send letters for the same end to Sir Henry Vane who had returned to England." This second committee accomplished no more than the first, so the writing of letters to the English Court was put aside as a waste of time and effort. Before the next move was made in this direction we shall leave Rhode Island for a moment and observe the remaining colonies in the New England picture.

Believing that the Indians in this section of the continent were becoming more and more displeased with the inroads of the white settlers, and convinced that sooner or later the colonies would be forced to take up arms against the natives who were becoming more familiar with the use of arms and ammunition, secured from English and Dutch traders, the principal settlements in New England, outside of the Rhode Island area, decided to unite as a better means of defence. The colonists met and discussed these conditions at length, and finally resolved to form a confederacy, in which each colony should form an integral part, and bear a proportionate share of the burdens arising from such a union. On the 19th of May, 1643, the articles of confederation were signed at Boston by the appointed commissioners of the four colonies of Plymouth, Massachusetts Bay, Connecticut and New Haven, bearing the title of the "United Colonies of New England." By the articles of this union it was provided that each colony would choose two commissioners annually and that they would meet successively at Boston, Hartford, Plymouth and New Haven at least once a year to discuss

questions of peace and war and to consult for the general welfare. Note particularly that the colonies at Providence and elsewhere in the Rhode Island area were not invited to join this confederacy, and when they later applied for admission the applications were promptly refused. The reason for this refusal was at first laid to the fact that the Rhode Island settlements had no charter, but after this objection was removed the real cause was revealed. Since in Rhode Island alone church and civil powers formed separate and distinct elements in legislation, the rest of the colonies in the confederation, where church and state were not separated, would not admit a colony or colonies holding to this principle. How strange that the members of the confederation could have been so shortsighted when it was then a recognized fact that Roger Williams held powerful influence over the Indians and would have been the most influential figure in the confederation. It is believed by some that the long and tragic conflict with the Indians that was destined to plunge New England into years of bloody warfare could have been avoided if the wise counsel and effective diplomacy of Roger Williams had prevailed in the deliberation of this exclusive union of colonies.

And thus we find little Rhode Island facing a hazardous outlook. If any danger existed from threatened Indian attacks, Rhode Island would be forced to fight alone, unaided by its neighbors. Many of those then living on the shores of Narragansett Bay had been banished from Massachusetts and Plymouth because of religious differences, and to cap the climax, Massachusetts persisted in laying claims to jurisdiction over the Rhode Island settlements. Here in these parts population was rapidly increasing, prosperity was growing and it was quite natural for the older, more powerful colonies to experience pangs of jealousy and to attempt to extend their power over the plantations around Providence and the colonies on the Island of Rhode Island. It was maintained that the inhabitants of these colonies had no legal authority for civil government, and hence could be made subject to the jurisdiction of legally

established outsiders. The threatening attitudes and measures taken by the authorities in Massachusetts soon convinced the local citizens that by one method or another a charter must be procured from the mother country.

A convention was held in Newport in the fall of 1642 to discuss this all-important matter of procuring a charter for the protection and government of the colonies of Rhode Island. A committee was appointed and this important mission was entrusted to Roger Williams, without doubt the ablest man in the Colonies to undertake this momentous endeavor. The selection of Roger Williams proves conclusively that he was held in the highest esteem from Providence to Newport and that those contemporaries regarded him as a man endowed with unusual diplomatic abilities. He accepted this commission on behalf of the Rhode Island colony and his own colony at Providence and at once made preparation for his departure. Still under banishment by the Massachusetts authorities and therefore forbidden to enter that territory, he was compelled to journey by way of New York, where he embarked for England, taking passage on a small Dutch ship.

This voyage was made in the summer of 1643 and little is known of the details concerning this passage except that Roger Williams occupied most of his time in crossing the Atlantic by preparing the manuscript of his famous publication entitled, "A Key into the Language of America"; or, "A Help to the Language of the Natives in that part of America called New England." It was printed in England following his arrival and it stands today as one of the outstanding accomplishments of his many-sided career. Roger Williams' "Key," containing information concerning the language of the Indian and which the author had spent fourteen years in accumulating, may be considered the "Rosetta Stone" of New England Indian ethnology, for it was the first and only serious attempt to translate the aboriginal tongue and to describe the manners, customs and religion of the Indian.

When Williams arrived in England

with the handwritten copy of his “Key” ready for printing, he encountered a whirlwind of political upheaval. The mass of people were in revolt against the rule of King Charles, with Parliament, the people’s government, holding the balance of power. Henry Vane, recently Governor of Massachusetts, who had previously shared with Williams the confidence of the Indians, was now back in England and established high in authority in the anti-King Charles movement. Williams was invited by Sir Henry to be the latter’s guest in his palatial home, where many of the influential liberals of the day listened intently to the doctrine of religious liberty as conceived by the traveler from Rhode Island. This important mission to England could not have been timed any better. In order to secure the favor and support of the American colonies, Parliament had passed a resolution exempting their imports and exports from taxation, and after Williams arrived, the Earl of Warwick was appointed Governor-in-Chief and Lord High Admiral of the American Colonies. This commission empowered the Earl, in company with his associates, to look into the state of affairs in the colonies, to remove and appoint governors and other officers as he should deem proper and just. Aided by his good friend and host, Sir Henry Vane, Roger Williams succeeded in obtaining from these commissioners a charter or patent for the Colony of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations. It bears the date March 17, 1644, and is entitled “The Incorporation of Providence Plantations in the Nar-

ragansett Bay, in New England.” This document gave the settlers in the Narragansett area liberty to govern themselves, only requiring that their laws should conform to the laws of England “so far as the nature of the case would admit.”

Having completed his mission, Roger Williams then made preparations for the return voyage and he landed in Boston in September 1644. The trip over had to be via New York, but he returned through the “forbidden city” of Boston, since he came back bearing a letter to the Governor of Massachusetts signed by several English noblemen and by other members of Parliament. This letter requested the safe passage of Williams through Massachusetts and the request was granted.

Roger Williams’ return to Providence took the form of a triumphal welcome home — a great flotilla of heavily laden canoes crossed the Seekonk when he arrived on the eastern shores of that river on his way home from Boston and he was escorted across the waters to the Providence side amid great shouting and general rejoicing. As one biographer put it, “he was home again and deservedly greeted as a benefactor.” Regardless of many of the nonsensical claims in respect to just who was responsible for the first establishment of religious liberty in Rhode Island or elsewhere, the honor belongs alone to Roger Williams. It was this first charter that gave official recognition to a Colony which stood four-square for complete separation of church and state and marked the beginning of a new and enlightened era in human relations.

“THE BLOODY TENENT” AND TROUBLE AT HOME

WHILE in England, on a mission to secure a charter by which he and his associates could claim official title to the lands adjacent to Narragansett Bay, and do whatever other things were required in the legal foundation of a colony, Roger Williams found opportunities to prepare for publication two or three pamphlets

and books dealing with conditions in New England, and especially with the facts of his own troubles and banishment from Massachusetts. First, after his famous “Indian Key,” he published a reply to a letter sent him during the first years of banishment. This letter had been written by the Rev. John Cotton, who

had attempted to justify the proceedings of the Massachusetts' magistrates and to deny that he had had any thing to do with the disgraceful matter. In a straightforward and courteous manner, Williams refuted Cotton's statements, excuses and contentions, and this led to the former's publication of his most celebrated composition, "The Bloudy Tenent of Persecution for Cause of Conscience discussed in a Conference between Truth and Peace." The origin of this book is rather interesting as exemplary of the spirit of the times.

A certain person, confined in Newgate prison, had written an essay condemning persecution of those who believed in freedom of conscience and this startling expression of private opinion had been published. Soon after this essay had appeared in print, John Cotton wrote a severe reply to it, and the "Bloudy Tenent" of Roger Williams was an examination of Cotton's reply. Following a copy of the Newgate prisoner's essay, and John Cotton's reply, the "Bloudy Tenent" contained a long dialogue between Truth and Peace wherein Roger Williams presented his own private beliefs and principles. This proved to be a fine example of his clear and logical reasoning, and it brought out his main doctrine, the foundation of all his theories of liberty of conscience, that God alone is the supreme ruler, and that in all matters of conscience, God alone is the sole authority.

However, this "Bloudy Tenent" had far greater significance than most people have since realized; it was much more than the expressions of one man in a national controversy; it was without doubt the first straight-from-the-shoulder declaration of the individual rights of man ever made in the history of the world. More and more historians and political theorists are becoming convinced that this treatise, written by Roger Williams, the founder of Rhode Island, was the direct or indirect source from which have originated the principles of democratic government in practice today. Certainly, the appearance of the book in England was like the bursting of a bombshell. At once it was reviled and praised, with distinguished men taking violent issue over its stirring contents.

John Cotton wrote a reply to the "Bloudy Tenent" which called for a rebuttal from Williams. Soon a whole flood of pamphlets appeared in which the principles of individual rights were strongly upheld or soundly denounced. The disfavor that Williams found in the eyes of New England clergymen, particularly in Massachusetts, was nothing in comparison to that disfavor which now arose against him on all sides in England. And England was too unsettled at that time, in both politics and religion, for the orthodox among the clergy and Parliament to be very hospitable to this radical who expressed such strange and disturbing views. Yet, Williams was not without his own prominent and influential friends, in the face of considerable opposition and disfavor. Some of these friendships had been longstanding, while other powerful sympathizers rallied to his side when they saw in him an apostle of their own innermost beliefs.

Sir Henry Vane was one of these old friends. Sir Henry had been very intimate with Williams when the former was Governor of Massachusetts and it was his influence that proved to be of inestimable value to the envoy from Rhode Island. Besides, Williams' beliefs and principles brought him the firm and valuable friendship of two other Englishmen of especial prominence, each in his field, the poet Milton and the great political leader, Oliver Cromwell. Very likely, Oliver Cromwell, who was then already a militant champion of the Puritans in England, found the doctrines of Williams more than interesting. One important biographer offers the supposition that Williams, principally through the publication of his "Bloudy Tenent" was in a good measure responsible for the English Revolution. In the light that painstaking research throws upon the subject, such a supposition may not be groundless. At any rate, what Roger Williams said and wrote during his timely visit to the mother country must have had considerable force in shaping public opinion, even though the very thought of partial toleration, let alone complete sufferance of all religions, was regarded as downright heresy. The greatness and complete independence of

the man is revealed in a much stronger light when we observe that he went back to England to secure a favor and while there deliberately embroiled himself in one of the most bitter national controversies of all times in English history. But he was successful; he returned with the charter and also with a letter that assured him of safe passage through Massachusetts.

We have traced his footsteps to England and return and we have learned considerable about his activities while away from home, but what was going on in New England during his absence? Certain events had taken place in the meantime and the most serious of these pertained to the unfortunate interference of the whites in an Indian feud.

Roger Williams, shortly after the founding of Providence, in 1636, was called upon to prevent the alliance of the Narragansett tribe with the warlike Pequots, a troublesome tribe that occupied lands in southern and southeastern Connecticut. If this alliance had been brought about and its purposes carried out, not a white person would have been left alive in New England. Friendship and wise diplomacy enabled Williams, single-handed, to hold the Narragansetts in line and maintain their allegiance to the colonies. But, the Pequots persisted in carrying out their evil designs of exterminating all enemies, red and white, and they continued to cut a bloody path through southern New England until halted in a decisive battle that took place in the vicinity of Mystic, Connecticut. Aided by renegade Indians, the white forces under Captain John Mason put an abrupt end to Pequot ambitions by practically annihilating the tribe, men, women and children.

In this affair, Uncas, sachem of the Mohegans, had been a staunch ally of the whites, and to give a complete picture of the subject it must be remembered that the Mohegans also lived in Connecticut, in the northeastern corner, near present Norwich and above. This Uncas has been pictured as an Indian leader of great strength and courage, but grasping, cunning and treacherous, and possessed of little of the magnanimity which distinguished the Narragansett sachem, Mian-

tonomi, who with his uncle, Canonicus, jointly sold the original lands of Rhode Island to Roger Williams. Long after the Pequots had met their Waterloo at Mystic, Uncas began to assume control of Indian affairs in eastern Connecticut and drew about him members of his own tribe of Mohegans, the few remnants of the Pequots and a lot of stragglers from other tribes. And, two months after the departure of Roger Williams for England, Uncas was engaged in a bitter quarrel with Sequasson, another Connecticut chieftain, who was a relative and ally of Miantonomi, friend of Williams and of all the whites in the New England colonies.

Absolutely consistent in his policies of close cooperation with the whites in all matters, he appealed to the Massachusetts and Connecticut authorities in behalf of his friend and relative, Sequasson, and complained of Uncas and of the latter's attempt to become a sort of dictator among the natives in Connecticut. Furthermore, he openly asked the white authorities if they would be offended if he took part in the feud himself. Governor Haynes replied that "the English had no hand in it," and Governor Winthrop said that "if Uncas had done him or his friends wrong and would not give satisfaction, we should leave him to take his own course." Having ascertained the feelings of the whites, Miantonomi lost no time in organizing his braves and in leading an expedition into Connecticut. With a force of about nine hundred warriors the Narragansett chieftain suddenly came upon Uncas and his army, but before joining battle, the Mohegan sachem challenged his opponent to single combat, proposing that the vanquished party should, with his men, submit to the victor. Miantonomi declined, whereupon Uncas dropped to the ground and his warriors let fly with their arrows, and with a sudden attack routed the Narragansetts and drove them from the field.

Miantonomi was captured and taken to Hartford as a prisoner. Uncas then asked advice of the whites as to what should be done with his captive and the question was referred to the general court of commissioners for New England, which sat at Boston in September 1643. The

court sidestepped the question and the responsibility, and submitted the matter to the clergy then meeting in high council also in Boston. Strange as it may seem to us now, these Christian worthies came to the conclusion that Miantonomi must pay with his life for his attacks upon Uncas. The unfortunate sachem was therefore redelivered into the hands of the Mohegans for execution and two of the English were appointed to attend the proceeding and see that he was put to death without torture. The disgraceful order was carried out somewhere near Norwich and somewhat in this manner: Uncas with his brother, Wawequa, and a party of other Indians, accompanied by the two whites, was leading his prisoner along a path, when, at a silent signal from the chief, Wawequa buried his tomahawk in the skull of the captive from behind. It is

said that Uncas cut a portion of flesh from the shoulder of his fallen enemy and ate it, declaring that it was the "sweetest meat he ever ate; it made his heart strong."

The sanctioning of this deed by the action of the united colonies immediately aroused the warlike natures of the Indians throughout New England and war seemed inevitable; danger threatened all of the colonies except those of Providence and Rhode Island. This happened while Roger Williams was away in England and when he returned, of course, his influence was again solicited to stay, if possible, the hostile intentions of the natives. His mediation brought about a treaty of peace between the commissioners at Boston and the chief sachems, and hostilities were thus checked. The settlements of New England were again preserved from the horrors of war.

THE COLONY ORGANIZES

IN the early days of Rhode Island, many persons had sought the protection and friendship of Roger Williams and had come to the colony at the headwaters of Narragansett Bay because they entertained mistaken ideas concerning the exact kind of freedom offered here. These persons caused trouble. They believed that Roger Williams' doctrine of soul liberty and freedom of conscience meant absolute license to do as anyone wished in every respect. Such was hardly the belief of the great leader and founder, and a clear denial of such erroneous conceptions of just what he did sponsor and champion is found in his writings. In a certain letter he likened the community, colony or state to a ship on which all of the inhabitants are taking passage. As passengers these individuals may believe whatever they choose in matters that concern them personally and they may act accordingly. In matters that concern the progress of the ship (or community) not only must they bow to the orders of those who understand the operation of the ship, but also they must cooperate in the duties and responsibilities which the sailing of a ship involves. Does this not explain in a clear

manner the fundamental principle of a free and practical form of government? The sailing of ship of state in these parts did not become an easy task for the shipmaster and his willing crew. Approaching storms and sudden squalls of outside enemies threatened the safety of the small and untried craft, and mutiny on board endangered both discipline and order. So, let us in imaginative retrospect embark upon this ship, provided as it was then with its official clearance papers, and let us share the experiences of the maiden voyage.

When Roger Williams returned with the charter in September 1644, the knowledge that such an instrument had been obtained inspired the neighboring colonies to make fresh attempts to gain jurisdiction in this section of New England development. Late that same Fall, Plymouth made half-hearted attempts to gain control over the Island of Aquidneck but these efforts proved nothing and accomplished less. In the following August (1645) the local colonists assembled at Newport to take action upon a letter received from Massachusetts, which communication requested that no

action be taken here to exercise any form of government. The historic answer to this polite demand was a fine example of determination phrased in dignified but forceful language. Needless to say, this attempt at encroachment upon the Rhode Island lands made no impression upon the local citizens, but then Massachusetts tried a new trick. A letter was written to Roger Williams, as chief officer of the colony, wherein it was stated that the Bay authorities had “lately received out of England a charter from the authority of the High Court of Parliament bearing date (of) December 10, 1643, whereby the Narragansett Bay, and a certain tract of land wherein Providence and the Island of Aquidny (Aquidneck) are included.” Furthermore, this communication warned those living in said territory to avoid any attempt at political organization. Williams promptly answered this message knowing full well that it was a plain case of bluffing, and, as might have been expected, he received no answer to his reply. Briefly summing up this situation we find that Rhode Island was in the midst of three large colonies, Plymouth, Massachusetts and Connecticut, all anxious to rid themselves of her presence, all disagreeing with her in the matter of religious liberty. Accordingly, they fell upon Rhode Island like three wolves upon the same lamb, even though the shepherd of that lamb had saved these wolves from certain destruction on several occasions. Connecticut repeatedly asserted her claim to the Narragansett country, appointed officers at Wickford and other places, and often resorted to violence for the enforcement of her laws. Plymouth claimed the Island of Rhode Island down the Bay although this colony was more quiet and tolerant than the other two. Massachusetts did her best to gain control of both Providence and Warwick and resorted to many measures to accomplish her designs. On the other hand, William Coddington, a powerful political factor on the island down the Bay, persisted in opposing a union of all the Rhode Island colonies under the charter, and he continued with his plans to have the island allied with Massachusetts.

Thus, these outside influences together

with serious local animosities delayed the establishment of any sort of government under the charter until 1647. In May of that year arrangements were finally made for an assembly of the people at Portsmouth. Providence appointed ten commissioners and gave them full power to act in the name of the town. These representatives were instructed to procure a copy of the charter, to secure for the town a complete ordering of its own internal affairs, to make provision for appeal unto General Courts, and in case town charters were granted to obtain one for Providence suited to promote the general peace and union of the colony. The other towns did likewise and on May 19, 1647, this historic assembly met to accept the charter, to elect officers and to draw up a code of laws. John Coggeshall of Newport was elected President of the Colony, and an Assistant was chosen for each town — Roger Williams for Providence, John Sanford for Portsmouth, William Coddington for Newport, and Randall Holden for Warwick. William Dyer was elected General Recorder, and Jeremy Clarke, Treasurer.

Speaking in broad terms, the several towns that participated in this assembly thereupon proceeded to organize themselves into a form of government which if not precisely was, at least, strongly analogous to the organization of these United States under the Constitution. It was provided that thereafter the whole people, forming the General Assembly, would meet annually for the enactment of general laws and for the choice of general officers. A general code of laws which concerned all men was first approved by the towns (as the States adopted the Constitution and still adopt amendments) but before this code of laws could go into effect, it was ratified by the General Assembly of the whole people. All legislative power was ultimately in the whole people, in General Assembly convened. Towns might propose laws (as States amendments to the Constitution) and the approval of a General Court of Commissioners might give them temporary force, but it was only the action of the General Assembly (the general government) which could make them general

and permanent for all persons within the colony.

The towns had their local laws (as States have theirs) which could not be enforced beyond their own limits; and they had their own town courts (as States have State Courts) which had exclusive original jurisdiction over all causes between their own citizens. The Presidents and Assistants of the several towns composed the General Court of trials, and this body held jurisdiction over all aggravated offences, and in such matters as should be referred to them by the town courts as too weighty for them to determine; and also this General Court sat upon all disputes between different towns, and between citizens of different towns and strangers. From the foregoing it is apparent that the individual towns gave up no more powers and rights than was necessary in a confederation of governments, and a deliberate attempt was made to avoid a complete consolidation of powers. It has been said that the framers of the Constitution of the United States found their model in the governmental framework originated by the founders of Rhode Island and adopted at that important assembly at Portsmouth in May 1647. This may not exactly be true, but one can readily observe that the original Rhode Island idea of government, with its lack of any direct or indirect provision for a Church and State combination, foreshadowed the Constitution of this Union, and also foreshadowed its practicability.

Many things happened in Rhode Island during the period of this first charter that

gave authority to the exercise of the existing form of government until 1663, but one of the most important matters concerned the heretofore mentioned opposition of William Coddington of Newport. This prominent and able citizen of the colony on the Island of Rhode Island evidently held positive ambitions to remain supreme in authority in spite of the fact that all of the town had agreed upon a practical form of confederation. Under his leadership, trouble broke out between Portsmouth and Newport immediately after the charter had been adopted. The latter voted to return to the old form of joint government on the Island, while Portsmouth decided to maintain its independence under the charter. This state of affairs prevailed until the General Assembly met at Providence in May 1648. Scarcely had Coddington been elected President when he was suspended, pending certain bills of complaint held against him. The chief complaint was that Coddington refused to side with the whole colony in its controversies with Massachusetts. The accused failed to appear before the court when summoned and, as a result of all this, the Colony down the Bay was divided into two factions. Coddington's next move was to gain the sympathy and aid of the colonies outside of Rhode Island and when this failed he prepared to execute a clever and most destructive scheme. Without disclosing his plan to anyone he sailed for England in January 1649, leaving a Captain Partridge in charge of his affairs in Newport.

ROGER WILLIAMS' TRADING POST

WILLIAM CODDINGTON, whose name has been prominently identified with the founding and the early development of the two settlements on the Island of Aquidneck, at no time showed much enthusiasm for the attempts to organize the towns of Providence, Portsmouth, Newport and later Warwick into an organized colony. He had his own ideas, and his own personal ambitions,

and he took no sides with the local groups in their controversies with Massachusetts; in fact, he sided with the outside forces and influences that were taking every means to usurp the settlements that had sprung up on the shores of Narragansett Bay. And to repeat a bit of what has been told heretofore, Mr. Coddington went so far as to return to England and there, under false pretences, secure for himself

a commission as lifelong governor of the Island of Aquidneck. He sailed for England, in 1649, and immediately entered a petition with the Council of State in the mother country, claiming both Aquidneck and Conanicut, and stating that he had discovered these islands. Also, he claimed that he had purchased them from the Indians, and was now desirous of being governed by English laws under the protection of the Commonwealth. In April 1651, William Coddington apparently attained the goal of his ambitions. He was commissioned as governor of the two islands; he was to raise forces for defence, and to appoint annually not more than six counsellors, who, however, were to be nominated by the freeholders of Newport and Portsmouth. How it was that the English authorities failed to keep faith with Roger Williams, whose charter had already been put in force even before Coddington left New England to secure his destructive document, is obviously a point to question, but affairs in England at the time were in a high state of confusion, and the home country was probably in a frame of mind that led those in power to do most anything that might add to colonial support. On the other hand, the English authorities knew comparatively little of who was who, and what was what, on this side of the ocean; it took news a long time to travel, therefore, he who spoke latest, and most convincingly, would obtain the latest favors, even though the granting of them might be contrary to previous agreements and understandings.

Coddington proudly returned to these parts late in the summer of 1651, and his arrival was the signal for quick action on the part of those who were determined that the infant colony of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations must not be divided into two separate and distinct political entities. Sixty-five inhabitants of Newport and forty-one of Portsmouth joined in requesting Dr. John Clarke to go to England and there seek a repeal of Coddington's commission and a confirmation of Roger Williams' charter. Dr. Clarke was a distinguished and prominent physician of Newport and one of the original leaders of the settlement of Rhode Island.

At the same time the inhabitants of Providence and Warwick began to urge Roger Williams to accompany Dr. Clarke on this important mission. Williams was unwilling at first because he did not care to leave his family again for a long period, besides, the expense of such a trip presented a serious obstacle. He had never been paid in full for his trouble and expense of getting the original charter, even though one of the first acts of the colony was to vote to Roger Williams one hundred pounds for his services. This amount was assessed upon the three towns — fifty to Newport, thirty to Portsmouth and twenty to Providence — and payments were made in installments. A small balance of this just debt never was paid. With this experience fresh in his memory it took considerable urging on the part of his friends before he decided to join Dr. Clarke on the long trip across the ocean. But this he did, even after his associates failed to raise enough money for his expenses. He sold his very profitable trading-post in Narragansett in order that his wife and six children might be supported in his absence, and to obtain cash for the trip. Arrangements were finally made for the departure of Roger Williams and Dr. John Clarke in November following the August that the troublesome Coddington arrived on the scene with his ill-gotten commission of privilege. But, before we follow in the footsteps of these distinguished emissaries, let us dwell for a moment upon the subject of the Roger Williams trading-post mentioned just previously.

Near the old Post Road, about two and one half miles to the north of the village of Wickford, is a place that was long regarded as the site of the original Roger Williams trading-post. It seems that a certain historian made the claim in 1845 that one “Wilkins Updike once said that Williams' trading-house was where Royal Vaughn last lived north of Spink's Tavern.” That would place the point not far from the famed Devil's Foot Ledge, the location of which is familiar to most natives of Rhode Island, but the foregoing clue, nothing more than a meagre bit of hearsay, remained for nearly a century the basis for a conclusion that has recently

been proven false. Through the comparatively recent studies and disclosures of Mr. Howard M. Chapin of the Rhode Island Historical Society it is now agreed by authorities that the trading-post was not in the vicinity of Devil's Foot Ledge, but that it was more than a mile and one half south of the curious ledge at, or in the immediate neighborhood of, the historically famous Smith Garrison House, more familiarly known as Cocumcussoc.

Roger Williams owned both a shallop and a canoe, and it is reasonable to believe that when he brought his goods from Providence, he would naturally transport them by water down Narragansett Bay rather than carry heavy packs along winding Indian trails which ran down through what is now South County. This being the case, it appears improbable that the efficient and resourceful trader would build a trading-post in the dense woods where it would be necessary to carry wares back and forth to the nearest landing place at Wickford harbor. It is also known that the friendly and wealthy chief sachems of the Narragansetts, with whom he carried on the majority of his trading, lived to the south of the present Wickford. Would it have been good business on the part of this early trader to have made his good customers travel a long distance overland after landing the canoes in which they traveled?

While living at Wickford or Caweawmsquissik, as it was then called, Williams not only busied himself with the duties of a trader but, like other early settlers, devoted much of his time to agriculture. Among his possessions was a small herd of goats which he kept on a small island in Wickford harbor, commonly referred to as Rabbit Island. It seems quite unlikely that his property and the source of his milk supply would have been kept at any great distance from his headquarters. So much for deductions that seem to eliminate the theory that the site in question was anywhere near Devil's Foot Ledge.

During the latter part of the reign of King Charles I a Major Richard Smith left England because of religious persecution, and settled in Taunton, then a part of Plymouth Colony. He became one of the leading men of that thriving settle-

ment, but wishing more freedom and liberty of conscience, he came to Rhode Island and purchased 30,000 acres of land from the Indians — a plantation measuring nine miles in length and three miles in width, and including the present site of Wickford. Some time between 1637 and 1642 he established a trading-post on this farm at the head of Mill Cove opposite Wickford and began to barter with the Indians. A John Green of Quidinisset has claimed "that Smith did first begin and make a settlement in Narragansett before 1639" — but he does not say that Smith was the first to build. Present historians are inclined to believe that Williams was the first trader to establish a post and that Smith arrived later. And this fact is conclusively established when we note that Williams sold his Narragansett trading-post to Richard Smith in 1651, and that was the time when Williams was forced to sell his property to raise money for his trip (second) to England.

Furthermore, it was eight years later that the Indian sachem, Coginaquond, deeded a block of land known as the North Purchase to a group of Englishmen who had formed a land company under the leadership of Jonathan Atherton. He deeded all of the land lying to the northeast of "Cosumsoosuch Brook" exclusive of the lands in possession of and already belonging to Richard Smith. If the Williams trading-post had been on the property later owned by Royal Vaughn, as Wilkins Updike stated in 1845, it would have been possessed by Richard Smith before and after the Atherton purchase of 1659. This property can be traced by deeds through to the present day and these documents show conclusively that the property purchased by Richard Smith from Williams was, at no time, included in the possessions of the Vaughn family. Does not this line of reasoning offered by Mr. Chapin, the historian, eliminate any theory that the place in question was located on any ancient Vaughn lands? Besides, Williams dated many of his letters to his friends in Massachusetts at Cocumcussoc.

It is now believed, but the fact has not been exactly determined, that the much-discussed trading-post of the great founder

was not only located at or near the present Cocumcussoc estate just north of Wickford and on the east side of the main road, but that the original place of business was built upon the present site of the main dwelling there today. Perhaps the lovely, historic homestead of the Fox family, proprietors of Cocumcussoc at the present time, a building which has been changed and rebuilt in part several times during the course of three centuries, stands on the very spot where Roger Williams once

displayed his wares and bartered with his friends, the Indians. It may be that some of the massive boulders and great stone foundations remaining there to this date were once a part of the underpinning of the original structure. Wherever Roger Williams carried on his business in the Narragansett country, and the location seems well determined now, he was forced to sell out to Richard Smith in order that he might again labor in the service of his fellow-men.

DR. JOHN CLARKE

TO defeat William Coddington's mutinous plans, and to seek an annulment of the rights and privileges granted to this ambitious politician, Dr. John Clarke was delegated to represent Newport and Portsmouth and Roger Williams was selected to appeal to the English authorities in behalf of Providence and Warwick. These distinguished gentlemen, endowed with unusual diplomatic abilities, sailed for England from Boston in November 1651.

Dr. John Clarke was born in Westhorpe, Suffolk County, England, in 1609, but very little is known of his early life. However, it is certain that his youth and early manhood were devoted to study, since he held two professions before the age of thirty, that of a physician and also of an ordained minister in the Separatist or Puritan faith. He came to New England in 1637 and promptly joined the Boston group of religious independents led by the forceful Anne Hutchinson. Going back a bit in our story we find that John Clarke was one of those elected by the banished Hutchinson party to find a new place beyond the limits of Massachusetts where a settlement could be made. This committee of investigation and survey started out on a journey by water from Boston late in the autumn of 1637, the same year that Clarke arrived on these shores, and a brief narrative of this trip is best told in Clarke's own words. "So, having sought the Lord for direction, we all agreed that while our vessel was passing about a large

and dangerous Cape (evidently Cape Cod), we would cross over by land, having Long Island and Delaware Bay in our eye for the place of our residence; so to a town called Providence we came, which was begun by one . . . Roger Williams . . . by whom we were courteously and lovingly received, and with whom we advised about our design; he readily presented two places before us in the same Narragansett Bay, the one upon the main called Sowwames (now Warren) and the other then Acquedneck now Rhode-Island." Continuing but not quoting, the records show that Roger Williams and Clarke with two other gentlemen journeyed to Plymouth to inquire about the status of these two places. It was found that Sowams was considered a part of Plymouth colony, but that the island of Aquidneck was "open territory" as far as the Plymouth authorities were concerned. We have already reviewed the story of the founding of Portsmouth and Newport, but the foregoing was included to date the beginning of Roger Williams' friendly relations with John Clarke, the latter becoming one of the most influential figures in Portsmouth and Newport, as well as being the first educated physician in Rhode Island.

Having arrived in England, petitioning, watching, lobbying and waiting became the wearisome duties of these agents who hoped to upset Coddington's schemes and thereby restore orderly government to the Island of Rhode Island and Providence

Plantations under the original charter secured from England by Roger Williams alone and unaided seven years previously. Their task was a difficult one in those troublesome times in the mother country. England had just plunged into war with the Dutch and that naturally drew the attention of those in power. On the other hand, enemy influences from New England were on hand opposing the designs of Williams and Clarke; even Winslow of Plymouth, an old friend of Williams, had returned to England and was actively opposing this desperate effort to reunite the towns in the Narragansett lands. Lobbying for political favor is not a new practise; it was being carried on at the English Court, by several New England representatives three hundred years ago, and each party had friends that were played one against the other in the battle for favor or redress.

Roger Williams enjoyed the friendship of many prominent men of England at the time and to these he naturally looked for support in his designs. Important among these was Sir Henry Vane, who was Governor of Massachusetts during the exciting Hutchinson controversy. Vane had later returned to England and it was mainly through his influence that Roger Williams was enabled to secure the first charter. Vane had also opposed the cause of the king, and was, at the time of Williams' second visit to England, the virtual head of the English Navy, and directing its attacks against his nation's enemies. Roger Williams spent much of his time at the Vane estate and there he found many opportunities to meet and talk with the most powerful figures of the times.

Although Williams had barely enough money to take him to England and back, he did not depend upon his wealthy friends to defray necessary expenses. At home he had turned his strong hands and his versatile talents to whatever task that might serve his purpose, and now he put his excellent scholarship to good use. He taught Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French and Dutch, some of his pupils being sons of Parliament members. He was intimately associated at the time with John Milton, not yet author of "Paradise

Lost," but then Secretary of the Council of State. Williams taught Dutch to John Milton and was in return taught languages into which he had not before delved. Besides, these two immortals were in sympathy in politics, which was in those days some bond of union. (It would be interesting to know if Milton ever referred to his Rhode Island friend in private papers that surely must be preserved in some English archives.) In addition to his tutoring engagements and his political activities, Roger Williams also kept his pen busily employed, turning out treatises aimed at the union of Church and State and at compulsory support of Gospel ministers by taxation.

To cover considerable ground in a short space, it took Roger Williams, ably assisted by John Clarke, about one year before he had the satisfaction of sending to his friends the good news that the Council of State had vacated William Coddington's commission, and of directing Providence, Warwick, Portsmouth and Newport to reunite under the charter as before. While these joyful tidings were yet on their way, the General Assembly met at Providence and voted a request to Williams to have himself appointed Governor of the Colony for one year. This request was officially forwarded to him, clothed in warm terms of commendation for his many services, and accompanied by strong expressions of confidence that in him alone rested the respect of his people for their government, and that, by him, a sound basis for future stability would be attained. In the opinion of Williams it was considered important that the agents remain in England to represent the interests of the colony and so he wrote the following letter to the towns of Warwick and Providence: "You may please to put my soul's condition into your soul's cases; remember that I am a father and a husband. I have longed earnestly to return with the last ship, and with these, and yet I am not willing to withdraw my shoulders from the burden, lest it pinch others, and may fall heavily upon all, except you are pleased to give me a discharge. If you conceive it necessary for me still to attend to this service, pray you consider if it be not convenient that my

poor wife be not encouraged to come over to me, and wait together on the pleasure of God for the end of this matter. You know how many weights hang upon me, how my own place stands, and how many reasons I have to cause me to make haste; yet I would not lose their estates, peace and liberty by leaving hastily. I write to my dear wife my great desire for her coming while I stay, left it to the freedom of her spirit because of the many dangers; for truly at present the seas are dangerous." Another year passed away with Williams still in England, while dissensions raged in the colony at home. Why did mischief back here threaten to thwart the cause of peace and order when the strong and steady hand of leadership left the scene temporarily? What was happening back in Rhode Island while Williams and Clarke were far away on Colony business?

First of all, William Coddington with his hated commission succeeded in disrupting the political union of the four original towns. The towns of Providence and Warwick were forced to form a new government, and to this end their respective commissioners met at Providence in November 1651 and declared that the Island towns (Portsmouth and Newport) deserted from the chartered government formerly established. Acting under that charter they chose a President — Samuel Gorton, founder of Warwick — and enacted that the legislature should henceforth consist of six men from each of the two towns. Gorton called a meeting of the Assembly in May 1652, when new officers were elected, and certain laws put into effect. Important among these, was the act providing that no slave, black or white, could be held in servitude more than ten years. This was one of the first, if not the first, law ever made in America which provided for the emancipation of the negro.

Thereafter, Providence and Warwick entered into a long series of trivial disputes, principally arising out of the interpretation of Williams' instructions to the

Colony communicated from England. Warwick desired to negotiate with the Island towns to bring about unification, whereas the Providence authorities would not contemplate any enlargement of their plans. These and similar differences continued to disturb the peace at the upper end of Narragansett Bay until news came of Williams' success in England, and then local animosities were dropped, and attention was turned to problems of state.

Down in Newport, Coddington was having his troubles while his fellow townsman, Clarke, remained in England to do his part in securing justice for the citizens on the island. The settlers knew that Coddington had obtained his commission through representing himself as the sole purchaser, and this claim they made him disavow by inducing him to deliver over to them the original deeds. This certainly did not help the causes of harmonious government. Besides, England was then at war with Holland and this contest led to certain restrictions upon the Dutch traders who were carrying on a flourishing trading business between New York and Narragansett Bay. In April 1652, some letters borne by Dutch traders to Governor Coddington were intercepted, opened and found to contain an offer of soldiers to be employed against the inhabitants of Rhode Island. The Assembly immediately charged both Coddington and the Dutch Director with treason and conspiracy. The case was never pressed, but the discovery did not display the character of Coddington in a very favorable light.

For these and other disturbing reasons, Roger Williams made up his mind that he was needed more at home than at the seat of English power. Leaving John Clarke in England, he returned early in the summer of 1654 and came back provided with a pass from the Council permitting him free transit through Massachusetts territory. He landed at Boston and was soon in the midst of his family and his grateful fellow-citizens.

KING CHARLES' CHARTER

IT required the firm hand of Williams and the steady inspiration of his leadership to restore peace and harmony among the people immediately upon his return to Providence. In September following his arrival, at the first general election held at Warwick, Williams was elected President of the Colony. The conferring of this honor upon their chief citizen showed that a majority of people were appreciative of his many services, and that they looked upon him as the guiding hand in the establishment of some form of permanent government. However, there were dissenters in the infant colony, those who tried every means to create dissatisfaction in the official management of colony affairs. Since such problems had little effect upon the general course of events, and played no significant part in the development of the colony during those years, they will not be included in this narrative. At the same time it may be interesting to quote a letter written by Oliver Cromwell, dated March 29, 1655, in answer to complaints communicated to the English government by certain Rhode Island colonists. The letter follows: "To our trusty and well-beloved, the president, assistants, and inhabitants of Rhode Island, together with the rest of the Providence Plantations, in the Narragansett Bay, in New England, — Gentlemen: Your agent here hath represented unto us some particulars concerning your government, which you judge necessary to be settled by us here; but by reason of the other great and weighty affairs of this Commonwealth, we have been necessitated to defer the consideration of them to a further opportunity. For the meantime, we were willing to let you know that you are to proceed in your government according to the tenor of your charter, formerly granted on that behalf; taking care of the peace and safety of those plantations, that neither through any intestine commotions or foreign invasions, there do arise any detriment or dishonor to this Commonwealth or yourselves, as far as

you, by your care and diligence, can prevent. And as for the things which are before us, they shall, as soon as the other occasions will permit, receive a just and fitting determination. And so we bid you farewell, and rest

"Your very loving friend,
Oliver, P."

This timely message served to quiet some of the opposition and restore good order among the settlements. Allegiance to the charter secured by Williams in 1644 was strengthened, orderly government was placed upon a strong foundation and the colony grew and prospered under the wise counsel of strong men who administered laws that were sane and practical for the times.

The next milestone in the political career of Rhode Island is marked by the granting of a charter to Rhode Island by authority of King Charles II. In order to explain why King Charles should grant a charter to our ancestors in 1663 when, for a long stretch in this account, we have talked about Oliver Cromwell and Parliament, it will be necessary to dig back a bit into English history, and bring events in England up to the same point that we have just reached in our general story.

Roger Williams was born about 1600, at the close of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. She was succeeded by James I, the son of Mary, Queen of Scots, and this monarch ruled over a troubled nation during the youth and early manhood of the founder of Rhode Island. The son of James, Charles the first, ascended the throne in 1625, and it was during the reign of Charles that Roger Williams came to America and entered upon the adventure that has brought him everlasting fame and worldwide acclaim. Civil war broke out in England in 1642 between the party supporting King Charles and the factions favoring Parliament. The latter were victorious, and in 1649, the king was beheaded.

Then, a commonwealth or republic was established, in which Oliver Cromwell

appeared as the most prominent figure. The story of Parliament and Cromwell is a long and fascinating tale that embraces one of the most revolutionary and eventful spans in the history of England, but as far as Rhode Island is concerned, it is important to remember that Parliament gave Williams the first charter in 1644, the charter that started Rhode Island on its way to become the first organized government that guaranteed full religious liberty. In December 1653, Oliver Cromwell was installed Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland and Ireland, and invested with more than regal powers; he brought order out of chaos in England and caused that nation to be feared throughout Europe. Williams was in England from 1651 to 1654, and the revocation of the hated Coddington commission was approved by Cromwell, thereby denoting the latter's friendship for, and confidence in, Roger Williams, and indicating that, in this instance and in others, the Lord Protector had sympathy for Rhode Island and the aspirations of her citizens.

Cromwell died in 1658, and the brief and feeble protectorate of his son Richard followed. Two years later, Charles II, son of Charles I, who was executed in 1649, was called to the throne, and now we see why a king gave Rhode Island a charter in 1663, a charter that remained as the governing power of the Colony, even after the gaining of American independence, and the confederation of the several states. It remained by the consent of the people as the fundamental law of the state, until it was supplanted by the adoption of the present Constitution in 1843. It has been said that up to this time this instrument was the oldest charter of civil government in existence.

John Clarke, who went over to England in 1651, remained there until after Cromwell died and Charles II came into power and therefore this distinguished diplomat from Newport, carrying out directions from home, had the honor of receiving from the king the document that gave Rhode Island broad freedom in the administration of civil and religious government. The charter itself was committed to the charge of Captain

George Baxter, who brought it across the ocean and presented it to the General Court at Newport, November 24, 1663. The following day it was read to the people assembled and great was the enthusiasm displayed by the freemen who found in the wording of the instrument more liberty than they had anticipated.

Thanks were dispatched to the king, to the Earl of Clarendon and to John Clarke who had labored so patiently and successfully in the interests of his fellowmen. It was voted to pay Mr. Clarke's expenses and to present him with a gift of £100. Captain Baxter was also reimbursed for his services and given a purse of £30.

It probably will be interesting to many to learn that this historic document is, at this moment, carefully preserved in a steel cabinet located in one of the offices of the Secretary of State in the State House, Providence. There it can be seen by request of any citizen or visitor from out of state, and in the same secure repository is kept the famous Gaspee Commission that will be discussed in a later chapter. This so-called Charter of 1663 represents the laborious artistry of one or more individuals, since the parchment upon which the wording and the embellishments are engrossed measures thirty three inches in width and approximately six feet from top to bottom. Roughly estimating, the complete instrument contains a little more than six hundred words. The highly ornamental heading is a complicated composition of heraldic symbols, fancy scroll work and pen flourishes, and this design work extends down the left hand side of the charter face about half way. Within the huge initial letter C of the name Charles appears a portrait of the royal author, and, according to the picture, Charles II sported a luxurious specimen of tonsorial handiwork. Long, wavy tresses of raven locks, parted in the middle, flow down over His Majesty's plump shoulders. The lettering, typical of the times, is rendered in an Old English script, and the painstaking task was probably performed by the use of a quill pen or a stylus. All of the characters appear to be in an excellent

state of legibility, and anyone fairly familiar with that style of lettering can read the text with very little difficulty.

The original box that contained this precious document is equally as interesting, although this part of the relic is fast deteriorating. The container is nothing more than a wooden, leather-covered receptacle fashioned to hold the charter

in a roll. Attached to this elongated box is a round receptacle made of the same material, and in this was originally enclosed the royal seal. The seal, broken into several pieces, now reposes in a velvet-lined, glass-covered case. Printed Latin words appear upon the scraps of paper that line the splintered box that once protected an immortal document.

AN INTERPRETATION OF THE CHARTER

RHODE ISLAND received, in 1663, the charter that remained in force for one hundred and eighty years. This instrument of authority, granted by the then ruling sovereign of England, Charles II, was delivered into the hands of this Colony's representative, Dr. John Clarke, who had accompanied Roger Williams to England on Colony business, especially for the purpose of securing a repeal of the communication that gave William Coddington authority to govern the islands of Rhode Island and Conanicut as a separate and independent colony. The Coddington commission was repealed; the four original towns of Providence, Warwick, Portsmouth and Newport were reunited; Roger Williams returned home, while his associate remained at the seat of power to complete, more fully, the purposes of their mission. This famous charter, granting a broad freedom to both the civil and religious government of Rhode Island, is carefully preserved in the State Capitol, and following is a brief abstract of its contents, presented in the form of a general interpretation of the document's original intents and purposes.

First of all, and without reference to the ponderous greetings usually included in the preamble of an official communication of those days, one observes that the king named Benjamin Arnold, William Brenton, William Coddington, Nicholas Easton, William Baulston, John Porter, John Smith, Samuel Gorton, John Weeks, Roger Williams, Thomas Olney, Gregory Dexter, John Coggeshall, Joseph Clarke, Randall Holden, John Greene, John Roome, Samuel Wilbore, William Field,

James Barker, Richard Tew, Thomas Harris and William Dyer in this royal grant of governmental power to all the purchasers and free inhabitants of the island called Rhode Island and of Providence Plantations in Narragansett Bay, in New England, in America. John Clarke was also mentioned in the charter's introduction as a "trusty and well-beloved subject" who had been entrusted with the important task of presenting his compatriots' petition to the king.

Study of the charter then reveals that its royal author then indulged in a bit of curious flattery. The English subjects who had finally settled in the Narragansett lands because they had found conditions unbearable, first in England and later in Massachusetts, were informed in sweet sounding complimentary terms, that they (the Rhode Island petitioners) had "transported themselves out of . . . England into America by the consent and good encouragement of our (the King's) royal progenitors." First the Pilgrims, and later the Puritans, actually left England to escape religious persecution and to seek liberty of conscience, and the members of these "freedom-seeking" groups, especially those who finally rested in their wanderings on the shores of Narragansett Bay, would have had difficulty in recalling any great degree of "encouragement" given by any king previous to the historic journeys across the sea to the stern and rock-bound coast of New England. However, King Charles deserves no criticism for his natural attempt to qualify the acts and attitudes of his royal predecessors; whereas others holding supreme royal

authority before Charles may have “encouraged” Puritan dissenters to depart from England for lands where they might be less troublesome, the ruling monarch, in 1663, proved his sincerity when he signed the charter that is being discussed. This document proved to be a source of lasting encouragement for its Rhode Island beneficiaries who stand as pioneers in the cause of free, democratic government.

Then followed a reference to the fact that these Rhode Islanders had left Massachusetts because of religious differences and difficulties although the name of the Bay Colony was not specified. An early portion of the document mentioned the Indians in these parts and special reference was made to the lands, islands, rivers, harbors and roads which were “seized and possessed, by purchase and consent of the . . . natives.” Very likely, John Clarke presented an accurate picture of the Colony to the author or authors of the charter because therein the Rhode Island and Providence Plantations were described as “very convenient, both for plantations, and also for building of ships, supply of pipe-staves, and other merchandise; and which lie very commodious, in many respects, for commerce, and accommodate,” the English plantations in the south, “and may much advance the trade of” the entire realm, “and greatly enlarge the territories thereof.”

The most significant feature of this remarkable document came next in order, the section of weighty phrases that gave the citizens of Rhode Island unexpected privileges in respect to the worship of God. The subject was approached somewhat as follows: Since the residents of this Colony had declared that a most flourishing civil state may stand and best be maintained with a full liberty in religious concerns, and that true piety rightly grounded upon gospel principles will lay in the hearts of men the strongest obligations to true loyalty, the English authorities plainly indicated a willingness to encourage such a hopeful undertaking of loyal subjects. Even though these colonists residing in America were still full-fledged English subjects, their individual rights were recognized since the charter

relieved them of further adherence to the Church of England. No longer were the forms, ceremonies and liturgy of the English church to be forced upon Rhode Islanders, nor were they thereafter to be required to subscribe to the oaths and articles made and established in that behalf. And the qualifications of this startling concession are best explained by quoting the very words of the charter. “That our royal will and pleasure is, that no person within the said Colony, at any time hereafter shall be any wise molested, punished, disquieted, or called in question, for any differences of opinion in matters of religion, and do not actually disturb the civil peace of our said colony; but that all and every person and persons may, from time to time, and at all times hereafter, freely and fully have his and their own judgments and consciences, in matters of religious concerns, throughout the tract of land hereafter mentioned, they behaving themselves peaceably and quietly, and not using this liberty to licentiousness and profaneness, not to the civil injury and outward disturbances of others, any law, statute, or clause therein contained, or to be contained, usage or custom of this realm,” . . .

Upon such a broad and liberal principle of complete religious freedom, the document went on to confirm the establishment of a political organization that guaranteed to all men, so desiring, full membership in a self-perpetuating body corporate and politic, to be thereafter styled “The Governor and Company of the English Colony of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, in New England, in America.” General civil rights, privileges and obligations were then specified, and it was declared that the affairs of the Colony should be governed by one Governor, one Deputy Governor, and ten assistants. Benedict Arnold was appointed as the chief executive and William Brenton, the Deputy. The names of ten assistants followed: William Baulston, John Porter, Roger Williams, Thomas Olney, John Smith, John Greene, John Coggeshall, James Barker, William Field, and Joseph Clarke. The creation of a governing body called the General Assembly was ordered, and authority was

given this group of legislators to make, ordain, constitute or repeal laws, statutes, orders, and ordinances. This General Assembly was authorized to appoint, direct, erect and settle such places and courts of jurisdiction, for the hearing and determining of all actions, cases, matters and things, happening within the said colony and plantation. Therefore, since the major part of the freemen elected representatives who in turn made the laws and authorized the administration of justice in courts and by appointed officers, a simple form of true American democracy was first established.

It is also interesting to note that the charter provided for the military defense of the commonwealth, and this point is covered in especially descriptive phrases. For example, properly commissioned military officers could assemble, exercise in arms, military array, and put in warlike posture, the inhabitants of the Colony, for their special defense and safety. These officers could lead and conduct the inhabitants and to encounter, expulse, expel and resist, by force of arms, as well as by sea as by land, and also to kill, slay and destroy, by all fittings, ways, enterprises and means, whatsoever, all and every such person or persons as shall, at any time hereafter, attempt or enterprise the destruction, invasion or detriment or annoyance of the inhabitants.

His Majesty seemed interested in fishing because the taking of whales in Rhode Island waters was encouraged as a profitable occupation; he spoke of the planting of vineyards and observed that Rhode Island soil and climate seemed "naturally to concur to the production of wines." The boundaries of the Colony were carefully designated, and here it should be noted that Block Island was included as a part of the Colony. Evidently the vicinity of East Greenwich was regarded

as having a deposit of gold and silver ore since the title to such mineral treasures found in that locality was specified to avoid future controversies. Rhode Island citizens were given the freedom of passing into and through the rest of the English colonies and many other grants of rights and privileges were written into the lines of this all embracing royal document.

The instrument carried the signature "Howard," the same that appeared on the Connecticut charter, issued in 1662. Howard was probably the clerk of the reports in the Privy Seal Office at the time.

In a brief summary, we find that this charter, issued to Rhode Island by King Charles II in 1663, clearly defined the boundaries of the Colony; it confirmed the Indian deeds of lands; likewise it confirmed the estate of the freemen; it vested civil government in a truly democratic estate; a de facto government was established; law-making power was vested in an elective body styled the General Assembly; a judiciary was created for the determination of justice; a military force was ordained for defense; martial law was vested in the executive, and most important of all, freedom of worship and of conscience was made the basis of individual rights.

The foregoing is far from being a complete abstract or interpretation of the document, but since it is likely that very few persons have studied or even read it during the past century, in spite of its importance, this review may attract some to peruse its contents and discover other quaint features. Let it be remembered that the Colony of Rhode Island, with this broad platform of constitutional rights, stood the freest commonwealth in principle and practice on the face of the earth, and it remained in force for one hundred and eighty years.

MASSASOIT

THE Colony of Rhode Island, provided with an organized structure of government outlined in the charter of 1663, presently found itself embroiled in a long-drawn-out series of controversies. These difficulties arose out of the claims by outside Colonies, principally Connecticut, to jurisdiction over certain portions of the Rhode Island area specified in the charter. But, Colony and local disputes were temporarily obscured by the preparations for and the general participation in what was termed King Philip's War, and since this important historical event proved to be the turning point in the destiny of white civilization in America, and since Rhode Island played such an important and intimate part in this conflict, the outcome of these disputes and the facts leading up to their settlements after the war will be touched upon in a subsequent chapter.

In order to present a clear picture of the struggle that determined the supremacy of one race over another in these parts it will now be necessary to go back several years in our review and trace the relationships between the white and red men from the time of the very first contacts. And, in doing so, it will be noted with interest that, for the most part, little blame can be attached to Rhode Islanders for the tragic struggle that ended in the extermination of the native and the ascendancy of the stranger.

It is generally believed that friendly contacts were made with the Indians shortly after the arrival of the Pilgrims in 1620. This is not exactly correct, since Captain Myles Standish left the "Mayflower" when she lay at anchor in Provincetown harbor, and went ashore with a small band of armed men to reconnoiter the country. This expedition took place on November 15, 1620, a date that should be considered as one of historical importance, because then it was that the Pilgrim Fathers saw, for the first time, the strange red men of the forest with whom the strangers were destined to deal, first as friends and later as enemies. About one

mile from the shore, the Standish party caught a fleeting glance of five or six Indians, and a dog. Seeing the strangers with their curious clothes, the little group of natives fled into the woods, and it is probable that the dog was as much terrified and surprised as were his companions. Standish followed the trail left by the Indians until nightfall and camped in the woods. The next day the white men continued to explore the country, finally arriving at a place where the ground had been cleared and corn planted; also, they found the remains of a shelter of some kind and a large kettle.

No more Indians were seen although it is quite likely that many pairs of eyes peered through the dense brush at the strange beings who wore shiny metal coats and hats, and who carried long bell-mouthed tubes that belched forth fire and smoke when held up and pointed at objects. A few days later, about thirty of the male "Mayflower" passengers went ashore and discovered two deserted Indian houses covered with mats and filled with various crude stone implements. Some of the corn and beans found were taken away and saved as seed for planting the following Spring.

The first actual contact with the Indians took place during an attack made on a reconnoitering party in the vicinity of Cape Cod Bay early in the second month of the Pilgrim occupation of New England. Bows and arrows were no match for muskets and coats-of-mail, so the first encounter ended in a victory for the white invaders. Indians were often seen skulking about in the woods in the vicinity of the Plymouth settlements, but they always took to their heels when anyone attempted to approach them.

On March 16, 1621, an Indian, who was able to speak a little English, appeared in Plymouth and talked at length to an interested group. He gave his name as Samoset and told of another Indian, Squanto by name, who had been in England and could speak English much better than any other native in the land.

Samoset left Plymouth, loaded down with gifts, and he arrived again shortly thereafter bringing back several tools which some native had stolen from the Pilgrims a short while previous. On this second visit, Samoset announced that soon, Massasoit, the great chieftain of the Wampanoags, would pay his respects to the white men and bring Squanto with him as an interpreter.

Massasoit's interview with the Pilgrims on March 29, 1621, is one of the highlights of early American history. Samoset and Squanto, with three companions, arrived first carrying a few humble gifts, and announced that Massasoit and his brother with all their men were nearby and would appear shortly. About an hour later, Massasoit arrived and a considerable amount of time was consumed in parleying between emissaries of both sides. Finally each group was satisfied with the good intentions of the other; Massasoit approached and was met by Captain Standish and a Mr. Williamson. The chief was conducted to a house where the official interviews and exchanges of greetings were to take place.

After the salutations, all present ate and drank, and then the talk turned to the subject of peace. Then and there the great and kindly Massasoit, father of the patriotic but warlike Philip, pledged himself to uphold a pact of peace and friendship which he faithfully kept until his death. He departed with words of goodwill ringing in his ears and he left with the blessings of all of that little band of men and women who had come afar for freedom to worship God. Squanto remained at Plymouth and there made himself indispensable as an interpreter and as an expert instructor. He taught the Pilgrims how to plant corn, catch fish, hunt the best game and he guided the strangers safely through the forests.

This visit of Massasoit to Plymouth was reciprocated the following July when Edward Winslow and Stephen Hopkins traveled the forty miles across the country to Sowams. The travelers had two purposes in view, one to explore the country, and, the other, to strengthen the mutual good understanding with the natives and their leaders. This was the

first time that any Pilgrim had set foot outside the little settlement, but they went with the trusted Squanto and had no fear of mishap or of being lost. Accounts disclose that the party passed through what is now Middleboro, where they were treated to an Indian meal consisting of corn bread and shad roe. Eight miles farther on they came to the Taunton River, where they exchanged provisions with the natives and spent the night with them in the open. About three miles below what is now Taunton Green, they crossed the river and proceeded south and west until they came to what is now Gardner's Neck or Swansea. They ate a meal of oysters there, and, in the afternoon of the same day arrived at the residence of Massasoit in Sowams, now Warren, Rhode Island.

Massasoit again pledged his constant friendship, he expressed sincere thanks for the valuable gifts he had received from the white men, a chain and a fancy coat; he promised to prevent any molestation by his people and he offered to send corn to Plymouth upon request. Because the Indians seemed to be lacking in food supplies of any kind, Winslow and Hopkins excused themselves and quickly returned to Plymouth, led there by a new guide.

In March 1623, word came to Plymouth that Massasoit was gravely ill and likely to die. When an Indian was sick or in trouble he expected his friends to come to his assistance. Governor Bradford was aware of this commendable human attitude so he lost no time in dispatching another party to go to the aid of his stricken contemporary. He sent Winslow again for obvious reasons, and because it was reported that a Dutch vessel was stranded near Massasoit's home, and Winslow knew how to speak Dutch. He also sent John Hampden, later destined to be known as a great English parliamentarian, and whose name is today perpetuated in the name of the Rhode Island place known as Hampden Meadows, located near the scene of the principal event in this account.

The two emissaries and their guide heard, on the way, that Massasoit had already passed away; however, they con-

tinued on their journey hoping to meet the new Sachem who might be appointed and to enter into friendly terms with him. On the way they heard the welcome news that the chieftain was still alive, so they hurried on to their destination and arrived there late at night. The chief was surrounded by his men who crowded the home to overflowing. Some were attempting to cure their loved chief with charms and incantations, and several women were vigorously massaging the arms, legs and thighs of the patient. Immediately, the two white men took charge of the situation and substituted sensible medical measures for the hopeless shouts and rantings of the natives. They induced the chief to drink a potion made with water and some common remedy which they had with them. This seemed to have a favorable reaction, for Massasoit soon regained his vision which had left him shortly before, and the patient slept a little for the first time in two days.

When the chief was able to converse a little, Winslow offered to send a messenger back home to procure medicine and some chickens for broth and the grateful Massasoit took kindly to this suggestion. Messengers were appointed and Winslow wrote a note to be carried back to the settlement.

The next day Winslow instructed the Indian women how to prepare herbs and corn to make a broth, and according to his own account, he “strained it through his handkerchief and gave him (Massasoit) at least a pint which he drank and liked it very well.” Winslow was then looked upon as a miracle man and was kept busy all day with other sick Indians, washing out mouths and doing for them as he had done for their king. Later on Winslow shot a duck, dressed it, made more broth and gave it to the patient who made a most remarkable recovery from his ailment.

Then came a relapse, bleeding at the nose, sickness of the stomach, and Massasoit was certain that the end was near. But the bleeding finally ceased, the noble chieftain fell into a sound sleep, and the men and women of the village prayed that he might awake and soon be well again.

The account of this incident that took place on what is now Rhode Island soil may best be concluded with Winslow’s own words: “The messengers were returned; but finding his stomach had come to him he would not have the chickens killed, but kept them for breed. Many whilst we were there came to see him; some by their report, from a place not less than a hundred miles. To all that came, one of his chief men related the manner of his sickness, how near he was spent, how his friends, the English, came to see him, and how suddenly he recovered to him this strength they saw. Upon his recovery he broke forth into these speeches; ‘Now I see the English are my friends, and love me, and whilst I live I will never forget this kindness they have showed me.’ Being fitted out for our return, we took leave of him, who returned many thanks to our Governor, and also to ourselves for our labor and love; the like did all that were about him. So we departed.”

Thus we see that, in the beginning, the Indians met kindness with kindness and were disposed to live in peace and harmony with the strangers who had suddenly come into their midst. As this portion of our narrative develops it will be observed that Massasoit, not the strongest sachem in New England in a political sense, but the most powerful in respect to the safety of the white man, remained constant in his friendship throughout his career. It seems ironical that all of the enmity between his people and the white men finally centered about this noble character’s own offspring.

THE SON OF MASSASOIT

IT HAS been observed that the Indians who resided in New England at the time of the coming of the white man were inclined toward peace and friendliness. Especially in the case of Massasoit, the Wampanoag chieftain, do we find countless instances of his wholehearted desire to establish and maintain friendly relations with those who had come from afar to dwell in the lands which his and neighbor tribes had possessed, probably for centuries. It was Massasoit who greeted, officially, the ocean-weary, bewildered Pilgrims at Plymouth, and who for more than forty years remained as a staunch friend of the "Mayflower's" passengers and their children, and of all those who came thereafter to these shores during his lifetime. This noble character ruled his people wisely and fairly, and proved to be a good diplomat in his contacts with those whom he must have realized would completely usurp, sooner or later, the fields, shores, lakes and forests that had been given him by his fathers.

When the white men came to his aid in sickness and distress, he was everlastingly grateful; when his English friends needed food and clothing, Massasoit accommodated them with generous gifts of corn and skins. When the friend of all the Indians, Roger Williams, was driven from his Salem cottage and forced into the frozen wilderness by bigoted enemies among his own people, the cold and hungry wanderer found shelter, food and hospitality in the wigwam of Massasoit who then lived at Sowams (Warren, Rhode Island) or at Mount Hope in Bristol. Some historians have intimated that Massasoit may have been over-anxious to ally himself with the English because his tribe had long since been reduced in size and strength by a devastating plague, and that, forced by circumstances to subject himself and his tribesmen to political control by the powerful, nearby Narragansetts, he hoped to regain his lost prestige through the help of the white man. This may have been true.

Whether or not his motives were purely selfish, from the arrival of the Pilgrims in 1620 until his death in 1661 or 1662, Massasoit maintained his valuable relationships with the English, and not once did he entertain any proposals by other native sachems to unite with them in opposition to the rapidly increasing groups of settlers. In fact, when Massasoit once learned of a conspiracy against the whites, he gave them warning, after having disregarded suggestions that he be a party to the plot. By this act of kindness the English were enabled to nip the uprising in the bud and kill the treacherous ring-leader. This constant interchange of courtesies between Massasoit and the English helped the Wampanoags politically, and the time finally arrived when even the strong and influential Narragansetts were forced to acknowledge the power of their neighbors down the Bay, and recognize the Wampanoags as a separate and independent tribe.

If, as some historians think, Massasoit planned all this, then he should be put down in history as a far-sighted politician. As he grew older and older, he saw his people growing stronger and stronger in numbers and in influence. And he also saw that white domination in New England would come at an early date; at the same time, he observed, with regret, that these white neighbors often failed to live up to their treaties and agreements made in good faith with representatives of his race. For example, when Squanto, who served as guide and interpreter for the Pilgrims, turned traitor and attempted to dethrone Massasoit because of the latter's growing power, the English failed in their agreement to turn the traitor over to the red men for punishment. This was a distinct reversal of the procedure which invariably occurred when an Englishman was found guilty of an act punishable by death. In such cases, the whites had demanded that the duty of administering punishment was theirs alone. The Indians always returned white offenders to the settlers for justice, and, in the case of

Squanto, the red men naturally expected the same privilege.

This instance of white inconsistency took place not many years after the landing at Plymouth, when one observes that the English took sides with a certain New England tribe engaged in war. The women and children of that tribe went over to Block Island for safety and there they were cruelly massacred by the very ones who were supposed to be their allies. Likewise, in an earlier chapter of this continued account we learned of the shocking murder of Miantonomi, co-sachem of the Narragansetts. This chieftain had always regarded his word as binding, and he lived up to his treaty with the English, in fact he was a British subject, to the very moment when he was captured by two of his own men. These men, acting for the settlers, and by sanction of the Church council at Boston, delivered Miantonomi to his enemy Uncas, for a cowardly execution. Such instances, and there were many more, and the realization that the white men were rapidly acquiring their lands, were the underlying causes of the war between the two races, a war in which the friendly and peaceable Massasoit took no part.

Three years after the founding of Providence in 1636, Massasoit brought his eldest son Mooanam, otherwise called Wamsutta, to the court at Plymouth and solemnly renewed his former league of peace and amity with the colony. This stalwart Wampanoag prince and his younger brother Metacomet thereafter grew to manhood in an era of peace and also of encroachment upon Indian lands, when the whites were forcing the red men farther and farther back into their hunting grounds. Besides, they shared their father's disillusionment in respect to the white strangers' failure to keep treaties and compacts. Upon the death of Massasoit these sons continued their professions of goodwill toward the English. Wamsutta, the successor to the office of sachem, presented himself before the Plymouth court and, by his own request, received the English name of Alexander. His younger brother did likewise and was denominated Philip. In the year 1662, or thereabouts, Alexander, youthful sachem

of the Wampanoags, was suspected of being engaged with the Narragansetts in a plot to unite the scattered, disorganized tribes in New England; he was taken by surprise and forcibly carried to Plymouth. There he was forced to undergo severe questioning and other indignities which, according to history, threw him into a fever, of which he died shortly thereafter. Some annalists have openly accused the English of poisoning the suspected Alexander, and if they did commit such an unprovoked act, it was a decidedly foolish measure since the death proved to be the turning point in affairs that led to untold suffering and tragedy. Philip then became sachem and upon the occasion of assuming the dignity of ruler over the Wampanoags there was a great collection of sachems and warriors from all parts of the country, to unite in a feast of rejoicing at Mount Hope, near Bristol.

This young, ambitious chieftain, the mention of whose name at a later period struck terror into the hearts of the colonists, ruled for nine years without any outward signs of hostility. He began his reign by renewing the treaty with the English made by his father and later ratified by his brother. But, he harbored feelings that were destined to be the cause of war. He must have been angered at the circumstances of his brother's death, and he held sympathy for the Narragansetts, apparently the chief losers in the rapid rise of white supremacy. For nearly a decade this brooding, resentful ruler contemplated the spread of the whites, observed their infidelity and finally made grievous complaints of trespasses upon the planting lands of his people. The matter was settled for the time being and in April 1671, a meeting was brought about in Taunton between Philip, accompanied by a party of his warriors, and the commissioners from Massachusetts. The warriors present came in war paint and with full fighting equipment, and it was evident that Philip had war in his mind, but the meeting ended with complete understanding on both sides. Philip acknowledged himself in the wrong, he admitted that he was responsible for the attempt at rebellion, renewed his submission to the King of England, and agreed to surrender

all of his English arms to the government at Plymouth.

However, this demonstration alarmed the colonists throughout New England and an attempt was made to deprive all tribesmen of arms and ammunition and to prohibit all trade in these articles with the natives. Philip gave up no arms except those left by request of the commissioners at the meeting in Taunton. Philip was called to Boston and there he was forced to sign certain articles of agreement and to pay indemnities for his failure to deliver over all of his munitions. He signed these articles and agreements but there is no doubt that he secretly plotted to exterminate the whites at the first opportunity. Subsequent events proved that this was his intention. To rouse a widely scattered people to such a desperate struggle, to reconcile clannish animosities, and to point out the danger of allowing the colonies to continue their spread, required a master-spirit. The Wampanoag chieftain proved himself qualified for the undertaking; he gained the alliance and cooperation of the Narragansetts, and he quickly extended his league of rebellion far to the westward, among the tribes near the Connecticut River and elsewhere, and he sent diplomatic emissaries in every direction.

In 1675, six of his warriors went down into Little Compton to talk with Awashonks, queen sachem of the Sogkonate tribe that lived in the area along the eastern shores of Narragansett Bay. Philip wanted this leader as an ally in his proposed uprising. She arranged a great dance in honor of the visitors, but she also sent word of the proceeding to her friend, Captain Benjamin Church, the only white settler then residing in that part of the

country. He attended the affair, took part in the discussion and convinced Awashonks, in the presence of the guests from Mount Hope, that she should have no part in the plans of Philip. Following this historic conference somewhere in what is now Little Compton, and which must have been an uncomfortable one for the lone white representative, the latter started for Plymouth to warn the authorities of the danger that threatened the entire white civilization in New England. On the way he picked up more information about Philip's plans and movements.

Additional information concerning the war clouds that hovered over New England was given the colonial authorities by a John Sassamon, one of the few Indians who, at the time, had received the rudiments of an English education.

John Sassamon acted as a sort of professor of Christianity and had been employed among his people in the capacities of schoolmaster, preacher and royal secretary. He acted in this capacity under Philip shortly after the latter became sachem, although this converted Indian was a Massachusett and not a Wampanoag. John Sassamon did not live long after the delivery of warnings to his white friends — his corpse was found in a pond, with the neck broken and presenting other marks of violence. Three of Philip's men were accused of the murder and executed, while Philip did not come forward to clear himself of the charge of being concerned in the affair. He kept busy with his plans to have his warriors prepared for battle, and spent much of his time receiving and entertaining, at Mount Hope, all of the roving and unsettled Indians who would agree to fight in his cause.

KING PHILIP'S WAR

WHEN the first open attack was made upon the colonists by the Indians, the native forces were fairly well organized under the leadership of Philip, the son of Massasoit, the kindly Wampanoag sachem. Philip, who ruled his own tribe and directed the fighting activities of all

the natives who had joined with him, from Mount Hope near Bristol, proved to be a clever and resourceful commander. The colonists were not well-organized for fighting although trouble with the Indians had been anticipated for a long period. Small companies and bands of white



NIGHT ILLUMINATION OF THE PROVIDENCE INSTITUTION FOR SAVINGS.
MAIN OFFICE, 86 SOUTH MAIN STREET, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

soldiers were hurriedly assembled here and there and each individual unit chose its own leader, but it remained for one who then made his home in Rhode Island to emerge as the leader of all the white forces, and it seems appropriate to say something of him at this point in our story.

Benjamin Church was born in Duxbury, Massachusetts, in 1639, three years after the founding of Providence; he was a carpenter by trade and he found business prosperous in that locality. In 1674, a few years after he married Alice Southworth, he moved away from Duxbury and started a farm in what is now Little Compton, Rhode Island, where he had the distinction of being the first white person to settle in that locality. He had little time to develop his farm since he had gone to his new home at the time when Philip was busy in his plans to organize the Indians for the long-talked-of uprising. Hardly had he begun to hew logs for his homestead, and to turn over the top-soil for the planting when several Wampanoag emissaries arrived at the camp of Awashonks to talk of an alliance in the proposed union of all tribes under Philip of Mount Hope. Fortunately, Benjamin Church had already established friendly relations with his Indian neighbors, particularly with their queen sachem, and therefore he was able to persuade the latter to reject the proposition of joining forces with the Indian allies and to submit to the Plymouth colony.

Convinced that Awashonks and her tribe would remain loyal, and provided with considerable information regarding Philip's war plans, he hurried to Plymouth to warn the colonists and to advise them in regard to strategy. This information was corroborated by John Sassamon, an Indian convert, who soon paid with his life for imparting secrets, but certain disastrous events were destined to take place before the white forces came to realize that Church was the best fitted man among them to act as their military leader.

First blood was shed on June 24, 1675, in the village of Swansea not a great distance from Mount Hope. Several men were killed by the Indians, Swansea was

deserted by its inhabitants, and the dwellings burned. Messengers were dispatched to Boston to lay the case before the Massachusetts authorities, and a strong plea was made there to provide immediate protection in the emergency. From this point on all was terror and confusion throughout New England. A party of Massachusetts horsemen and foot soldiers started at once in the direction of Mount Hope under the command of Captains Henchman and Prentice, and Samuel Mosely, formerly a privateer, raised a volunteer company of one hundred and ten soldiers and joined the expedition. Captain Church, with the Plymouth troops under Major Cutworth, then entered upon his illustrious career as an Indian fighter.

The English quickly pushed their way from the vicinity of Swansea across to Mount Hope, but all they found was Philip's deserted wigwam and the remains of some of the whites who had been captured and killed. Completely disregarding Church's advice to pursue Philip and possibly bring an early climax to the war by capturing the Indian leader, valuable time was lost when the English decided to tarry at Mount Hope and build a fort; thereby securing ground already gained. As it happened, Philip gathered all of his forces across the Bay in the Pocasset country (or Tiverton) and spread death and conflagration in all directions. After considerable delay, the English saw the wisdom of Church's counsel, and they left Mount Hope to pursue Philip and his men. Following a period of skirmishing, Philip became cornered in a swamp probably not far from present Fall River, near the mouth of the Taunton River, but he managed to escape. Crossing this river on rafts, on the night of the last day in July, he fled north with the principal part of his forces, losing several of his braves in the flight.

Then came one of the turning points in the struggle, one that unnecessarily involved Rhode Island, one section of New England that had little to do with the whole affair up to this point. True it was that Philip's home happened to be in Rhode Island; and Benjamin Church, the future chief antagonist of the natives, was

then living in the Seaconnet lands, but none of the Rhode Island settlements or individual colony leaders had any part in the events that led to open warfare. Roger Williams was still looked upon by the Indians as a friend, and he had been kept busy all this while trying to promote peace through arbitration. Immediately following the outbreak of hostilities, all of the old men, women and children and the wounded and feeble of the tribes whose warriors had entered the field under Philip poured into Rhode Island seeking protection and shelter from the Narragansett chiefs and their people. These homeless unfortunates were fed, clothed and treated with kindness, the sick were nursed and the wounds of the disabled warriors were tenderly bound up by the Narragansett squaws. But, when the commissioners of the United Colonies learned that Narragansett in Rhode Island was the place of refuge for the old and helpless, the ill and the wounded belonging to the Wampanoags and other enemy tribes, an armed force was sent into the country with instructions to demand of the Narragansett chieftains delivery of all fugitives. As a result, a senseless and futile treaty was concluded with certain Narragansetts claiming to be the spokesmen for the chiefs by which the Narragansetts were bound to hand over all of Philip's subjects found in their country. The price was two coats for every prisoner, one coat for every head ; furthermore, this agreement required all Narragansetts to carry on active war against the enemies of the whites. Up to this point the Narragansetts had remained practically neutral, although it is quite possible that many of these people, especially the young warriors, had been attracted to Philip and the thrill of warfare and had left home for adventure and excitement. But, this forced, unofficial agreement to deliver over all Wampanoag casualties and dependents, originally made in July and confirmed under pressure by the Narragansett Chieftain Canonchet, in Boston, on October 18, 1675, simply prolonged the war and eventually increased the strength and heightened the fury of the white man's enemy. Roger Williams saw the danger and appealed to Canonchet to

maintain his neutrality, following the latter's visit to Boston, where he received a coat trimmed with silver to commemorate the meeting and his approval of the treaty. It was Roger Williams who took Canonchet across Narragansett Bay in a canoe when the humiliated chieftain returned to his home and people, and it was Williams who gave Canonchet a glass of wine and a bushel of apples as a token of friendship.

Forced participation in the war turned the Narragansetts away from their lifelong white friends in Rhode Island and elsewhere, and placed them on the side of the fighting tribes. The report soon spread that no more Wampanoag refugees would be given up by the Narragansetts, and it was at this point in the narrative that Canonchet, the recognized head of the Narragansetts, made his famous reply when asked if any more of Philip's people would be turned over to the English. He said: "No, not a Wampanoag, nor the paring of a Wampanoag's nail." The United Colonies of New England declared war against the Narragansetts on November 2, 1675, charging them with failure to live up to their agreements in respect to enemy refugees. One thousand men were ordered into the Narragansett country to punish a tribe whose people had done nothing more than to act humanely, and, in the extreme, to show sympathy for their own race whose rights were then being defended by a neighbor tribe.

In the meantime Philip had not been inactive. Following his hasty flight from Pocasset (or Tiverton) earlier in the summer, he had gone up into the country of the Nipmucks, a large tribe inhabiting the northeastern portion of present Connecticut and the adjoining Massachusetts districts. Although guerilla warfare prevailed most of the time, with the Indians firing upon the whites from the cover of underbrush, often the Indian forces would descend upon a small village, kill the inhabitants, men and women, young and old, plunder the dwellings and leave the place in ashes. Mendon was destroyed in July and Brookfield became a scene of a vicious, relentless attack the following month. It was in Brookfield that a timely

shower of rain saved the inhabitants from complete annihilation when the frail stockade in which the white survivors were sheltered had been ignited by flaming arrows and by a blazing wagon that had been pushed against the structure with long poles bound together.

On September 1, Hadley and Deerfield were fiercely assaulted, and, at the latter place, suddenly appeared an old man, with a long flowing beard and strange clothing, who took command of the panic-stricken people and frightened the enemy into flight. Shortly after, ten men were killed in Northfield; Springfield then suffered and on October 19th, several hundred of Philip's men made an attempt upon Hatfield. With the approach of winter most of the warriors returned to the Narragansett country, where their wives and children were being protected, and it is believed that Philip remained in hiding for a while and then wandered over near the Hudson River, where he may have

attempted to secure more allies. In spite of victories here and there in this bloody period of skirmishes and open attacks, the Indian forces suffered most severely and they were reduced to miserable conditions, living as they were upon animal food and ill-protected from the rigors of the weather.

The whole of New England was aroused to a fighting pitch and the final chapter in the story of an ancient race was about to be enacted. A powerful force of Colonists was on its way into the Narragansett country to exterminate that tribe; Philip's fighting forces were scattered and the leader himself was far away from the scene of action. Captain Benjamin Church was experiencing great successes in his campaigns against the small Indian strongholds in southern New England. Roger Williams continued to exert superhuman efforts to protect his own people and to save his Indian friends from certain destruction.

“THE LAST OF THE NARRAGANSETTS”

IN THE Spring of 1675, the Wampanoags began hostilities, with King Philip, son of Massasoit, the leader of all Indian forces and the center of inspiration to the allies who joined their fortunes with his tribe in a final drive to preserve what the Colonists were determined to acquire — control over the lands which they had come to a little more than a half century before. Throughout that summer, New England was the scene of many bloody conflicts with both sides claiming victories and suffering tragic defeats. With the approach of cold weather many of Philip's fighters drifted back to Rhode Island, where many Indian women and children and aged dependents were being harbored by the Narragansetts, a tribe that sympathized with the cause of the natives but one that had not actively participated in the conflict. Philip had made his way over into regions in the vicinity of the Hudson River, where he probably hoped to secure additional allies. The Colonists, driven to desperation by what had already

happened and terrified by the prospect of more clashes with the maddened natives, then turned their attention to what is now South County in Rhode Island, where hundreds of refugees were congregating under the protection of the Narragansetts.

Charging them principally with “relieving and succoring Wampanoag women and children and wounded men” the United Colonies of New England declared war against the Narragansetts on November 2, 1675, and about the middle of the following month, one thousand well-armed white troops reached the village of Wickford, Rhode Island, bent on seeking out the Indian stronghold somewhere in that vicinity. Massachusetts had sent 527 men, Connecticut furnished 300, and Plymouth 177, with Governor Winslow of the latter Colony in supreme command. It is refreshing to note that all known records do not reveal a single Rhode Islander enrolled in this historic expedition. Shortly after the arrival at Wickford, Captain Prentice, with a small group

of scouts, reconnoitered around the nearby woods on horseback and came upon a lonely Indian camp. Prentice suddenly attacked the surprised natives, took about forty prisoners and dragged them back to the English headquarters. There under threats of torture and death the frightened prisoners not only told where a great supply of corn was buried, but they also divulged the greatest secret among the Narragansetts — the location of their fort.

Having this important information, the entire force set out, on December 18th, from Major Smith's garrison house, now known as Cocumcussoc. The determined marchers spent the night at Pettaquamscutt, sleeping upon the frozen ground, and started off the following morning in the face of a driving snowstorm. Near what is now Tower Hill a lone Indian named Peter was captured and questioned. The questioners threatened to hang him from the nearest tree if he refused to guide them to the hidden fort, and, terrified beyond description, Peter reluctantly started out to lead the legion of heavily-armed troops to the mysterious stronghold of his own people. It was Sunday, a day when Puritans usually rested, worshipped and meditated, but, quoting from an original account, the "men thought they could not serve God better than to require Justice of the Indians for the Innocent Blood which had so oft by those savages shed." After buffetting blinding snow, deep drifts and tangled underbrush for nearly six hours, the head of the column came upon a great swamp where, fortunately, the ice was strong enough to bear the weight of the marchers without cracking — a condition unheard of before or since. Within this swamp area they approached what has been described as an island surmounted by a half-finished enclosure or wall of stones, clay and brush. Peter had not deceived his white captors; he had brought them directly to the well-concealed headquarters of the Narragansetts. The white men had discovered the lonesome stronghold of those who, strong in power and great in numbers, had withdrawn into the frozen wilderness, yielding their seaside lands to their enemies.

Within the rude barricade were several

hundred wigwams, a rickety blockhouse and a surprised assembly of Indians, of all ages, said to have numbered between three and four thousand. Very likely the whites deployed into attack formation and surrounded the island while spokesmen for the English approached the wall and demanded that King Philip be turned over as a prisoner. Philip was thought to have been within the fort, but, as it happened, he was then hundreds of miles away. Failing in this demand, the unwilling guide, Peter, was forced to tell the location of the only unguarded entrance to the fort across which a huge tree was felled. Inside, the panic-stricken Indians quickly organized their warriors and manned the walls to repel the invaders. Showers of arrows rained upon the attackers who gradually closed in upon the defenders. Charge after charge failed to dislodge the red men until by a quick thrust an entrance was forced into the enclosure at the point where the tree lay across the entrance. At the same time nearly the entire English force surged forward, clambered over the insecure defence wall and fell upon the weakening natives.

Then followed one of the most bloody and brutal massacres recorded in the history of mankind. The victory-crazed troops shot hundreds of disarmed natives in their tracks, set fire to the wigwams and blockhouse, seized the women, little children and old people and drove them back into the scorching flames to die. Wild shrieks resounded through the smoke-filled forest, while the white snow, stained crimson by human blood, was covered with squirming, groaning, dying humans mercilessly cut down in an attempt to defend their own lands and families. This horrible slaughter, its intimate details beyond the powers of imagination or too savage to think of describing in detail, lasted from three in the afternoon until nightfall, when the English had either dispersed or killed every living soul within the enclosure. "Our chiefest joy," one of the whites afterward said, "was to see they were mortal, as hoping their death will revive our tranquillity, and once more restore us to a settled Peace which (through the

Blessing of God) we have so long enjoyed."

A roll-call taken hurriedly among the English ranks disclosed that more than two hundred were dead, missing or badly wounded, and it will never be known exactly how many of the Indians died in the massacre. Fearing a counter-attack from some of the Indians who might have escaped, the soldiers reassembled in marching formation, and turning their backs upon the smoldering remains of the fort, then strewn with freezing corpses, and, according to one man's account "left the flying enemy to take care of our wounded and carry off our dead." The expedition then headed back in the direction of Wickford, foot-sore, cold and weary, and after an exhausting tramp of sixteen miles, arrived at the Smith Garrison House some time after midnight. About forty died from wounds and exposure during the return trip from the swamp and the bodies were buried in a common grave near the garrison. The spot of this interment is today marked with a tablet attached to a large boulder where it can be viewed by visitors to the famed Cocumcussoc estate.

Among the comparatively few survivors of this cruel affair was Canonchet, the ranking sachem of the Narragansetts and who commanded the forces in the Swamp fort. In March of the following year, 1676, the Colonists learned that Canonchet, with a force of about three hundred men, was planning to attack Plymouth and adjacent communities, whereupon, Captain Michael Pierce of Scituate was dispatched with seventy men to prevent this Indian attempt at revenge. Pierce's disastrous defeat in the conflict that took place on the banks of the Blackstone River, in what is now Central Falls, is a tragic episode in the account of this struggle of races. All of the English were either killed or captured by Canonchet's men, and Pierce, the leader, was one of those slain in battle. According to tradition, nine of the captives were taken to a swamp in Cumberland and there put to death by their captors. This spot has since been referred to as "Nine Men's Misery" and is marked with a pile of stones and a memorial tablet.

The United Colonies then redoubled their efforts to vanquish the Indians, once and for all, and took less than a month for a large contingent of Connecticut troops to be on their way through the Narragansett country with the vicinity of Pawtucket as the destination. In the meantime Canonchet had descended upon Rehoboth and burned most of the houses in the town. Then he turned his attention to Providence. Roger Williams went out alone to meet the chief and sought to persuade him to spare the town. Canonchet declined to heed the entreaties of his old friend, but he did add "as for you, brother Williams, you are a good man, you have been kind to us many years, not a hair of your head shall be touched." The Indians then put the torch to Providence and burned more than a hundred dwellings and buildings. Following this episode, Canonchet went north into Massachusetts, and later returned to Rhode Island to procure seed corn.

Accompanied by only seven of his warriors, the last of the Narragansett chieftains was captured near Pawtucket; he was taken to Stonington, Connecticut, where he was shot to death. His head was cut off and taken to Hartford and exhibited there as a choice trophy, and the body was burned by tribesmen who had become allies of the English. His death marked the actual end of the power of the Narragansetts; their lands were ravaged, laid waste and practically depopulated. A few surviving leaders attempted to prolong the struggle, but their courageous efforts availed them nothing more than the satisfaction of carrying-on in a lost cause. King Philip was still at large, and, after months of harrowing experiences in the wilderness, darting from one hiding place to another, he arrived back at his ancestral home, Mount Hope. Long since his wife and child had been sold into slavery by the white men, his brother had been slain at his side in the fighting; no longer could he call to his side a vast horde of enthusiastic fighting braves.

Captain Benjamin Church, whose prowess had at last been recognized by the English and who had been given the command of operations that he justly deserved, heard that Philip had returned to

his favorite haunts. No time was lost by Church in crossing over to Mount Hope with a band of white soldiers and Indian renegades. Philip was cornered in the woods at the foot of the summit. As the weary, hungry, hunted commander-in-chief of a defeated race knelt to slake his thirst from the cooling waters of a bubbling spring, a shot rang out, and Philip,

son of Massasoit, fell dead. One of his own race had fired the bullet that closed the career of a noble character, not the "savage beast" as he was often called in those days and by most historians, but a true patriot in every sense of the word. After all, patriotism is love of one's own country and the willingness to protect it, with life, if needs be.

QUAKERS IN RHODE ISLAND

RHODE ISLAND suffered greatly from the effects of the Indian Wars, although this colony had taken little part in the struggle that had been brought upon Rhode Island and the rest of New England, principally by Connecticut and Massachusetts. Rhode Island had been the scene of much of the fighting; many of her promising villages scattered through the countryside had been reduced to ashes; farms had been stripped of their tools and stores; cattle had been driven away; planting fields despoiled; homes bereaved by death; families separated; and desolation on all sides remained as mute evidence of a vicious, tragic struggle of two desperate races of mankind. Providence was in ruins; the safety of the Colony was threatened from within and from without.

At the time King Philip made his first warlike move in the Spring of 1675, the political control of Rhode Island happened to be in the hands of Newport Quakers, with the elderly and troublesome William Coddington as Governor. Comparatively secure, surrounded by water as they were at the lower end of Narragansett Bay, the island towns were not concerned with the safety of the settlements on the mainland, and so, did not exert any of their energy in aid of the endangered communities. In answer to an urgent request that the entire Colony unite to provide an ample protective force to oppose attacks by the Indians, the General Assembly, composed almost entirely of Island men, voted that each town council should provide for its own military affairs, and, therefore, should meet the

danger individually. Later when Providence and Warwick petitioned to the Assembly to establish adequate garrisons in those towns, the usual ineffective procedure of appointing a committee was followed, and this group took the simple course of recommending that all Rhode Islanders on the mainland, who were afraid of Indians, should leave home and go down to Portsmouth and Newport for safety. Many did follow this suggestion, while a few of the more courageous remained behind, determined to protect life and property at any cost. Canonchet, last of the Narragansett sachems, proceeded to destroy Providence and other settlements and most historians agree that this would have been avoided if the Newport-controlled legislature had disregarded the Quaker scruples of its members, put aside political jealousies for the time being, and had met the issue by placing strong, fighting garrisons, at colony expense, in both Providence and Warwick. Whether it was political enmity, Quaker antipathy for war or fighting of any kind, or a selfish desire to protect only their own homes, the action on the part of the Island legislators in such a crisis received general condemnation, and did much to foster an alienation between the mainland and the Island, a deplorable condition that stood in the way of united colony growth for many years.

George Fox, the son of an English weaver, was the founder of the Quakers, and he began to preach in 1648, long after the arrival of the Pilgrims in America. He soon surrounded himself with many

followers, and by the year 1655, about seventy-five preachers were propounding the Quaker doctrine whenever and wherever they could find an audience. The early doctrine of the Quakers is difficult to describe since the sect had no outlined creed or articles of religious worship. Evidently, they believed that the best form of worship was the patient waiting upon God in silence. Naturally their views underwent many changes with the passing of time, but it was not their religious point of view, their creed, or the absence of creed, that frequently led to persecution. Rather, it was their manners. Quakers adopted the simple salutation in addressing an individual, however exalted; and the “thee” or “thou,” used to a magistrate or a judge, was often the cause for great irritation. They refused to say “good morning,” “good day,” or “good night,” and they used numbers instead of names for the months of the year and the days of the week. They refused point blank to bow or to take off their hats, and for this Quakers suffered. Likewise, Quakers adopted a remarkable simplicity in their marriages and their funerals; their houses, furniture and dress were extremely plain. Both men and women were readily identified as Quakers by their simple attire, and none wore marks of mourning after the death of a relative. Otherwise, the Quakers believed in the common doctrines of Christianity, especially that the scriptures proceeded from the spirit of God. Their simplicity, their refusal to adhere to common customs, their independence and antagonism toward rules and regulations accepted willingly by the general public, caused their difficulties here and in England, and often brought severe persecution upon their heads.

The first Quakers to come to New England arrived in Boston in 1656, and, of course, they were soon the objects of special Massachusetts legislation. Imprisonment, fines, branding, mutilation, banishment and death were all meted out to these sincere Christians until the bigotry of the magistrates seemed to spend itself by its force. Rhode Island, at that time known throughout the colonies as a safe haven for persons driven away for reli-

gious beliefs, soon became a refuge for these persecuted people. The Commissioners of the United Colonies, perceiving this, wrote to Rhode Island in 1657, asking her to banish the Quakers already there and to prohibit any more arrivals. The Rhode Island General Assembly answered immediately: “We have no law among us whereby to punish any, for only declaring by words their minds concerning the things and ways of God,” and that is a weighty, immortal phrase denoting, conclusively, the practical application of Rhode Island’s policy in respect to religious freedom. Urged again the following year, and even threatened with commercial excommunication, Rhode Island steadfastly adhered to her principles of toleration. A letter was sent to John Clarke, then in England on colony business, asking him to plead “that we may not be compelled to exercise any civil power over men’s consciences, so long as human orders in point of civilization are not corrupted and violated.”

The result of Quaker persecution outside of Rhode Island, and the toleration of them within, was the attainment of great political influence by Quakers on the shores of Narragansett Bay. Newport became a Quaker stronghold, and in that Island town, they gained many converts to their belief. For five years in succession — from 1672 to 1676 — Quakers filled the governor’s chair at the southern end of the colony, and in the northern section, several important men, including William Harris, found much good in adopting their principles. Roger Williams, although strongly opposed to manners and activities of Quakers, but thoroughly consistent in his ideas of religious toleration, regarded them as his political equals. He declined to enter into any discussions or controversies with the Quakers until Fox, the founder of the Quakers, came to America and finally to Rhode Island, where he succeeded in winning over many of the citizens to his ideas. Fox was entertained officially in Newport by Governor Nicholas Easton and his meetings in that town were crowded with people who flocked from all parts of the Island to hear the speaking. Fox later held two meetings in Providence, and it is believed that he

sensed some opposition to his views since he is reported to have made the following remark: "The people here (that is, Providence) were above the priests in high notions, but they went away mightily satisfied, and said that they had never heard the like before."

A few days after the return of the Quaker group to Newport, Roger Williams challenged Fox to a public discussion of fourteen points of Quaker doctrine, seven to be debated in Newport and seven in Providence. For some reason the supreme Quaker leader declined to accept the challenge, and Fox appointed three of his followers to defend the faith. Roger Williams then made his famous journey to Newport by water, either paddling a canoe or rowing a boat, all alone, and there in Newport with great vigor engaged in an open debate with the Quaker spokesmen, the sessions lasting three days. The parties then adjourned the meetings, and came to Providence, where the discussions were completed, both sides claiming victory. Soon after, Roger Williams published his immortal treatise with the humorous title "George Fox Digged Out of His Burrowes," and which was answered by Fox in the essay having an

equally graphic title "A New England Firebrand Quenched."

At this point some may think they see an evidence of inconsistency in the action of Roger Williams when he challenged a religious group to debate. A brief explanation will clear the founder of Providence of such an accusation. Not once, directly or indirectly, did Roger Williams seek to deny the Quakers the right to worship God as they saw fit. He simply did not agree with them and desired an opportunity to express himself, like any independent thinker, upon a religious subject that was highly controversial at the time. Questioning and analyzing another man's religious beliefs and convictions is not necessarily bigotry, nor is a challenge to any one form of dogma an evidence of intolerance. All during his distinguished career, Roger Williams respected a man's right to think, act and worship according to his own dictates, but he consistently demanded his privilege of trying to convince another of unsound beliefs and illogical convictions. Williams was always fair, liberal, tolerant and broadminded, but he did love to argue his side of any question and win others over to his way of thinking.

GOVERNOR ANDROS

RHODE ISLAND originally consisted of four towns, Providence, settled in 1636; Portsmouth, in 1638; Newport, in 1639; and Warwick in 1642. The executive heads of Portsmouth and Newport were known as "judges," but in 1640 when these two towns were united, the chief officer was thereafter called Governor. William Coddington was the first judge of both Portsmouth and Newport, and also the first Governor of the union of these island towns. William Hutchinson was the second judge of Portsmouth, serving the year that Coddington acted as chief executive of Newport.

In 1643, Roger Williams went to England and secured a charter from Parliament. Under this charter Williams served as chief officer until 1647, when the union

of the four towns became official and John Coggeshall of Newport was elected first president. Coggeshall was followed in office by Jeremy Clarke of Newport, John Smith of Warwick, and Nicholas Easton of Newport, the latter completing his term in August 1651. In that year, a separation occurred between the towns of Providence and Warwick on one side, which continued the government established under the charter of 1643, and Portsmouth and Newport on the other, under a new, independent, or rather, insurgent government established under the commission secured by the politically ambitious William Coddington. The presidents, in order of election, of the Providence-Warwick combination were Samuel Gorton of Warwick, John Smith

of Warwick and Gregory Dexter of Providence. At the same time the Portsmouth-Newport union had both a Governor, William Coddington, of course, and a President, John Sanford.

In 1654, the union of the four towns was re-established and the following presidents served in the order named; Nicholas Easton, Roger Williams, Benedict Arnold, William Brenton and Benedict Arnold. Then came the charter of 1663 secured by Roger Williams with the able assistance of John Clarke, and under this precious instrument of authority the following Governors held office: Benedict Arnold, 1663 to 1666, William Brenton, to 1669, Benedict Arnold, to 1672, Nicholas Easton, to 1674, William Coddington, to 1676, Walter Clarke, to 1677, Benedict Arnold, to 1678, William Coddington, for a short period until his death on November 1, 1678, John Cranston, to 1680, Peleg Sanford, to 1683, William Coddington, Jr., to 1685, Henry Bull, to 1686, Walter Clarke, from May 1686 to June 29, 1686, and that brings the review to an important political change in the history of Rhode Island.

James II had become king of England following the death of his brother Charles. This change of rulership inaugurated a change of royal policy both as to home government and to government among the English colonies. And, to make a long story short, the charters of the American colonies, including Rhode Island, were revoked, and the government of the New England Colonies put under one head. A council with Joseph Dudley as president came over to this country, and, in June 1686, assumed the government of Narragansett, or King's Province. Dudley sent Edward Randolph, secretary of the council, and formerly a most unpopular royal tax collector in Massachusetts, to Newport with the council's order upon the quo warranto and a summons requiring the freemen of the colony to act upon it. The freemen left the matter up to the Central Assembly then meeting for adjournment. The assembly decided not to oppose the will of King James, described as a narrow-minded tyrant, and so passed an act providing for the local government of the several towns by the citizens.

After this, during the reign of King James II, there was no session of the Rhode Island legislature; the charter was practically suspended, and the towns of the Colony were thrown back, so far as self-government went, upon the general system that prevailed before the issuing of the first charter secured by Roger Williams forty-three years previous. Massachusetts and Connecticut suffered likewise; the hopes and ambitions of fearless pioneers and militant seekers of true freedom were dashed aside. A great and successful experiment in political science was suddenly checked, while the provisional government by royal command sought to prepare the colonies for their new life. In Narragansett, or the King's Province, Kingston, the largest town, was called Rochester; Westerly became Haverham, and East Greenwich had its name changed to Dedford.

However, the provisional government by the council was soon superseded by the appointment of Sir Edmund Andros, in 1686, as Royal Governor of New England, with power to take Rhode Island under his control and demand the surrender of the charter. Andros arrived in Boston in December of that year and he came in a ship of the royal navy accompanied by two companies of the royal army, the first regular troops that had ever been seen in Massachusetts. He entered upon his unwelcome task of transforming constitutional government into despotism. Massachusetts came first and the rest of the colonies had their turn, but since we are particularly interested in Rhode Island, we shall see how Andros carried out his orders in this land of ours.

Towards Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, Governor Andros was especially kind and courteous. He sustained her rights against neighboring colonies that had long sought to claim portions of Rhode Island as their own. He appointed five Rhode Islanders to his council of nineteen, and all laws that did not conflict with the laws of England, he allowed to be retained. He demanded the surrender of the Rhode Island charter in an extremely polite manner, and Governor Clarke answered with equal politeness, but this is what happened when Andros journeyed

to Newport to get his hands upon the coveted document. When Governor Clarke heard that Andros had arrived in Newport, the former gave the charter to his brother, instructing him to conceal it in some spot unknown to Governor Clarke. The rest was simple. An unsuccessful search for the charter was made in the presence of the royal governor, and Governor Clarke was able to say truthfully that he had no knowledge of its whereabouts. Andros left empty handed, but, somehow or other the document was located and returned to Governor Clarke not long after the representative of His Majesty had journeyed beyond the borders of this liberty-loving commonwealth.

Andros ruled as a dictator with unlimited powers, levying and increasing taxes, changing boundary lines, administering unjust laws, rules and regulations. In 1688, his powers were enlarged by a new commission, and all the while the people patiently waited for something to happen, something that would give them back their hard-earned rights, and the liberties which they believed were theirs to enjoy. The long-awaited something did happen in April 1689, when a messenger arrived in Boston telling of the revolution in England, of the flight of King James, and the invasion of William, Prince of Orange.

Andros was seized in Boston and imprisoned; Dudley, Justice for Andros, was

captured in Rhode Island and taken to a prison in Roxbury. Andros escaped and fled to Rhode Island hoping to find protection here, but he was recaptured at Newport and sent back to Boston. Immediate steps were taken to re-establish some form of Government under the old charter; an attempt to hold a meeting of the General Assembly in 1689 failed, but the following year the freemen assembled to reorganize the business of government. Clarke, the Governor who held office when King James decided to upset matters at home and abroad, declined to serve any more, so Henry Bull, a Newport Quaker, was finally chosen in his stead.

A full complement of officers was elected, the charter was demanded of the former Governor; a colony seal — an anchor with the motto “Hope” — was adopted and various other items of business were transacted. A few staunch royalists in Rhode Island objected to the resumption of government under the charter, but it was not long before the crown authorities decided to let the Connecticut and Rhode Island charters stand. Rhode Island had solved the problem of self-government, she had won her struggle for existence; she was then ready to enter through industry and ingenuity upon the path to greater liberties, wealth, culture and accomplishment.

GOVERNOR SAMUEL CRANSTON

THE preceding account told of that period in Rhode Island history, from 1686 to 1689, when the Colony lost its charter rights and became a county of the Dominion of New England, under Sir Edmund Andros, appointed Royal Governor of the New England Colonies not long after James II succeeded his brother Charles on the English throne. Rhode Island regained its charter rights when a revolution overthrew the power of James, ended the despotic rule of Andros, and brought about the latter's recall to England where he, with others,

was tried for usurpation of power in the colonies. For the first time in four years the Rhode Island General Assembly convened, but Walter Clarke, the incumbent governor, when King James upset the local government, refused to serve. Christopher Almy was elected in his stead, but he also declined to accept the responsibilities of the office. Then Henry Bull was tendered the office, and this aged Quaker accepted, assuming the difficult task of reorganizing the government of the Colony under its restored charter rights. Governor Bull served

from February to May in 1690, and then, because of ill health, the office passed from him to John Easton, of Newport, who was succeeded by Caleb Carr, who died in office after a very short term; and then Walter Clarke returned to the governorship, occupying the office from January 1696 to March 1698.

And that review brings us to a point where an important name appears upon the immortal pages of local history — a name that suggests sterling character, rugged independence and able statesmanship. It was the name of the Governor of Rhode Island who came into office in March 1698, and who remained in that capacity until 1727, practically thirty consecutive years, His Excellency the Governor, Samuel Cranston. But, before the story of this early leader is told, it will be proper to go back a bit in our narrative since the name Cranston was borne by a predecessor in the high office that was filled with distinction for so many years by Samuel.

The name of Cranston has its genealogical origin in the days of the ancient Scottish Earls of Crawford, Bothwell and Traquair, the descendants of whom are said to be blood relatives of the reigning line of British royalty. From Scotland, during the time of Oliver Cromwell, migrated a young man by the name of John Cranston, who finally settled in Newport, Rhode Island. This John was a grandson of Lord William whose romance and marriage were immortalized by Sir Walter Scott in his “Lay of the Last Minstrel.” John Cranston married Mary Clarke, daughter of Jeremiah Clarke, a Quaker; and evidently John had been educated in medicine, for on March 1, 1664, the General Assembly passed an act permitting him “to administer phisicke and practice chirurgery.” This act conferred upon him the title of M.D.

John Cranston had considerable to do with the local proceedings that led to the granting of Rhode Island’s famous charter of 1663, and he was appointed along with John Clarke and William Dyer, to journey to England and there present a letter of appreciation to King Charles for the instrument of authority

that remained in force for one hundred and eighty years. John Cranston was elected Deputy Governor (Deputy Governor was the original title for the office of Lieutenant Governor) in May 1672, and served one year. He was elected again in 1676, and remained in office until November 8, 1678, when he was made Governor to succeed William Codrington, who died in office bringing to an end a long, eventful and trouble-making political career. Governor John Cranston died in office in 1680, the third Rhode Island Governor to do so. He was the first to receive the title of Major General, the appointment being made during King Philip’s War.

Governor John Cranston had a son, Samuel, born in Newport in 1659, and this son was destined for even greater accomplishments than those attributed to the distinguished father. Samuel had a surprising experience in early life and it is worth repeating here. While a young man he married Mary Hart, a granddaughter of Roger Williams, and not long after the wedding he went away to sea. Hearing nothing from the young sailor for several years, his family gave him up for dead, and his wife, in due time, accepted an offer of marriage from a Mr. Russell of Boston. As the story goes, all plans for the wedding had been arranged, the date and the hour for the ceremony were near at hand, when the long lost Samuel arrived in Boston on his way home. His wanderings had taken him to many lands and long imprisonment in Algiers, where pirates held him captive, had delayed his return and prevented communication with his family.

On his way from Boston he happened to learn of the wedding scheduled for that very night, and, although Samuel traveled with all possible speed, the guests were already assembling when he wearily approached his home in Newport. The whole setting, filled with dramatic tension, found the returning wanderer going to his own kitchen door, where he sent word to his wife, through a servant, that “a person was there who wished to speak to her.” She came to the door and found the strange sailor

who announced that he had news of her husband, still alive and on his way home.

Naturally, much upset by the man's message, and we hope that she reacted properly to the startling information, she questioned the sailor carefully to make certain that he was telling the truth. The stranger repeated his assertion that Samuel Cranston was still alive and on his way home and, finally, to convince the distracted lady of his message he raised his cap and pointed to a scar on his forehead. Instantly she recognized her husband, and the rest of the story can be imagined. The day was probably spoiled for Mr. Russell of Boston, and the gathering of friends and relatives very likely gave Samuel Cranston a golden opportunity to relate his thrilling story of adventures, sufferings, escapes and shipwrecks. If Samuel Cranston had been familiar with modern drama and motion picture themes, he probably would have better-timed his entrance into the scene of wedding ceremony, by raising his cap and pointing to the identifying scar just as the minister was about to unite the pair in happy wedlock.

Thereafter, Samuel Cranston attached himself to the merchant class of the Colony as a goldsmith, and began a long and enviable career as a leader in civic activities. His father's service to the Colony before him was an introduction to public life, and he continued to add even greater laurels to the name of Cranston. Since his greatest contributions came during his long tenure of office as Governor, it will be well to advance, in our narrative, to that point when Walter Clarke, uncle of Samuel Cranston resigned in 1698, in favor of his nephew, whose only political office before the governorship was one year as an Assistant for Newport in the Upper House of the General Assembly.

To complete the record of Governor Samuel Cranston and to present a picture of Rhode Island under his administration, the following acts of legislation, together with important decisions, changes, and progressive measures are outlined briefly. Under the long administration of Governor Samuel Cranston, the evil of piracy, an outgrowth of licensed privateering

fostered by the Colonies, was brought to an end. The Colony adopted the Boston system of weights and measures, and each town was required to appoint a sealer. Traders from outside the Colony had to pay a duty or toll on the goods sold within the Colony. The General Assembly enacted that each Town Council should appoint a jury of twelve to lay out highways to accommodate travel from place to place.

A fortification was ordered built at Newport to mount twelve pieces of ordnance for the better protection of his Majesty's interests and those of the Colony. Under Cranston's administration further attempts on the part of Governor Joseph Dudley of Massachusetts to assume control of Rhode Island and take away her chartered rights were thwarted largely through the wisdom and determination of the chief executive. In 1703, the boundary line between Rhode Island and Connecticut was agreed upon as outlined in the charter. A law was passed forbidding the sale of captured Indians. The first census of the Colony was made in 1708 revealing that 7,181 inhabitants lived within its borders. The militia force numbered 1,362 males between the ages of sixteen and sixty, each of whom was required to provide himself with a musket, a sword or bayonet, a cartridge box, one pound of powder and four pounds of bullets.

Shipping to the West Indies and elsewhere increased rapidly, and, in a space of eleven years, eighty-four vessels were built in the Colony. Besides, many youths from Rhode Island had taken to the sea. Schools, roads, protection, trade and care of the unfortunate, these and many other public matters received the attention due them as Rhode Island began its career of commercial prosperity. The turning point for the better in all these phases of colonial activity came under the administration of Governor Cranston who was spared to serve until April 26, 1727, when he died in office at the age of 68. He guided the Colony through a most critical period and solved some of the most perplexing problems in Rhode Island's three centuries of progress.

THE FOUNDER OF PAWTUCKET

THE story has been told of Governor Samuel Cranston, whose record term of office extended from the turn of the century until 1727, and whose administration spanned the turning points in Rhode Island destinies, and we reviewed the political changes that occurred just previous to Governor Cranston's first election in 1698. In general, the whole story of Rhode Island's evolution, up to this point, has been completed, omitting only the detailed histories of the various towns and Colonial divisions that actually had their beginning long before the time now arrived at in the main narrative. Since the events that transpired in some of these geographical sections of the Colony did have profound influence upon the histories of the more densely populated centers, and since they deserve equal recognition in the record of Rhode Island's march of progress, one of these important places, not previously discussed, will now come in for its share of historical review.

Pawtucket was an Indian word meaning “falls of water” and was originally given to that point in northeastern Rhode Island where the waters of the Blackstone River tumble down over the rocks to become the Pawtucket River, and farther on below, the Seekonk River. The first inhabitants of Pawtucket were Indian members of the Narragansett tribe, and the first white man to look upon the place was William Blackstone, who must have passed by or near the falls when he journeyed through the wilderness in 1635, to settle a few miles to the north, on the banks of the river that bears his name, and at a spot which has since become included within the boundaries of Rhode Island.

The land that comprises present Pawtucket was acquired from the original native owners in an honorable fashion, and that part of the place that lies on the western banks of the Blackstone-Pawtucket-Seekonk streams was included in the original purchase of Providence. Furthermore, what is now Pawtucket

on the east bank of the same streams was bought and paid for by Plymouth colonists. Citizens of Pawtucket should be proud of the fact that the entire area that constitutes the present city came into the hands of the white men by legal and proper sale.

And now we come to the first settler of Pawtucket. His name was Joseph Jenks, Jr., son of a famous worker in brass and iron. The father by the same name migrated to America in 1642 and established an iron works in Massachusetts, where he brought everlasting fame to himself as the first founder who worked in brass and iron on the Western Continent. The son, Joseph, Jr., was born in 1632, in Colebrooks, near London, and came to America in 1647, where, with a natural aptitude for craftsmanship he became active in his distinguished father's industry. In about 1668, Joseph Jenks, Jr. married Esther Ballard of Lynn, and, the following year he left to take up residence among those who had settled around the waters of Narragansett Bay. First he settled in Warwick, where he had been granted land on either side of the Pawtuxet River believing that location to be suitable for a sawmill where he might install machinery and tools brought with him from Lynn.

It is a known fact that Roger Williams held high hopes for his settlement to develop into a manufacturing and industrial center, therefore this decision on the part of Jenks to locate in these parts may have been influenced by the ambitions of Williams and his associates. At any rate, Jenks was destined to remain in Rhode Island and attain great fame as a pioneer in American manufacturing although his permanent place of business did not remain on the banks of the Pawtuxet River. It may have been by accident, or he may have been led to a decision following a period of careful surveys of suitable locations, but Joseph Jenks, Jr. finally decided that the place which the Indians called Pawtucket was ideal in every respect for his manufacturing

plans. There at the "falls of water," not a great distance from the growing Providence settlement, he observed the ceaseless flow of a pleasant stream that would turn the power wheels of a sawmill; all about were giant trees for supplying limitless quantities of timber to be cut, turned and fashioned in a carpenter shop, or burned in the smelting furnaces. Less than a mile away, near what is now Mineral Springs, he found deposits of bog iron ore, apparently a ready source of supply for his forge and foundry.

Impressed by the advantages offered him in this area of undisturbed wilderness, Jenks promptly removed from his establishment at Pawtuxet and turned his entire attention to the place which he believed met his requirements in every respect. On October 10, 1671 he purchased from Abel Potter sixty acres of land lying near Pawtucket Falls, and that historic transaction marked the actual founding of a settlement which was destined to become preeminent among the industrial centers of the nation. Since this land purchased by Jenks was a part of Providence Plantations his property was, of course, only on the west side of the stream whose water power advantages held such great attractions.

Little time was lost in erecting a shelter and in laying the foundations of a manufacturing establishment, since the founder and first settler of Pawtucket took possession of his property well-equipped to turn trees into beams, joists and planking, and long-experienced in the art of construction. His first permanent dwelling stood near the present site of the Pawtucket Boys Club building, and his pioneer forge was erected below the falls on the west bank of the river, near what is now the south side of Main Street. Soon the invisible horse powers of the generous Blackstone River began to revolve the wheels which, in turn, whirled the saws that produced ample supplies of lumber for construction, stock for tool handles, and logs to be burned into charcoal for burning in the furnaces of the forge.

Former employees of Joseph Jenks, Sr. soon joined fortunes with the talented

and capable son and they made the quiet of the wilderness resound with the ring of the anvil as scythes and other tools were hammered into shape to supply a ready market in Providence and elsewhere. These early associates were followed by their families who found the place called Pawtucket a pleasant spot in which to live, as well as a desirable locality to reap the rewards of industry and ingenuity. Naturally Jenks became a leading figure in the Colony; he was looked upon as a successful business man as well as an eminent craftsman. Young men were anxious to perfect their trades under his tutelage and inspiration. Furthermore, he devoted much of his time to community affairs, taking a leading part in the social development of the place which he had the honor to found.

All went well with this early center of American industry until the outbreak of King Philip's War, in 1675, and then the mill wheels at Pawtucket turned no more, the ring of the anvil was stilled, and the industrious workers in the shops of Joseph Jenks, Jr. departed for more protected shelters, and they remained until the return of peace. Probably during the early months of 1677, Joseph Jenks, Jr. went back to Pawtucket to re-establish his forge. Once more the solitude of the forest was broken with the peaceful echoes of industry. And, from that day to this, invention and the mastery of machine production have brought continuous and everlasting fame to the place which the Indians called "Pawtucket."

As Jenks reached middle age he found more and more time to devote to public affairs in the Colony. In 1680, he was a member of the Providence Town Council, and held two positions of Moderator of the Town meeting in 1678-80. In April 1679 he was elected a delegate from Providence to the General Assembly in Newport, serving a number of years in this capacity, and he was the speaker for several sessions. Joseph Jenks, Jr. was the father of four sons and six daughters, and all became prominent in the early days of Pawtucket's interesting career. When Pardon Tillinghast built,

in 1679, the first Providence warehouse and wharf, the vessels that docked there took away cargoes of iron tools and implements from the forge of Joseph Jenks, Jr.;

therefore, Pawtucket played a most important part in the establishment and early development of Rhode Island commerce.

THE NARRAGANSETT COUNTRY

IT now seems proper to look at an extensive area of Rhode Island, about which little has been said thus far in this chronologically-arranged series of chapters or episodes. This area comprises the present Counties, Kent and Washington, bounded on the east by Narragansett Bay, on the south by the Atlantic Ocean and on the west by the Connecticut boundary line. Providence, Warwick, Portsmouth, Newport and Pawtucket have all been discussed at length in the review as far as it has gone, so these places and others not yet considered must be put aside until the record of the great area just mentioned can be traced from the beginning up to the same milestone, 1700 or thereabouts, when Rhode Island entered upon the era of commercial development.

After many years of disputes it has been fairly well determined that Roger Williams was not only the founder of Providence but that he was also the first settler in what we, to-day, generally refer to as South County. These disputes came to an end with the comparatively recent disclosure that Roger Williams conducted an Indian trading post on the site of, or in the immediate neighborhood of Cocumcussoc, located on the east side of Route 1, just a short distance north of Wickford village and, at present, a privately-owned estate. How soon after the settlement of Providence Williams set up his trading business in this locality is not known, but tradition has it that he was successful in his dealings with the friendly and wealthy Narragansett sachems and tribesmen who lived south and west of the present Wickford.

Basing the following deductions upon the fact that Williams was the first to establish himself in the great area in question, we accept that Williams sold this trading post in the Narragansett

country to Major Richard Smith who had left England because of religious persecution during the latter part of the reign of King Charles I, and had settled in Taunton, then a part of Plymouth territory. Although Smith became a leading figure in Taunton shortly after his arrival, he desired more freedom and liberty of conscience, so he came to Rhode Island and purchased 30,000 acres of land from the Indians — a plantation measuring nine miles in length and three miles in width and including the present site of Wickford village. Sometime between 1637 and 1642 he established a trading post on his property, and the purchase of the Roger Williams post was made by Smith in 1651, when the founder was forced to sell his property to help defray expenses for his second return trip to England on Colony business.

Although Williams and Smith were the first settlers, and without question Williams must properly be considered as the pioneer, there developed much contention as to who had title to the Narragansett country during the years that followed the arrival of the white man within its boundaries. The story has been told heretofore of how Roger Williams brought back from England, in 1644, a charter that gave the settlers in the Narragansett Bay area the right to govern themselves. This charter also gave the authorities of the Colony of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations jurisdiction over certain lands including the Narragansett country, but others seemed to disagree. Connecticut claimed the tract under a previously issued patent which granted territory as far east as the Narragansett River (undoubtedly Narragansett Bay). Although having no claim to Narragansett lands, Connecticut demanded a share of the Pequot lands as her share of the spoils of the Pequot Indian

War, but, since Pequot territory did not extend east of the Pawcatuck River, this claim amounted to nothing as far as the tract of land we are now considering is concerned. Still other claimants for the Rhode Island lands were the heirs of the Duke of Hamilton, to whom the Plymouth Council had granted, in 1635, all of the territory between Narragansett Bay and the Connecticut River. This last claim never had any force and was declared obsolete in 1697.

So, thus far we have found that this vast tract of land extending from the south line of the Warwick purchase to the ocean, and from Narragansett Bay to the Connecticut boundary line, was occupied not long after the founding of Providence, but that it remained in a very unsettled state as regards both ownership and jurisdiction. The story now proceeds to the year of 1658 when Samuel Wilbur and three others of Portsmouth, and John Hull of Boston, bought from the Indians what was known as the Pettaquamscutt Purchase. This purchase took in approximately the southeastern quarter of the Narragansett country. In the following year Major Humphrey Atherton and his partners bought two tracts of land from the Indians comprising what is now the eastern half of present North Kingston, and that purchase, made in violation of Rhode Island laws and land policies, nearly caused the entire destruction of the little colony.

With Rhode Island, Massachusetts and Connecticut all claiming the tract that included the so-called Atherton purchase, it is easy to imagine the confusion that resulted when Atherton and his co-partners unanimously elected to be governed not by Rhode Island, but by Connecticut. The latter Colony was naturally delighted at this decision, and immediately designated the area as the "Plantation of Wickford." Rhode Island hotly objected to this decision and then began a long series of controversies that even Rhode Island's Charter of 1663 did not settle, although that instrument fixed the western boundary at the Pawcatuck River. It was not until 1726 that the English king made a final decision establishing a permanent boundary line be-

tween the Colonies, and then that section of Narragansett country, which for half a century had existed as an independent jurisdiction, became part and parcel of Rhode Island.

It was at Richard Smith's trading post or garrison house that the Massachusetts, Plymouth and Connecticut soldiers assembled, in December 1675, before setting out on the historic expedition into the great swamp in Kingston to find and rout the Narragansetts and their allies, against whom the United Colonies had declared war. To Richard Smith's the white soldiers returned after one of the most tragic episodes in the history of warfare. Nearly two thousand native men, women and children were left dead or dying in the frozen wilderness and more than two score white soldiers were given a last resting place in a great grave that was opened just a few yards from the building that probably rested on the foundations that are there to-day beneath the structure that bears the historic name of "Cocumcussoc."

And now let us turn to the highlights of the early settlements in the general area called the Narragansett country. East Greenwich came into being when the General Assembly, meeting in Newport in May 1677, granted lands to forty-eight men in consideration of services rendered during King Philip's War. These men subsequently became the first proprietors and founders of East Greenwich. No white persons lived in what is now Exeter until after King Philip's War, and this area originally formed a part of the heretofore mentioned Pettaquamscutt Purchase. Exeter continued an integral part of North Kingston until 1742 when it was incorporated, and named after Exeter, England.

There is no record of any white settlement in Hopkinton before 1700. The story of Westerly, formerly Misquamicut, extends far back into the history of the Niantic Indians, ruled by the celebrated Ninigrets. The Niantics were peaceable although they lived close to the warlike Pequots in Connecticut and the troublesome Montauks who lived on the eastern end of Long Island. These Niantics finally came under the jurisdiction of



THE EMPIRE-ABORN BRANCH OF THE PROVIDENCE INSTITUTION FOR SAVINGS,
EMPIRE AND ABORN STREETS, BETWEEN WESTMINSTER
AND WASHINGTON STREETS.
ERECTED IN 1929.

the Narragansetts and much of their history is absorbed into the record of the latter tribe, especially during that period

when their neighbors sought to unite the tribes of New England in a plot to destroy all of the English settlements.

SEA TRADE IN THE BEGINNING

THE evolution of Rhode Island has now been traced to the time when the planters who had settled around the waters of Narragansett Bay began to realize that these waters, and the nearby open sea, offered greater opportunities than did the soil, to the tilling of which the first settlers had devoted most of their time and energy. Naturally, planting was the chief occupation of those who first came and of those who followed, since the first consideration in all American settlements was the securing of food, the soil offering the main supply. But, as the early settlement grew, and when life and sustenance became more secure, there were some among our ancestors in Rhode Island who looked about for occupations, other than farming, to earn their living in a youthful, hopeful country. Some may have considered manufacturing, others trades and professions, but it is certain that a few of the early comers must have observed that the great wide bay, fed by deep-channeled rivers, and surrounded by innumerable inlets, coves and natural harbors, presented golden opportunities for trade. Beyond the mouth of this great and well-protected Bay lay the ocean, with its open seaways beckoning a merchant to send out his loaded ships, someday to return with profits and precious cargoes of treasures from faraway lands. One did not have to be much of a dreamer in the early days to predict that not many years would pass before ships laden with lumber from the surrounding forests and the handiwork of Rhode Island artisans would sail away from Narragansett Bay seeking ready markets abroad and among the other American Colonies, or before the time would come when strange craft might approach this broad stretch of sheltered water to unload the luxuries that a growing Colony demanded.

But, the very first settlers were not very venturesome on the water, even though many had lived in English sea-ports before coming to New England. On the other hand, the water-minded Indians in these parts must have encouraged some to do a little fishing, boating or ferrying in crude canoes or dugouts, and it is quite likely that it was soon discovered that the landlocked Bay and the rivers offered much easier and more direct ways to reach other settlements than did the difficult Indian paths or trails. How and when water travel in the Colony actually began will never be known, but the practice must have increased rapidly once it did start because later generations of Rhode Islanders became sea minded to a much greater extent than did their neighbors in other Colonies.

An early and interesting reference to local water travel was included in the instructions given to the Town of Providence representatives when they were sent down to Portsmouth to attend the first General Assembly under Parliamentary Charter on May 18, 1647. It read in part, “Desiring the Lord’s Providence for your safe arrival there . . . we commit you unto the protection and direction of the Almighty, wishing you a comfortable voyage, a happy success and a safe return unto us again.” Three centuries later, youngsters think nothing of skimming around Narragansett Bay in frail sailing skiffs, but the historic journey from Providence to Portsmouth was considered a hazardous undertaking; and it probably had reason to cause concern if the appointed representatives made the trip in canoes.

Four years before, Roger Williams had left on a voyage back to England for the purpose of securing some evidence of authority under which his Colony could be governed. Descriptions of his tri-

umphal return with the first Rhode Island Charter in 1644 inform us that a great flotilla of heavily-laden canoes crossed the Seekonk when Roger Williams arrived on the eastern shores of that river on his way home from England by way of Boston, and that he was escorted across the waters to the Providence side amid great shouting and general rejoicing. Some will remember a wall painting that depicted this scene — it was in the old Providence County Court House demolished to make way for the present imposing structure.

Evidently Roger Williams was somewhat of a sailor, boatman or canoeist because no one doubts that he crossed the Seekonk in a canoe with one or more companions in 1636 when he made the famous water journey that brought him to the place which he called Providence. Later, historians agree, he paddled down the bay to a meeting of the Indian sachems that were about to enter into an alliance that would have been disastrous to the whites if carried out; and, there is every reason to believe that Williams journeyed back and forth between Providence and his Wickford trading post in a canoe or shallop. One more reference to Williams and water travel is found in the account of his trip to Newport, where he planned to engage in a religious debate with George Fox, the Quaker apostle. This was in 1672 when the founder was over seventy years of age, and it is recorded that he made the trip down the Bay alone in a canoe. Williams had a full day of paddling and did not arrive in Newport until midnight. This familiar anecdote brings out two points, first, that Williams must have been in excellent physical condition late in life, and second, that facilities for travel must have been very limited thirty-six years after the founding of Providence.

So much for intra-Colony water travel. Although the English were the first to settle in what is now Rhode Island, the Dutch had preceded them as traders here. About ten years before Providence was first settled the Dutch West India Company secured a title from the Narragansetts to a small island in the west passage of Narragansett Bay between the mainland and Conanicut Island,

and there was established a trading post under the direction of Abraham Piertesens. This accounts for the origin of the name Dutch Island. Across the Bay within the limits of Charlestown these early Dutch traders also set up two fortified trading posts.

Since the trading that these early Dutch carried on was not with Rhode Islanders and had no connection with local maritime history, not much can be said of it except that the vessels that took away what the Indians had to offer, and what the wilderness supplied, were the very first trading ships that came into Rhode Island waters. Newport and the island upon which it is located naturally was the first place to witness any form of sea trade, and there as early as 1640, prices were fixed for sawed boards, clapboards, and fencing, probably the first merchandise exported from Rhode Island. About that time a ship load of pipe staves and clapboards was sent from Portsmouth, and, six years later, a ship of 150 tons was built on the island for the colony at New Haven, Connecticut.

However, little trade was carried on with Connecticut or Massachusetts in the beginning, because of the attempts then being made by these Colonies to secure jurisdiction over Rhode Island, therefore the local pioneers in sea trading found it more desirable to enter into commercial contacts with the Dutch at Manhattan (New York). Trade between Rhode Island and Manhattan increased rapidly, and by 1652 it had reached considerable proportions. Then, when England and Holland went to war against each other conditions arose which upset this pleasant business relationship although Rhode Island was disposed to keep out of mother country disputes and maintain friendship with the commercially minded Dutch Colony. However, pressure from official sources in England forced some hostile actions on the part of Rhode Island featured by the passing of rules forbidding trading with the Dutch and the commissioning of privateers to capture Dutch ships and take them as war prizes. French and Massachusetts ships suffered more than did the Dutch vessels at the hands of the first three commis-

sioned Rhode Island privateers, and when the war ended, no time was lost in repealing the law that forbade trading with the Dutch. Considerable will be said about privateering as this narrative goes on, and what you have just read were the first instances of privateering by the Colonies on Narragansett Bay. In passing it might be well to observe that beginning with the very first instances during the English-Dutch war, those who held commissions to practice privateering, or licensed pirating, were never very particular about whether a ship was a fair catch according to the rules of the times. It was a prize they were after and Rhode Island privateers were no different from the rest.

The lower end of the Bay took the lead in sea trade and that was natural because of the proximity of the ocean. But, Providence must have followed not long after as evidenced by an old document that reads as follows: “Shipped aboard the Providence of Pequitt, for Christover Almy, Ralph Parker, master, for Newfoundland, forty-nine roles of tobacco, one hogshead of floure, and thirteene bushells of pease the hog: marked with C.A., which goodes are to pay after the rate of fifty shillings the tun as also fifty shillings for his passage, and are to be delivered at Newfoundland safe and well, all danger of the seas excepted, dated the first of June, 1652. A true coppie, John Smith.”

In 1680, Governor Peleg Sanford reported to the commonly-called Board of Trade in England certain facts pertaining to the status of business and shipping among the Narragansett Bay Colonies, and his observations give one a good idea

of how far Rhode Island had progressed during its first half-century of its existence. In part, he reported that there was not much shipping and no trouble with privateers or pirates; there was no trade with foreigners but some with neighbor colonies; Newport was the principal town for trade; the Colony had many good, navigable harbors; the principal exports were horses and provisions; chief imports were from Barbadoes for the family trade; several men in the Colony were then engaged in buying and selling but none could properly be called merchants; the Colony had no trading ships of its own, only a few sloops; the great need was for merchants and men of wealth; fishing, as yet undeveloped, offered great opportunities if capital could be interested in such an industry; no customs were imposed upon exports or imports.

There, one sees that nearly fifty years had passed and the Colonies on Narragansett Bay were still communities of planters, and they still lacked the wealth to take advantage of the opportunities that lay before them on the trade lanes extending from the heart of Providence down a great wide Bay to the ocean and to the four corners of the globe. Up to this time limited commerce with the West Indies and with the English and Dutch Colonies had given many the training that was soon destined to open the way to the realization of these opportunities. The date of Governor Sanford's report to the English Board of Trade on the status of Rhode Island's maritime facilities practically marked the turning point toward an era in which the sea was to be chief influence in the development of Rhode Island as a center of world trade.

PRIVATEERS AND PIRATES

IN the preceding chapter of this series of chronologically arranged historical episodes we discussed the early days of water travel in Rhode Island and told of the period at the end of the seventeenth century when our Colonial ancestors first began to be sea-minded. We learned

how Newport took the lead in shipping, and we quoted from the report of Governor Peleg Sanford to the English Board of Trade on the status of this Colony in respect to the development of its commercial advantages. Volumes could be written about Rhode Island and the sea, but

since this narrative must go on, brief mention will be made of the highlights of maritime history during the last decade or two of the century in which this commonwealth had its beginnings.

One of the first and outstanding names associated with this Colony's sea history was Wanton, and four of the Wanton family became Governors of Rhode Island. The first was William who came to Newport with his brother John to engage in shipbuilding. They had left their family at Boston because of religious complications and soon found themselves engaged in exploits that brought them great fame. The story of one of these exploits is told somewhat as follows: William and John Wanton had not been in Newport very long when reports were spread about that a well-armed French privateer ship had appeared off Block Island and Point Judith and was cruising up and down the coast, pursuing and capturing merchant ships that sailed that way. The two adventurous Wanton brothers, joined by thirteen other daring young men, quickly set sail in a sloop of 30 tons, with supplies for a cruise, small arms for all, but with no cannon.

Once out of sight of land most of the crew kept below decks, while the little sloop cruised here and there along the Sound in search of the troublesome pirate ship. After several days' search the lookout sighted what appeared to be the craft sought, and this was found to be true when the two ships came closer and a shot crossed the bow of the Newporter. The sloop immediately lowered the peak of its mainsail, and, nautically speaking, "luffed up" as if to draw along side of the pirate. Instead, by quick and clever handling, the smaller craft turned and slid under the stern of the pirate, whose rudder was quickly wedged, while grappling irons were thrown out fastening the two ships together. Ready for hand-to-hand fighting, the Newport adventurers clambered over the stern of pirate and there calmly shot everyone that appeared on deck. Those of the pirate crew that remained alive eventually surrendered and were taken to Newport, tried and hanged. At this time William Wanton was 24 years old, and John was 22.

Later, in 1697, during the trouble with Count Frontenac, Governor of Canada, a French armed ship took several prizes in and near Narragansett Bay and its depredations along the coast were numerous and disastrous. The two Wantons went to Boston, where each fitted out a vessel and set sail after the greatly-feared French ship. When they finally caught up with the offender the same tactics were repeated as in the case of the pirate ship. William sailed under the stern of the Frenchman and wedged her rudder while John drew along side, made a quick rush oversides, and swept the enemy from the decks. The brothers went over to England in 1702 and there were hailed as great naval heroes. They received handsome presents from Queen Anne and were accorded highest honors. William was elected Governor of Rhode Island in 1732, and, at his death the following year, John was elected, but that takes us ahead of our story. There is more to tell of the sea at the beginning of the eighteenth century.

When France and England went to war, in 1689, the American Colonies encountered considerable trouble with foreign privateers. The mainland fared pretty well during the period of hostilities but the islands along the coast, Block Island for example, experienced many hardships. Observing the isolated location of Block Island, the French lost no time in turning their attention to that small ocean-bound settlement. One day, probably in the summer of 1689, three French men-of-war and a transport ship made their appearance on the east side of the island. This array of naval power caused great alarm among the few inhabitants living there because no one knew whether the ships were English or French, friend or foe.

Shortly, a boat was lowered and brought in to the shore. One of the strangers stepped upon the beach and approached the anxious group huddled there, and greeted the natives in English. To make a long story short, some of the islanders were induced to go out to the anchored ships, where they were promptly imprisoned and forced to tell all they knew about the defense of the island.

Then a landing party of some size went ashore and overpowered the islanders, forcing them to surrender or forfeit their lives. Successful in their ruse, the Frenchmen then began a week of pillaging and destruction.

All property, arms, cattle, everything of value on the island was destroyed and, in addition, the Frenchmen captured two English vessels headed up the Sound, sinking one and preserving the other for her cargo of liquors. At last, news of the invasion reached the mainland, where preparations were made as quickly as possible to drive away the enemy. After an unsuccessful expedition to attack New London, the Frenchmen encountered the Colonial fleet commanded by Commodore Paine, and then the first naval battle in the waters near Block Island took place. The enemy was driven away after a hot fight and Block Island was relieved, for the time being, of annoyance and destruction.

As a result of the first invasion of Block Island by French privateers, ships were sent from Boston and New York to help protect the island. Later in the same year some of the original invaders made another brief but destructive attack in very much the same manner. Still another visit from the marauding Frenchmen came a few months later. This time the home of Captain Sands on Block Island suffered most. The occupants were forced to flee for their lives, and the dwelling turned into a slaughter house. In the midst of these depredations the lifting of the fog revealed the man-of-war "Nonesuch" riding at anchor off shore. The privateers promptly took to their heels with the "Nonesuch" in pursuit. Losing their way in the fog, the Frenchmen found themselves bottled up in Buzzard's Bay, where they were captured. The men were made prisoners and the vessel was taken back to Newport as a war prize. Even then Block Island was not left alone by the invading privateers. The lonesome island's cattle, swine, sheep and poultry, together with what household goods were left, were too tempting to be overlooked. From 1698 to 1706, the island was in a constant state of siege and it took a fairly large force of

defenders to protect it from further destruction. So much for the open waters of Rhode Island at this particular period.

At the time Providence was still a small town, whereas Newport had a population of about two thousand persons, and in that prosperous port were three busy shipyards. Providence was still pretty much on the east side of the headwaters of Narragansett Bay. Towne Street, present North and South Main Streets, was the principal business and residential thoroughfare, and this historic highway ran along the waterfront. Across the water, where the civic center of Providence is to-day, there was no compact settlement, and there were no bridges then. Transportation was supplied by ferry, when it was needed, but men often forded the river at low tide and cattle were taken across by swimming. Reference has been made to the first warehouse and wharf in Providence built by Pardon Tillinghast, in 1679, but by 1700, or shortly thereafter, several more had been built, and a group of merchants in the town had begun to acquire wealth. A few beautiful homes began to appear, and gradually silks, woolens and furs displaced the simple homespuns which everyone had worn until heavily loaded ships sailed down the Bay for distant points, coming back, after several months, with precious cargoes of the luxuries that a prospering Colony demanded.

Exports in those days consisted chiefly of lumber, staves, heading, hoops, beef, pork, butter, cheese, onions, horses, candles, cider, Indian corn and wax, while the imports included sugar, molasses, salt, ginger, indigo, pimento, rum, wine, wool and linen, Spanish and Swedish iron. Trade was carried on with the Western Islands, the West India Islands, Surinam, and the other English Colonies in America. It is recorded that in one year the Rhode Island Colony did a business with England amounting to more than £20,000.

In the year 1710 the first bridge was built in Providence, the Weybosset Bridge, from a point on the present North Main Street across to where a part of the Hospital Trust Building rests. This bridge project had been talked about for a

long time, and at last it was constructed. It was a wooden span fourteen feet wide.

In the space of a few years the Colony had become an important commercial center; wise business men became merchants, while adventurous young men shipped before the mast for livelihood

and excitement. Shipping was only in its infancy in Rhode Island as one century ended and another began, but the Colonists became trade-minded in a short time, once they saw the wealth that lay down the sea lanes that extended to all corners of the world from the headwaters of Narragansett Bay.

THE BISHOP OF CLOYNE

GOVERNOR SAMUEL CRANSTON died in office to be succeeded by Joseph Jenks who served from May 1727 to May 1732. One of the first accomplishments of the son of the founder of Pawtucket was the division of the Colony, in June 1729, into three counties. The Island of Rhode Island, with Jamestown, New Shoreham or Block Island and other islands in the Bay were formed into Newport County, with Newport as the county town; Providence, Warwick and East Greenwich were constituted as Providence County, with Providence as shire town; South and North Kingstown and Westerly were made into a third county, known as King's County, with South Kingstown as the chief town. Keep in mind that the original County of Providence Plantations, incorporated in 1703, became Providence County in 1729 and included the present territory of Providence, Kent and Washington counties, excepting the present towns of Cumberland, the east side of Pawtucket and East Providence. This division of Rhode Island as it then existed into counties was brought about principally for the purpose of giving the scattered inhabitants more ready access to the courts. The judicial system was promptly revised providing for justices for each county which, in addition, was to have its own court house and jail.

It is interesting to note that, in 1730, a census taken by the Board of Trade showed that the population of the Colony had reached about 18,000, of which 1,500 or so were negro slaves, and less than 1,000 were Indians. Newport was the largest center of population with a total of 4,640; Providence was next with 3,916;

North Kingstown had 2,105, Westerly, 1,926, South Kingstown, 1,523, East Greenwich, 1,223, Warwick, 1,178, Portsmouth, 813, Jamestown, 312, and Block Island, 290. Other early eighteenth century statistics reveal that nearly all of the colored slaves were owned by families in Newport County or in the Narragansett country, while practically all of the surviving Indians resided in the southwestern corner of the Colony. About 400 of our Rhode Island ancestors were sailors; annual exports were computed at £10,000, and it cost about £2,000 a year to conduct all the functions of government in the Colony.

Thus, we can readily see that Rhode Island, less than one century after the founding of the first settlement at Providence, was well on its way to permanence and stability in government, its ambitious citizens keenly alive to the many opportunities at hand for agricultural, commercial and some industrial development; and perhaps, many of them sufficiently well-established in their daily pursuits to be prepared for an intellectual awakening or reawakening.

Up to the time at which we have arrived in our outline of what actually took place in what is now Rhode Island, the outstanding leaders have been revealed as men deeply imbued with religious convictions; as daring adventurers endowed with the abilities common to those who seek to implant civilization in the midst of a wilderness; as resourceful pioneers capable of wresting sustenance and shelter from the raw materials offered by Mother Nature; as persistent and capable diplomats; as wise and shrewd politicians; as

successful military strategists; as popular administrators of government; as progressive champions of individual rights and privileges.

But, no great philosopher, no outstanding intellectual appeared upon the Rhode Island scene until the following communication appeared in the *New England Weekly Journal* (or *Courier*) under date of February 3, 1729: “Yesterday arrived here (Newport) Dean Berkeley, of Londonderry, in a pretty large ship. He is a gentleman of middle stature, of an agreeable, pleasant and erect aspect. He was ushered into town with a great number of gentlemen, to whom he behaved himself after a very complaisant manner. ’Tis said he purposes to tarry here with his family about three months.” This news item published in a Boston weekly modestly called attention to the fact that a distinguished philosopher, the recipient of many honors in early manhood, had arrived in America and would remain for a brief period. The visit of Berkeley to these shores is unquestionably one of the outstanding highlights of Rhode Island’s eighteenth century record. Who was he? To what acclaim is he entitled? What of his association with Rhode Island?

George Berkeley was born at Kilerin, County Kilkenny, Ireland, March 12, 1684. Before reaching majority he had written an important book and, in 1707, he became a fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. Six years later he went to Italy as Chaplain and Secretary in the British Legation, and, two years after that, his famous debate with a distinguished French philosopher brought him national recognition as a scholar and interpreter of human understanding. Skimming over years crowded with accomplishments, Berkeley, in 1725, then the Dean of Derry, published “A Proposal for the better supplying of Churches in our Foreign Plantations, and for Converting the Savage Americans to Christianity by a College to be erected upon the Summer Islands, otherwise called the Isles of Bermuda.” Hopeful of the results that this published missionary proposal might bring about, from Berkeley’s pen came the immortal stanzas, entitled “On the Prospect of Planting Arts and Sciences in

America,” from which the following familiar verse is quoted:

“Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time’s noblest offspring is the last.”

The Dean’s ambition was soon realized, sufficient funds were sought to finance his project, and he promptly turned his back upon fame and fortune in his native land. Accompanied by his wife, several noted gentlemen, including John Smibert, an English artist whom Berkeley met in Italy, he sailed from Gravesend, at the age of forty-three, intending to stop at Newport, Rhode Island, before going on to Bermuda.

The voyage, which must have been tedious, took about five months, but the distinguished missionary found reward for the inconveniences and monotony of a lengthy ocean crossing in the delightful inspiring beauties of Southern Rhode Island. In fact, he liked the flourishing seaport and the close-at-hand countryside so well that he decided to remain amid the rugged headlands, deep ravines, curving strands, pleasant meadows sloping gently to the shore, the orchards, cornfields, headlands and woodlands that have since brought thousands of others to the “Vacation Capital of America.”

Shortly after his arrival, he purchased a farm of a hundred acres, and upon it he built an unpretentious mansion which he called Whitehall, named for the palace of the English kings from Henry VIII to James II. Whitehall, still standing, is in Middletown, and there Berkeley went to live probably in August of 1729, with his wife and child, while their three traveling companions, James, Dalton and Smibert, went on to reside in Boston.

During the months that followed, the ambitious interpreter of human knowledge availed himself of long-desired opportunities to meditate and compose. Near by his residence he discovered the historic overhanging rocks said to have been his favorite place for thinking and writing. There he found inspiration to write the “*Alciphron*,” one of his most popular

works, regarded his greatest by many. It has been said that "Alciphron" is redolent of the fragrance of rural nature in Rhode Island, and of the invigorating breezes of its open shore. A visitor to Whitehall once read some of these descriptions remarking that they were copied from the charming landscapes in that delightful island which lay before Berkeley at the time he was writing.

Though Berkeley loved the quiet and seclusion of Whitehall, he entered into the community life of Newport. He found pleasant associations in the company of clergymen, lawyers, physicians and enterprising merchants. Many of them he found qualified to engage with him in philosophical discussions and debates.

He was active in forming a philosophical society whose members included prominent leaders and thinkers of the day. This Society, among other activities, sought to collect books, and out of it originated Redwood Library. Likewise, Whitehall was a meeting place for missionaries and educators who resided nearby and elsewhere in New England. In the meantime he continued to correspond with his friends in England relative to his original plans to establish a seat of learning in America. This project never materialized although its chief proponent lost none of his enthusiasm for the purpose of his journey to America.

He continued to spread the circle of his acquaintance in New England attracting

more and more to his presence and influencing the minds and ideals of those who sought to explain life and its complexities. Sorrow darkened Whitehall in the fall of 1731 — Berkeley's second daughter Lucia died and was buried in the ancient burying ground beside Trinity Church where her father often preached to distinguished congregations. A letter to a friend written shortly after this domestic tragedy indicates that Berkeley, his wife and surviving child, soon bade farewell to Rhode Island. They sailed from Boston in November and Berkeley reappeared in London in February 1732. Two years later he was raised to the bishopric of Cloyne, and his career thereafter was one of great distinction. From his busy pen came countless masterpieces of philosophical composition revealing the mature thoughts and wide reading of their author. He died January 14, 1753 and his remains were deposited in Christ Church, Oxford.

Bishop Berkeley's brief sojourn in Rhode Island had profound influence upon the great and near great, for he turned their minds, for the first time, from the problems of state and the routine activities of community existence to analyses of life and to spiritual understanding. He inspired those about him during his stay in the land which he found delightful, and he left behind a memory of one who towered above the intellectuals of his day.

EARLY RHODE ISLAND LIBRARIES

THE church must be given a considerable amount of the credit for the early promotion of education and the spread of knowledge in the early days of Rhode Island; in fact, the same can be said for all of the American Colonies. Particularly, the first Rhode Island library institutions were dependent upon some church connection or influence for their existence and early development. Later, the larger part of the libraries in the State became important factors in the general educational system, especially when their

great value became apparent to school authorities, and when reading and research increased in popularity among students and among persons who sought cultural advancement. But the church brought about the founding of the first libraries, and some of the first books that were available to Colonists were those which had been sent here from England for the enlightenment and edification of the clergy.

The first public library founded in Rhode Island was a parochial institution

located in Newport, where it was established, in 1700, through the efforts of Rev. Thomas Bray. This pioneer library comprised less than one hundred books, containing only literature that was intended to instruct and inculcate religious truths and doctrines. Records disclose that about half of these volumes were of a theological character for the special use of preachers, and that the remainder were of a similar type but intended for perusal and study by laymen. In addition, there were about one hundred pastoral letters, but none of this reading matter included any fiction or other amusement reading. In those serious days, a reader was denied the pleasure of reviewing tales of travel, adventure and romance, for he had to be content with ponderous dissertations upon religious tenets, scriptural interpretations and articles of the faith.

The second library in the Colony also originated in Newport when the illustrious Bishop Berkeley formed a society for the purpose of discussing philosophical subjects and collecting books. Edward Scott, a granduncle of Sir Walter Scott, was prominent among the founders of this society and he was one of its most active officers for a great many years. Since one of the outstanding purposes of this learned society was “the promotion of knowledge and virtue,” the members soon decided that the gathering of a library should be one of the most influential measures that they could adopt to bring about that object. At first, the meetings of the society were featured by the holding of a series of debates, but this form of cultural activity soon ceased and the entire energies of the group were devoted to the accumulation of books. This commendable work soon attracted the attention and interest of Abraham Redwood, a wealthy Quaker, who contributed the sum of £500 with which to purchase books in London, and, at the same time, he advocated the erection of a suitable building to house the collection.

In August, 1747, the Redwood Library Company was incorporated by the General Assembly, and plans for the beautiful Doric structure were drawn by Peter Harrison, whose structural designs had a profound influence upon architectural art

in America. The building is standing today, with some additions and changes, on Bellevue Avenue in Newport, across the street from Touro Park, the park that the Old Stone Mill has made famous. It seems proper to call Redwood Library the oldest in America because it is the oldest library still in use. There are some who will dispute that this Rhode Island library is the oldest of all since two others were founded before the Redwood institution was established. One of these was the Library Company of Philadelphia, founded by Benjamin Franklin in 1732, and the other was the private library of James Logan of Philadelphia, who erected a special building for his book collection in 1747. However, the Newport library remains the oldest in use today, and it probably had its birth in the mind of Abraham Redwood at a much earlier date than the year when the building plan was suggested.

In constant use, the building stands today in perfect condition, in spite of age and the abuses to which it has been subjected. When the British occupied Newport during the War for Independence, the building was damaged somewhat, and some of the books were carried away by enemy soldiers. The General Assembly met in the library on September 11, 1780, the nearby State House being unfit for the purpose after it had been occupied by the enemy soldiers who also seized all of the Newport houses of worship with the exception of Trinity Church. At this time, both building and company were found to be in a very discouraging condition, therefore efforts were made immediately to improve this condition. This was not brought about until 1790, when a petition for the renewal of the company’s charter was granted by the General Assembly, and this measure with others opened the way to the permanent establishment of Redwood Library. By means of a lottery and with gifts from several sources the endowment for the institution was increased and the collection of books, manuscripts, records, art treasures, etc., that it contained was safely preserved.

The original building designed by Harrison is now the front room of the library and it faces west on Bellevue

Avenue. The architectural style is after that of an old Roman temple of the Doric order, with the pediment of the front supported by four columns of pure Doric character. This section of the building originally had a window with three sections, gracefully arched and enriched with Ionic columns. When the structure was enlarged, this window was moved to the north side, where it may be seen today at the end of the second building, or reading room. On either side of the front, or Harrison room, are two small rooms, really nothing more than alcoves, one of them for children, and the other for members of the medical profession. To the right of the main entrance on Bellevue Avenue is a tiny room where many of the first books owned by the library are stored. Most of these ancient volumes are bound in leather, rather musty now, and growing dry and yellow with age. Examination of these precious books shows the absence of frivolity in Colonial times. Most of them deal with subjects of theology, history and science, with only an occasional book of poems or fables.

In 1858, after the first building had served for more than a century, it was found necessary to make an addition to serve as a reading room. The architect for this addition to the library building was Mr. George Snell of Boston. Later, other enlargements were made by the addition of a large room which is now used for delivery purposes, although it was first used as a stack room. In 1913, the Perry stack room was built of fireproof material and it was expected that this equipment would meet requirements for many years to come, but like most of our libraries of today, no amount of room and facilities seems to be adequate for the demands of a reading public. There is a quiet atmosphere of culture and literary inspiration within the historic walls of Redwood Library enhanced, perhaps, by the memories that hover about the old center of educational uplift. From the time of its founding the institution exerted a great influence upon the cultural development

of Newport, although, for a period, this inspiration was lost. It survived the reckless vandalism of enemy troopers when many of its precious volumes were carried away; it was once the State Capitol of Rhode Island; and its splendid contributions to educational advancement have been generously supported by many of the most distinguished figures of Rhode Island history.

Among the other very early libraries in the State was one which was established in Glocester in 1794, for the incorporation of which, sixty-four persons petitioned the General Assembly. It was named the Union Library Company, and it was authorized to hold property to the value of \$5000. Books were purchased and kept in a private school house in Chepachet, and the library continued in existence for about thirty years. Other early libraries were established in Johnston, West Greenwich, Foster, Scituate, Smithfield, Burrillville and other country towns but very little is known of their histories. An act of the General Assembly of January 1840 provided that the school committee in each town might appropriate the sum of \$10 out of the school money distributed to each district for the purpose of establishing and maintaining a district school library "for the use of the children therein." Shortly after that, Henry Barnard was appointed by the Governor as an agent to investigate the condition of the schools throughout Rhode Island; he also served as school commissioner and devoted much of his time to the establishment and encouragement of school and other libraries.

Today, Rhode Island abounds in public and private libraries, many of which are nationally important, particularly those connected with Brown University and the Rhode Island and the Newport Historical Societies. Every little hamlet and all country districts have plenty of good books to read — if no library exists in a certain section, the State sends books there so that no one is deprived of wholesome literary pleasures.

FERDINAND DE CELESTRO

EARLY in the year 1720, a venerable looking gentleman by the name of Ferdinand De Celestro, of Austrian birth but educated in England, took passage with his family in the British ship “Helen” and journeyed to America. The “Helen” was cleared at the Customs in Hull for the city of New York, but when she approached the northern coast of America, near the Newfoundland banks, she was beaten about by a continuous series of violent gales and completely driven off her course. The ship’s master finally managed to get his bearings, and in January, to the joy of all on board, made Block Island. With favoring winds, the “Helen” was then headed for Rhode Island, and she had nearly reached the outer waters of Newport harbor when a terrific northwest gale struck the ship and tossed her on the rocks not far from the present location of Fort Adams. The captain, crew and all others were drowned except Ferdinand and his three children, two sons and a daughter. Ferdinand’s wife was lost in the vortex that engulfed the “Helen” and the venerable traveler was left disconsolate and distracted. Time however, which alters all things, destroys the firmest fabrics, and heals all wounds, eventually soothed the feelings of the wretched husband and he resolved to make an effort to live and be happy, and to rear and educate his children.

What little funds he had possessed were lost in the wreck of the “Helen” but, realizing that he had a sacred duty to perform in behalf of his children, he called forth all his energies and made arrangements to secure some kind of employment which would enable him to procure an honest and an independent livelihood. The town of Newport, although it was then a place of considerable trade and fame, became offensive to Ferdinand since the wealth and social display all about him only reminded him of what he had lost and of his present poverty. Bidding Newport farewell, he migrated a little north to the country in the neighborhood of Mount Hope, near Bristol and located

himself at the base of that historic eminence where he opened a small house for the entertainment of travelers. The older son was named Jacques, the younger, Henrico, and the daughter bore the name of Amanda. The little family formed an interesting group, and in a short while they succeeded in securing the friendship, respect and good-will of all who visited them.

For a number of years, Ferdinand enjoyed the confidence and respect of all who knew him, for he was a man of his word in all dealings with travelers and neighbors. The Celestro establishment was the general resort of the gay and fashionable who invariably found there the full “feast of reason and the flow of soul,” and the inn-keeper had every reason to look forward to years of earthly rewards in the form of prosperity and happiness. But, an unhappy event was destined to occur and mar his prospects.

Henrico, the younger son, had manifested a strong inclination to engage in the profession of arms and this propensity had been evident even in early childhood. The father made every possible effort to wean the boy from his desires to go to war, but found, when it was too late, that the lad had vowed never to follow any profession save that of a soldier. Opposition, as is always the case, only had a tendency to increase the boy’s ardor, and taking advantage of his father’s temporary absence from the inn, he departed hurriedly — took passage for Europe, landed in France and proceeded to Flanders, where he joined the army in the capacity of a common soldier. He was a born soldier, ambitious for promotion, and soon distinguished himself on the battlefield by his heroism and was elevated to a captaincy, later followed by promotion to the rank and commission of a Colonel.

Ferdinand grieved over the loss of his son at first but time passed on, and, obtaining no tidings from across the sea, he supposed the boy dead, and he strove to console himself for a loss which could not be restored by placing his entire affections

on the remaining children. More than twelve years had passed by when the father received a letter from his son which brought the news that, although elevated to an office of rank, he had suffered innumerable hardships and that he needed aid from his unhappy parent. The old man was overjoyed to learn that his son was still alive but was distressed to observe that his financial condition was such that he could not provide the least bit of aid or comfort in answer to the appeal. Both Jacques and Amanda shared their father's distress and were likewise unable to provide help for Henrico.

A week had elapsed since the letter was received when a young officer, bearing the insignia of distinction, rode up to the gate of Ferdinand's inn and alighting, directed that his luggage should be taken care of — called for supper which was instantly provided, and the gallant guest partook of a hearty repast. While he was eating, the young officer inquired the name of his host, and being informed that it was Celestro, asked him if he did not have a son in the Flemish army. The delighted Ferdinand replied that he had and he begged the guest to tell all he knew of his son and his military career. The stranger admitted that he knew Henrico well; that he had campaigned with him in the same war and added, "he has been distinguished by his general conduct and now ranks as a Colonel, and is esteemed as a gallant and useful officer."

Ferdinand was overjoyed with the intelligence conveyed to him by the guest and he urged that he communicate everything he knew in relation to the long-lost son. The officer replied, "I am fatigued at the moment — show me to my chamber, and in the morning you shall hear all that I know concerning your gallant soldier and beloved offspring." As the officer ascended the stairs he handed Ferdinand a large purse of gold, with a request that he take care of it until the following morning, and, upon reaching the door of his bed-chamber, he took leave of his host for the night.

Upon Ferdinand's return to the supper room he showed the officer's purse to the son Jacques and talked at length about the good news which had been brought to his

home. The old man had scarcely finished talking about the noble appearance of the traveler upstairs, about his pleasing manners and his prepossessing demeanor when Jacques proposed an evil scheme. His head turned by the sight of so much wealth, Jacques suggested that they murder the officer and appropriate his money to their own private purposes and benefits. The father was panic-stricken at the horrible proposition and for a while indignantly refused to listen to such infamy, but the son worked upon his passions by relating the hardships which Henrico had endured in the Flemish army, and pictured how the contents of the purse would restore the son and banish all of the family's sorrows. At length, the old man consented, and they both repaired to the officer's apartment to perpetrate the deed of darkness and of horror. Upon reaching the room where the guest slept peacefully, the father lost his nerve and begged Jacques to leave and forget the plan. But Jacques was not thus easily intimidated and, restoring the old man to his senses, he proceeded to carry out his vile plot. The faltering old Ferdinand begged that, "whatever is to be done, let it be done quickly," and then Jacques, with one dreadful thrust penetrated the officer's heart with a dagger. The victim groaned but once and surrendered his spirit to that eternal God who made it. The dead body was instantly removed and hidden in a nearby orchard; and the blood-stained murderer hastily counted the sum total of his ill-gained booty.

Morning arrived and a neighboring cottager called at the inn to congratulate Ferdinand on the fact that such a distinguished guest had been entertained there the night before. Of course, the inn-keeper insisted that no prominent guest had been lodged in his establishment and he pretended to be surprised at the statements made by this cottager. The neighbor protested that there must be some mistake since an officer had called at his home just about dusk, inquired for the residence of the Celestros, and mentioned that he had intelligence of an agreeable nature to communicate concerning the long-absent Henrico. With a ghastly countenance

Ferdinand emphatically denied having entertained any officer, and then the cottager repeated his assertions and added "that guest was your son Henrico." The neighbor continued, "Henrico said to me, that from his long absence he fancied you would not know him, and before he unveiled himself he would try you, that when discovered, your joy might be the greater."

The remorse-stricken parent uttered a groan, fell upon the floor and expired. Jacques immediately fled the country and avoided detection while the lonely, hapless Amanda remained at the inn somewhere near Mount Hope in Bristol, to weep over the grave of her fallen brother, and to lament the depravity of Jacques, and the too confiding and deluded spirit of her guilty father.

THE FIRST HORSES

MANY persons are curious about certain phases of early Colonial life concerning which comparatively little is known, or ever will be known. Many of their questions are of a genealogical nature requiring painstaking expert research, and these are generally difficult to answer unless such family records are in published form with all steps in certain name evolution brought up to date, or nearly so. Another type of historical question commonly received pertains to odd facts of early times and, sooner or later, constant search, and, quite often, accidental discovery, reveals the answer so anxiously sought by one or more individuals. One question as yet not clearly answered by the author, and one that has prompted writing to the Historian by several people is: "Did the Indians who lived in the vicinity of the first Rhode Island settlement have domesticated cats?" Another question which has been received often is: "Were horses here in New England before the coming of the first settlers — were they native to this continent or were they imported after the year 1620?" The answer to the house-cat question will be furnished in due time, but the latter, pertaining to horses in Colonial times, especially the first horses of Rhode Island, will be the subject of this chapter. Much of the information comes from a pamphlet published in 1922 by Cornell University and prepared by Dean Phillips of that institution — and this pamphlet came to the notice of the author through the kind interest of Mr. Benjamin Ladd Cook, noted horseman of Rhode Island.

New England is filled with furniture and household utensils claimed to have been brought across the ocean in the tiny and overcrowded "Mayflower," and apparently there are still in existence enough of these rare and valued specimens to have crammed the historic craft to overflowing several times, allowing no room for the passengers. Therefore, it is comforting, and, at the same time, less disillusioning, to find that the Pilgrims brought neither horses nor cattle with them to the new land, and it was not until four years later that the first head of cattle were shipped to New England. Unfortunately, Bradford's immortal narrative, and all other contemporary writings, contained the term cattle used in a general sense in reference to any sort of livestock, including horses, therefore it is impossible to determine exactly how many of the latter animals were in Plymouth at the time. However, in 1629, a large number of settlers came over to join with the Massachusetts Bay Colony and they brought with them a considerable number of horses and cattle, one hundred and fifteen head in all, among which were thirteen horses. In the following year, the ships that brought over Governor Winthrop and the second group of colonists had on board two hundred and forty cows and about sixty horses. Some of these animals died during the ocean passage so it is doubtful how many finally reached these shores alive, but records disclose that among the horses that survived there were both mares and stallions.

Native grasses in New England made good hay, and this fact made it possible

to keep livestock with little difficulty in spite of the rigors of the winters in this part of the country. Cattle and horses were of service to the colonists in many ways. The neat cattle, or cattle of the bovine character, furnished the people with food, hides for leather, and oxen for draft purposes. Horses served to some extent for draft, but for ploughing and other heavy plantation work they were found less serviceable than oxen. Their important use was to furnish means of rapid transportation from place to place. In the earliest days of the settlements, most of the travel was on foot or in canoes and small boats, but by 1652, early writings show that there were "wild and uncouth woods filled with frequented ways and rivers overlaid with bridges passable for both horse and foot." This indicates in a general way the transition that soon took place, so that horses became of steadily increasing importance as the settlement of the country proceeded and the towns became more numerous and widely separated.

Horses were found valuable during the days when the colonists were having difficulties with the Indians since these beasts enabled the settlers to bring aid quickly to one another when attacked and thus saved many a settlement from extinction. It is interesting to note that in Plymouth, Massachusetts Bay and in Connecticut, laws were passed to prevent the selling of horses to the natives, and even as late as 1665 it was only after considerable debate that the Plymouth court allowed one such sale to be made to a friendly Indian for purposes of husbandry. It is apparent that our ancestors fully realized the advantage the Indian would have had if he could have possessed horses.

From the very earliest period of New England history it was customary to allow both horses and cattle to run at large on the public commons. At times and in some places a herdsman was employed to care for the combined herds of a town, but as these herds increased in size and the settlements became more scattered the animals began to roam more or less at will about the settled areas and often strayed away for consid-

erable distances into the forest or were lost completely. Strays of this sort were numerous and this often led to many difficulties of ownership, which in time compelled definite legislative provisions to be made.

Where horse raising developed, as it did later, on the islands of Long Island Sound, and on the water-guarded points and necks of Rhode Island, this free range was not a serious problem. But where the horses and cattle were running loose around the towns in a semi-wild state and in ever-increasing numbers, many difficulties were bound to arise. Probably the chief trouble came from the damage done to gardens and crops by the foot-loose animals. Complaints for damages of this sort appear continually in the court records of all the colonies, and it was apparently a cause of endless litigation, which persisted until a late date. Furthermore, this open range custom resulted in the deterioration of the New England breed. Whatever may have been the origin of the local horses it is clear that the promiscuous breeding of the semi-wild animals on the public commons could not be conducive to the perpetuation of their best characteristics, although it may have brought about a certain hardiness by the weeding out of those beasts unable to stand the rigors of this wild life.

At an early date, some horses were exported from New England to the other colonies, but such shipments never came to be of any great importance. The main demand that resulted in the exportation of New England horses came from the sugar plantations in the West Indies, where both horses and cattle were needed for draft purposes, to haul cane from the fields, to transport sugar and supplies, and to turn the heavy cylinders in the cane-crushing mills. Saddle horses were in demand for the personal use of the sugar planters and they were willing to pay high prices for superior animals of this type. Some horses were apparently being shipped from Newport as early as 1656, but it is doubtful if these were raised on the shores of Narragansett Bay. In 1677, Captain John Hull proposed to build a stone wall across Point Judith

Neck "so that no mongrel breed might come among them," and to raise a breed of "large and fair horses and mares" for shipment to the West Indies. By 1680 horses were being shipped from Rhode Island in sufficient quantities to be mentioned by Governor Sanford in his reply to the inquiries sent out by the Lords of Trade and Plantations in which he states that "the principal matters which are exported among us is horses and provisions."

In the next twenty years horses were being sent to Jamaica, Barbados, Nevis, Antigua, St. Christopher, Montserrat and Surinam. In 1731, Governor Jenks placed them first in importance among the exports of the Colony, and stated at the time that there were ten or twelve vessels engaged in the West Indies trade. Ten years later the number of vessels had grown to one hundred and twenty. Other authorities of the past can be quoted, including the famous Reverend James MacSparran, in whose writings we find the statement "fine horses which are exported to all parts of English America." Newport and Providence were the main ports of embarkation, but many animals were shipped on small vessels directly from the farms in the Narragansett country, the greatest center of livestock production. In 1745, Moses Brown, one of the more prominent of the Providence merchants, sent out many vessels "some to Surinam with horses" while the correspondence of one Newport firm indicates that during the years from 1731 to 1773, this firm was shipping horses as a regular part of its cargoes to all the British islands and elsewhere.

Of all the New England areas that specialized in the breeding of fine horse flesh, by far the most extensive and important was to be found in the Narragansett district of Rhode Island — a region so famed in the annals of the time, for its great flocks of sheep, its dairies and cattle, and above all its fine horses, as to have been noted by most of the contemporary writers of the period.

Descriptions and observations pertaining to the life and times of the Narragansett planters have filled many a

volume and they will probably fill many more, but this brief account must be limited to the subject of horses. As it happened, the most noted product of the Narragansett region — at least toward the middle of the eighteenth century — was a breed of saddle horses which the planters of this section of Rhode Island developed. These were the Narragansett pacers, referred to in the first American edition of the *Edinburgh Encyclopedia* written in 1830 as "the finest saddle horses in the world; they neither fatigue themselves nor their rider."

There have been many stories told of the origin of these small, sorrel pacers with their easy gait and great endurance. One is that the progenitor of the breed was imported from Andalusia in Spain by Deputy Governor Robinson whose estate was inherited by the illustrious Narragansett Hazards, early and important breeders of the animals. Another story is that they resulted solely from careful selection and breeding of the common New England stock. At any rate, they soon became world famous and the demand for them laid the foundations of the fortunes of many a Rhode Island family.

The pacing gait of the Narragansetts was one of their most important characteristics; — it is said that the pure-bloods could not trot at all. In plain, everyday language, the gait itself is described as being peculiar in that the backbone of the horse moved through the air in a straight line, thus differing from the pacer of the present day, or for that matter, from most horses ridden by most people. The common experience seems to be, generally, that the backbone has a decided up and down motion. But, we find in the records that the Narragansett pacers were ridden without fatigue by both sexes, and also that they were unusually speedy. The same Rev. MacSparran previously referred to, said that he had seen these horses pace a mile "in a little more than two minutes and a good deal less than three," and added that "he has often ridden them fifty, nay sixty miles in a day even here in New England where roads are rough, stony and uneven."

With the famous pacers and other kinds of livestock in demand for export to the West Indies it is clear that the Narragansett district had a very important source of revenue and one which probably contributed in no small measure to its prosperity. They found an outlet through the various ports on Narragansett Bay, or were driven to New London or Stonington over the old Pequot trail,

the post road between Boston and New York. Apparently many animals were shipped directly from the region; Robert Hazard, for example, is said to have raised about two hundred horses annually and to have loaded two vessels a year with them and other produce of his farm. These vessels sailed from the old South Ferry directly to the Indies, where the animals were in great demand.

THE WINTER OF 1740

THIS account has to do with the most common topic of conversation — the weather. In the course of a day, what we humans have in the way of sunshine, humidity, temperature, hail-stones, breezes, fog, or thunder, in other words, the weather, is the world's most popular and reliable reason for saying something. In no conceivable situation would the weather fail to provide a common ground for two or more persons to engage in conversation; it always has been so, and the future holds no promise of a waning interest in what the good Lord decides to give us from his well-stocked warehouse of meteorological phenomena. We all talk about the weather, but we do nothing about it, as a famous humorist once observed. What a way out it is for embarrassing meetings with those whom we would prefer to avoid; what grand old leaning posts "it's a nice day," "it looks like rain," or, "did you get caught in the storm," provide for a few words spoken over the fence, across the hedge, in the elevator, to the postman, to the chambermaid, to the minister, to the buyer, to the seller, to the boss, to the janitor, to a king, if you happened to meet one, to anyone, great or small, wise or foolish, proud or humble, agreeable or disagreeable.

Some of our earliest regularly printed publications were Almanacs, their pages devoted chiefly to weather prognostications and astronomical calculations. The daily forecasts printed in the newspapers and broadcast by radio retain their

interests and fascination for young and old; the fortunes of farmers, fishermen and shop keepers are dependent upon the elements. The destinies of soldiers, sailors, and aviators are determined by atmospheric changes. The weather is a grand subject for observation and writing, and, if it were pursued to a difficult length, one would find that climatic conditions, and that biological and ethnological influences upon people, have done more than other forces to shape the course of human destinies throughout the history of the world.

But, here we are concerned with Rhode Island history, and for the moment, with some phase of weather history pertaining to Rhode Island. Let us turn back the pages of local history to late in 1740, when it became extremely cold in Rhode Island, and a low temperature continued with considerable snow until the first week in December. Then the weather was fine and warm for three or four days. Soon after, however, the excessive cold returned, freezing over Narragansett Bay so solidly that people could pass and repass from Providence to Newport on the ice, and from Newport to Bristol, according to an old account. Occasionally the ferry then running from Newport across the Bay was able to break through the ice and make a landing. Snow storms fell one upon another until the covering was about knee-deep, and this snow remained until the middle of January when a sudden thaw laid the earth bare in spots for a few days. This was again succeeded by violent cold

weather, and in a very few days by more snow storms. For three days at the very end of January, a great driving blizzard lashed Rhode Island adding about three more feet of snow upon what already lay upon the ground. The snow having drifted, the tops of stone walls and fences were completely covered, and the crust was so hard in some places that cattle frequently walked right over them. During this late January storm, there was a great loss of cattle and sheep; some were caught and smothered in the drifts, and many sheep were driven away by the wind and frozen to death.

The weather continued extremely cold until February 23, which was a warm day, and thawed the snow a little, but then came another severe storm with more bitter cold weather, and there was no relief until March 10 when it became somewhat milder, and the snow began to thaw moderately. By the end of the month it remained very cold for that season and the last of the ice went out of the Bay as late as April 1. Some of the snow continued to lay in drifts behind barns and back of fences until April 15. Spring was slow in coming, and during the greater part of the generally pleasant and mild time of the year, the weather was cold and severe gales blew from the west and northwest. One old account reveals that during the Winter of 1740-41 in Rhode Island there were more than thirty snow storms not counting the small flurries hardly worth mentioning; and that the Spring was so backward in the first week of May the woods at a distance appeared to be dead. The first peach trees were in bloom on the 27th of May; apple trees on the 13th.

But the remarkable feature of that unbelievably rigorous Winter was the freezing of the Bay to a greater extent than was ever known before, or has been since. Apparently, at one time, the ice extended out to sea from the Rhode Island shoreline a considerable distance, and one account has it that a man drove a horse and sleigh from a point near New York all the way to Cape Cod. Near Fall River the ice measured between 25 and 30 inches thick and it must have been equal to that at the head of the Bay

nearer to Providence. On February 25, 1741 a wedding guest made the trip all the way across the Bay from some point on the South County shore to Common Fence Point and there were numerous other incidents of journey routes that were never taken before except by boat of some kind.

What about the 25,000 people who then comprised the total population of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations? They must have suffered greatly in spite of the fact that safe and short ice lanes brought certain points closer in respect to travel. When icy blasts blew cold enough and long enough to freeze the dancing waters of Narragansett from Providence to Newport, and to sheet over the sea from the shoreline as far as the eye could see, perhaps to Block Island, then those who huddled around fireplaces in the simply constructed homes of 1740, certainly must have been subjected to privations and afflictions impossible to conceive in these days of insulated homes, automatic heaters, motorized snow plows and air-conditioned cow barns. Then, deep snow drifts and zero weather meant neglected cattle, shortage of home provisions, sickness, extreme discomfort, and isolation.

One rare and impressive reference to the frightfully severe winter of 1740-41 can be found in the sermon preached on March 15, 1741 by the Rev. James MacSparran in ancient St. Paul's Church, Narragansett. With the splendid eloquence which, together with many other attributes brought fame to the learned Doctor of old Narragansett, James MacSparran depicted to his flock the state of the times. He observed in the course of his discourse that he and his people had been warned by the uncommon inclemencies of a cold and long winter. He told them on that day that "the elements have been armed with such piercing cold and suffocating snows, as if God intended the air He gave us, to live and breathe in, should become the instrument to execute His vengeance on us, for our ingratitude to His goodness and our transgression of His law."

Thereafter drawing his lesson from the observation that God has visited a

terrible Winter upon the people for their shortcomings, Dr. MacSparran reminded the still shivering communicants of the loss to them of their valuable herds, and of their own suffering and want. He painted word pictures of "The snow that looks so white, innocent, and light, as if it would bear down and oppress nothing, yet we see it hides and covers the earth from the warmth and light of the sun, and thus does also the ice turn rivers into rocks, and the fluid element, which yielded to the smallest force, become so hard and rigid, that it resists the impression of the traveller's foot, and the weight of beasts and burthens with a firmness superior to the driest land."

Dr. MacSparran then went on to quote Scripture and to substantiate his conviction that a recent smallpox epidemic, the threatening War with Spain, and especially the punishing Winter of 1740-41 were all instruments of the Divine Being, aimed at him and his people, warning all to "fly to God with an early and earnest importunity, since none but He can remove what we feel,

or avert what we fear." Right or wrong in his interpretation of Scriptural teachings in the light of material experiences, Dr. MacSparran has left us the unquestioned evidence that the Winter of 1740-41 was a record period for deep snows, bitter cold and thick ice in Rhode Island.

In line with this discussion of the weather and the elements, it may be interesting to many to learn that, in the very early days of Rhode Island the pioneer Providence settlement had an earthquake. Writing to Governor Winthrop of Plymouth Roger Williams described the quake of June 1, 1638, stating — "for myself I perceived nought but a kind of thunder and a gentle moving and it was no more than this to many." But then he went on to say that the younger Indians, at the time, knew nothing about earthquakes, whereas, the older Indians reported that the quake of 1638 was the fifth in about eighty years. One record has it that in Exeter, Rhode Island, somewhat greater earthquake violence was noticed than that experienced by Roger Williams.

CROWN POINT

NORTHWEST PASSAGE" is the story of the old French and Indian War featuring the remarkable exploits of Major Rogers, with his adventurous, picturesque Rangers fighting in the prolonged struggle to settle conflicting claims of France and England to territory in America. The author, Kenneth Roberts, is unquestionably the outstanding contemporary writer of American historical novels — he is accurate, humorous and a master of romantic tale-telling. In the early chapters of "Northwest Passage" there are many references to Crown Point, and, since this name appears often on the pages of local history, it will be interesting to learn of Rhode Island's connection with Crown Point, and of its part in the last of the inter-Colonial struggles.

The so-called King George's War, between England and France, was waged

in America from 1744 to 1748, the chief incident of which was the capture of Louisburg on the Island of Cape Breton by a combined force of English and Colonial troops. The colonists did most of the fighting and the English soldiers took the glory and the booty. When peace was declared, in 1748, England gave Louisburg back to the French, but the boundaries between the French and English colonies were not mutually agreed upon — that left the germ of another war. By the year 1754, about twenty years before the Revolutionary War, the English occupied a narrow strip of American soil along the coast, about one thousand miles in length, including Rhode Island.

The land at that time occupied by the English Colonies was like a string to the great bow of French territory which reached around from Quebec to New

Orleans. Both nations claimed the region west of the Alleghany Mountains, along the Ohio River. Active French encroachments upon the disputed area and continued disputes over boundary lines provoked trouble — soon America was ablaze again with the flames of strife.

Early in the Spring of 1755, four expeditions were planned by the Colonies; one against the French in Nova Scotia; a second against the French on the Ohio; a third against Crown Point; and the fourth against Niagara. The expedition against Nova Scotia reached the Bay of Fundy in June. The French forts in that province were speedily taken, and the whole region east of the Penobscot fell under British authority. The Ohio campaign was conducted by General Braddock who, with Colonel George Washington as one of his aids, began his march from Virginia with about two thousand men. Ignorant of Indian warfare, yet too self-confident to receive advice, Braddock urged forward his troops, and when within a few miles of Fort Duquesne was surprised by a small party of French and Indians and suffered a terrible defeat. The expedition against Crown Point, in New York State, at the lower end of Lake Champlain, about twenty five miles northwest of Rutland, Vermont, was led by General William Johnson. This expedition ended at the lower end of Lake George where Fort William Henry was erected, leaving Crown Point for a future campaign. Governor Shirley of Massachusetts commanded the Niagara campaign, but this was abandoned when the news of Braddock's defeat was reported.

In 1756, a formal proclamation of war was made and during that year, and the following twelve months, the conflict was carried on without complete victory for either side. In 1758, three expeditions were planned by the English, the first against Louisburg, with a powerful army under General Amherst. After a vigorous resistance, this fortress and the whole island of Cape Breton were surrendered, together with six thousand prisoners, and large supplies of munitions. At the same time the English became masters of what is now Prince Edward Island,

and of the coast from the St. Lawrence to Nova Scotia. The expedition against Ticonderoga, just below Crown Point, was unsuccessful, but shortly after, Colonel Bradstreet's men sailed down Lake Ontario and captured Fort Frontenac. To complete the story of that year, General Forbes finally took over Fort Duquesne, thereafter called Fort Pitt, and eventually Pittsburgh. Peace with the western tribes of Indians was one of the fruits of this victory.

The campaign of 1759 had for its object the conquest of Canada. To this end General Amherst was directed to lead one army against Ticonderoga and nearby Crown Point; General Prideaux another against Niagara, and General Wolfe a third against Quebec. In July of that year General Amherst did his job by driving the French out of Ticonderoga and Crown Point. Niagara fell after a siege of about three weeks, and, early in the morning of September 13, General Wolfe had drawn up his army on the Plains of Abraham which commanded the city of Quebec. Before noon he gained a victory which decided the fate of France in America. Five days after the battle, Quebec surrendered. Early in September 1760, General Amherst collected eighteen thousand men before Montreal intending to reduce this last stronghold of the French in Canada, when the Governor, perceiving that no effectual resistance could be made, surrendered. With Montreal, all Canada fell into the power of the English. Peace was declared in 1763.

What about Rhode Island while all this was happening? If you will try to keep in mind the general continuity of the foregoing brief outline of the struggle between France and England for supremacy in North America, let us delve into a mass of records and attempt to find the highlights of Rhode Island's share in all the excitement of those days.

After the disastrous defeat of General Braddock at Fort Duquesne, in 1755, it was seen that a counter blow should be struck to save the whole continent from falling into the hands of the French. Additional forces must be sent against the enemy at Crown Point. Governor Stephen Hopkins of the Rhode Island

Colony convened the General Assembly by special warrant. Three new companies of fifty men each were raised and hurried forward to Albany in order to reach the army before action should take place. They were joined to the command of Colonel Christopher Harris thus increasing the Rhode Island regiment to five hundred and fifty men. This regiment was in the battle near the lower part of Lake George where General Johnson defeated the French and Indians and later built Fort William Henry.

On the same day when this battle took place, Governor Hopkins called another session of the Assembly to raise more troops. This was in September, and, of the three companies raised the month before, two had already gone to Albany. Captain Whiting's company, hitherto delayed, was immediately ordered to embark in a sloop to join the army. With the new levy, four additional companies of fifty men each were raised, and sent forward in all haste to join Colonel Harris' command, making the Rhode Island regiment seven hundred and fifty men, divided into eleven companies. The expenses for all this war business fell heavily upon this Colony already weakened financially by the issue of ten thousand pounds in old tenor bills to meet war costs redeemable by taxation in two years. Readers of "Northwest Passage" will be interested to learn that the words "Crown Point" were stamped on the back of these notes.

The second call for troops, in September 1755, made it necessary to make an additional issue of Crown Point bills to the amount of sixty thousand pounds. In October a tax of seventy thousand pounds was levied upon the Colony to redeem a portion of the one hundred and eighty thousand pounds in old tenor bills already issued during the year. One fifth of this tax was assessed on Newport. A census was taken in December showing the Colony to be but little short of forty thousand inhabitants, of whom about thirty-six thousand were whites. The number of men capable of bearing arms was about eight thousand, and of these fifteen hundred were soon engaged in manning privateers. Anxious to do her

part, even at the cost of financial embarrassment, Rhode Island remained in the forefront of the colonies that were struggling hand in hand with the mother country to preserve English rule in America. Added to all the other burdens of keeping a maximum force of Rhode Islanders in the field, two thousand British soldiers were quartered in Providence during March and April of 1758.

Next in importance, as far as Rhode Island was concerned, came the unsuccessful attack upon Ticonderoga in July 1758. This fort was garrisoned by only thirty-six hundred men, but the defences were strong and the brave Montcalm was the commander. The British regulars led the attack followed by the New York colonial forces. The Connecticut, New Jersey and Rhode Island regiments were drawn up three hundred yards in the rear, prepared to support the assailants. The storming party was repulsed, and column after column, advancing to this support were mowed down by the terrific fire of the French. The loss of life was terrific. At the end of an hour the reserves were ordered into action. Colonel Babcock was carried from the field badly wounded and three of his officers were quickly put out of the fighting. The battle lasted four hours when the British commander, Major General Abercrombie, having lost two thousand men killed and wounded, ordered a retreat; and the next day, fell back to Fort William Henry. Unfortunately the list of killed and wounded Rhode Islanders in this battle was lost although Colonel Babcock graphically described this action in his official dispatch to Governor Hopkins.

The rest of the story of Rhode Island's part in the French and Indian War closely follows the preceding general outline of the conflict. Recruits were being raised constantly in this Colony and most of them saw active service in one expedition or another. The paper money trouble was finally settled in the Spring of 1759 when the so-called Crown Point money was called in, its redemption provided for out of billeting money, amounting to six hundred pounds, received from General Amherst. The allowance made to innkeepers hereabouts

for billeting, or quartering, regular soldiers was finally raised to twenty-five shillings a day, and a fine was imposed upon all who refused to entertain such soldiers when properly assigned to their establishments.

Finally, great was the rejoicing in Rhode Island when Quebec was taken. The local General Assembly appointed a day of public thanksgiving. Everywhere, bonfires, illuminations, orations, and the voices of prayer and praise attested the joy over this brilliant close of a great campaign. General Amherst,

in behalf of Great Britain, wrote to Rhode Island, complimenting Colonel Babcock in warmest terms.

This account has been pretty much all history with little of human interest or of narrative, but it did treat of a period in American history that has been given too little emphasis in local history books. Perhaps, now the sequence of events may be a bit clearer to many who have heard about the conquest of America, not long before the Revolutionary War, but who knew little about Rhode Island's participation.

THE VICIOUS TRIANGLE

BY the middle of the eighteenth century, wherever men had established communities close by the waters of the great bay that penetrated into the growing Colony, as far as the very spot where Roger Williams had proclaimed his principles of complete separation of church and state, there could be heard the pound of the adze and the thud of the axe as great ships took form in the shadows of the forests that supplied their frames, planking, decks and lofty spars. Where no ships were being made for the prosperous traffic in goods, or for the hazardous but lucrative practise called privateering, individuals could be seen packing ponderous sea chests for approaching voyages. Everywhere, youngsters were perfecting themselves in the intricacies of knot-tying and splicing; enterprising landlubbers were found buying and packing merchandise sought by ready buyers in distant ports; the women went from house to house, seeking news of their own husbands or sons who might be mentioned in a neighbor's letter. Talk of ships and sailors was the chief topic of conversation in these parts as the eighteenth century reached the half-way mark, because the sea had come to be the principal factor in the lives of all Rhode Islanders, rich or poor. Few families then, from Newport to Providence, were not affected in some way by the wealth that the sea brought, the tragedy that it

caused, or by the influences it had upon the hopes and ambitions of the youth of this Colony.

And, out of all this interest in the sea came something of which Rhode Island can surely find no reason to be proud. While more and more of her stalwart ships carried the fame of Rhode Island to the markets of the world, while fortunes were being made by those who quickly discovered their trading abilities, and while mercenary fighting ships were serving as training schools for Rhode Island's future naval heroes, the traffic in a certain commodity, procured principally on the coast of Africa, suddenly appeared in this picture of honest trade development, and it was indulged in to such an extent by the local merchants of that time, that the narrator of Rhode Island history finds himself faced with a paradox or incongruity difficult to explain.

Rhode Island, its beginnings established in the name of religious liberty and equality to all men regardless of race, color, or creed, just about a century before the period we are now considering, found itself, with other commonwealths in America and elsewhere, actively and enthusiastically engaged in the exploitation of human bondage, a practice that probably originated in the dim, dark ages when savages, in place of massacring their captives, found it more profitable to keep them in servitude. All the

ancient Oriental nations, of which there is any record, had slaves; later on in history the Greeks held slaves whom they treated mildly, but the Romans used their captive servants with little sympathy or justice. It is recorded in some histories that the African slave trade was started in 1442, but the traffic in negro slaves was of only trifling extent until the sixteenth century.

Rhode Island's connection with slavery goes back to 1696 when it imported for use here at home, a cargo of African slaves. These unfortunate negroes were sold for £30 apiece, but there was no great demand on the part of local purchasers. More slaves were brought in annually thereafter from the Barbados, but still there was little enthusiasm shown by local buyers; very likely because Rhode Island was not exactly an agricultural colony, and, therefore, had little shortage of farm labor. Long before the arrival of the first slaves, as far back as 1652, Providence and the mainland towns had passed a law against human slavery, whereas, Newport and the rest of the island, at that time governed independently, passed no such law expressing general sentiment against slavery. Perhaps that was the reason why so few slaves came into Rhode Island, even though the traffic in human beings opened up direct paths to fortunes. The local market was restricted pretty much to Newport.

And Newport found a much more profitable way to make money on slaves than by importing them for sale at home. From about 1739 to 1760 the trade in slaves was at its height among Newport merchants and this is the system, in general, that was followed by many of these merchants who amassed fortunes. At one time during this period, Newport boasted of twenty-five distilleries which were kept very busy manufacturing rum from the sugar and molasses, brought to Rhode Island waters from the West Indies. This rum was shipped directly to Africa, where it was exchanged for slaves captured along the coast or in the jungles; then, these slaves were taken across the ocean to the West Indies and there more molasses and sugar were purchased with the proceeds from the sale

of the slaves. The molasses and sugar then came back to Newport so that a ship completing a voyage under this system followed a triangular course, called various names by historians, so, why not coin a new phrase, "the vicious triangle"?

What stories could be told, what adventures could be related upon printed pages, or on the screen, if we but knew the facts about what Rhode Island shipmasters and seamen experienced as the ships that hailed from Newport followed "the vicious triangle." The seizure of bewildered negroes, snatched from homes and families on the sun parched shores of Anamboe, or some other strange and distant place, must have held high adventure for some of our daring ancestors. There must have been great feasts arranged for native chieftains, or head men, who supplied the slaves, men, women and children, made captive in war, or otherwise reduced to subjection; and, it is probable that all did not run smoothly for those who supplied the feasts where terms were discussed and bargains closed. There must have been many dangerous moments when treachery, on either side, entered into the discussions of what one hundred gallons of rum represented in terms of human flesh and blood.

The return, or middle passage, of "the vicious triangle" must have held certain hazards for those who had to act as seamen and prison guards. The captive women and children were imprisoned between decks in a space less than four feet high, and they were allowed to sit or lie down, while the men were stretched upon their backs and fastened to the decks with shackles, chains and iron rods. Sometimes a ship would carry a cargo of one hundred and twenty-five slaves, and quite often the ocean crossing to the Barbados would take ten weeks, no day or night, no moment ever free from impending danger, for every member of the crew knew full well what would happen if by some miracle, or unforeseen accident, those chains should be loosened, the shackles thrown off, and a mass of desperate men should suddenly surge through an open hatchway.

On the other hand, what pathos, what

hopeless resignation, what faith in some native dogma or pagan idol might be revealed if we but knew what went on in the minds of those unfortunate human beings as our ancestors transported them far away to a strange land, never to return. How were they captured, what did they say to each other in the stuffy dungeons below decks, what happened to them after they were finally brought into the sunlight and thrown into the slave marts of the Barbados? This whole subject, from many angles, seems to have been neglected or overlooked as a fertile source for imaginative writing, although Rhode Island's connection with slavery is no figment of imagination when one refers to the few available facts on the subject.

By 1763, the Colony of Rhode Island possessed 184 ships many of which were engaged in the slave trade; besides, Rhode Island claimed about 352 ships active in coastwise shipping. For a long period eighteen hundred hogsheads of rum were exported annually from Rhode Island to Africa and exchanged for negroes, and, as stated before, many distilleries were kept

active in the Colony manufacturing the rum for the outbound trips.

Some of the Newport merchants owned slave ships that cost only £1350 each, but one trip would sometimes net a profit of £2000 without taking into account the cargo of ten thousand gallons, or more, of molasses that was loaded at Barbados and brought back to Newport. Slave trading in the recognized, accepted form was carried on extensively until the last quarter of the eighteenth century. Then it became illegal, if the word can be properly used in that sense; and, of course, the traffic was engaged in by Americans until the middle of the nineteenth century, although it had become outlawed long before the conflict that lifted the yoke of servitude from the necks of human beings. No “Uncle Tom's Cabin” could have been written about slave holding in Rhode Island, but the true story of how most of the original slaves found themselves transplanted to a civilized land that bought them, body but not soul, would be an exciting, tragic, emotional epic, with Rhode Island playing a leading, unpardonable role.

THE CHARTER OF BROWN

SINCE freedom of religion continues to be an important subject of discussion in this world, and since the instrument of authority which established Brown University belongs among those documents which are regarded as having recognized man's inherent rights down through the ages, this account will be an attempt to estimate the importance of the Charter of Brown.

Most charters, legislative acts, patents and resolutions are uninteresting subjects for discussion. They are generally composed in a formal, legal style with little color or romance in their phrases, sentences and paragraphs. The Brown Charter is customarily formal and ponderous. But, when the causes and effects of a great document are analyzed in the light of human experience then do we readily find ample subject matter for interesting ob-

servations. The sequence of events that led to the granting of a college charter in Rhode Island, and the history of Brown to this day, offer the writer of human interest accounts a staggering wealth of source material, but, briefly, the story Brown's Charter may be condensed as follows.

Fifteen years or so before the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, about three million people scattered among the English Colonies in America were beginning to realize that civilization had at last conquered a wilderness. Forest and stream had been subdued to the uses of man. Except along the frontiers, danger from the Indians was a thing of the past. The population here in America was still chiefly engaged in agriculture, although many towns and cities had grown up and become centers of thought and action.

Farming was profitable; manufacturing enterprises were small but growing; and commerce on land and sea was extending. The average person was prosperous and wealth was well-distributed. Religion flourished and there was a widespread admiration among all the people in the land for cultural and educational attainment. The Colonists suddenly recognized values in training and educating for leadership, and so, colleges began to spring up here and there among the rapidly growing Colonies. At this period in American history, it was quite natural that certain religious denominations should sponsor institutions for higher learning, because spiritual leaders were needed, and colleges were the means of training young men for the ministry. In the first century of English colonization three colleges had been founded in America — Harvard in 1636, the year when Roger Williams founded Providence; William and Mary College in 1693, Yale in 1701. Then in 1746 appeared the College of New Jersey (now Princeton) followed quickly by King's College (now Columbia) in 1754; the University of Pennsylvania in 1755, Brown in 1764; Rutgers in 1766; Dartmouth in 1769; and the College of Charleston in 1785. Most of these institutions were originally controlled by religious bodies; Harvard and Yale by the Congregationalists; Princeton by the Presbyterians; the University of Pennsylvania, Columbia and William and Mary by the Episcopalians; Rutgers by the Reformed Dutch Church.

Brown appeared in the middle of this eighteenth century wave of college-planting because those members of a religious sect who called themselves Baptists decided they wanted a college where their sons could be trained to preach the doctrines to which they subscribed. Although none of the American colleges founded by religious denominations, before or at the time of Brown's establishment, closed their doors to Baptist boys, it was natural that the Baptists, although comparatively few in numbers at the time, should desire a college of their own. It was the thing to do in those days if a religious denomination hoped to grow and spread its teachings and spiritual influence.

Furthermore Rhode Island was the logical place to establish the first Baptist College because here it was that the denomination had its beginning in America. When such a college was first talked of, the denomination was still in the earlier stages of its remarkable growth. Then it was estimated that the total Baptist population in New England was twenty-two thousand, which number was considerably increased by adding members of the sect living in the Middle and Southern States. Larger, contemporary denominations boasted of the higher learning of their young men, so the Baptist leaders became convinced that, in order to have an educated ministry in America, they must have schools and colleges of their own.

The first step was the establishment, in 1756, of an academy in Hopewell, New Jersey, an institution which ran successfully for eleven years. The success of Hopewell Academy paved the way for a greater enterprise, the establishment of a Baptist College. At a convention or meeting of the Baptist association held at Philadelphia, in 1762, the project of erecting on some suitable part of this continent a college or university which should be under the direction and government of the Baptists was discussed, and some plan of procedure was agreed upon. At that meeting it was determined that it was practicable and expedient to establish the college in the Colony of Rhode Island where education might be promoted, and superior learning obtained, free of any sectarian religious tests. The individual selected to act as leader in this plan was James Manning, formerly a pupil in Hopewell Academy and a graduate of New Jersey College (Princeton) in the class of 1762. Shortly after receiving his degree he married the daughter of one of Elizabethtown's chief magistrates, and a month later he was publicly ordained a Baptist minister. In 1763, one year out of college, Manning came to Rhode Island in search of a location and legislative sanction to the plan which he had been delegated to carry out.

When the young graduate from New Jersey College set foot on Rhode Island soil, in the summer of 1763, he came to a

comparatively prosperous and culturally advanced colony. A century and a quarter had passed since Roger Williams had paddled across the Seekonk to the place he called Providence, and established, for the first time in the history of the world, a place that offered absolute religious freedom to all men, regardless of race, color, creed. When Manning landed at Newport, the old seaport was a busy community of ambitious and wealthy people. Newport and her near neighbor ports on the Bay were sending staunch little ships out on the highways of the sea to capture rich prizes from the enemies of Great Britain, and other ships to carry on peaceful, profitable trade. The slave trade was a big business then, and the smoke was curling from many distillery chimneys, filling the holds and decks of fast-sailing ships with rum, and lining the pockets of traders and sailors with gold. The wealthy sea lords were building spacious dwelling-houses and country villas, and social life was a veritable whirl. Love of literature had already displayed itself in the growth of private libraries and in the founding of the famous Redwood Library, in 1750. Education in Rhode Island as a whole was backward, but Newport had a school-house by 1685, and, in 1710, granted permission for keeping a Latin School in part of it. A printing press was set up in 1727 by James Franklin, who five years later began to publish the *Gazette*, the first newspaper in Rhode Island. Providence was growing and her renown as a center of thought and action was beginning to spread throughout the Colonies and to the foreign lands that did business with traders whose ships sailed from Narragansett Bay.

It was, then, no illiterate, undeveloped, narrowminded part of America that the youthful James Manning surveyed when he undertook the project of establishing a college on Rhode Island soil. Manning found many sympathizers and supporters and had no difficulty in securing the indorsement of his plan by the leading citizens of the times. A charter was soon framed and laid before the General Assembly at its August session in 1763, but action on it was postponed. A somewhat different charter was presented at sessions

in October 1763 and January 1764, and was finally granted at the session in East Greenwich. It was signed and sealed on October 24, 1765.

There was some delay in the drawing of the charter, inasmuch as it was claimed by some that the originators of the college idea, the Baptists, might, as the charter was first written, be tricked out of holding control of the destinies of the proposed institution, but that is a long intricate story. Since the ultimate result of the efforts of those, who had a hand in the framing of the document, was the creation of an academic instrument worthy of admiration, the narrative of its evolution is not essential in a review of this kind. In short, Brown's charter permitted administrative control of the college by other denominations as well as by Baptists. Under this charter, representatives of the various denominations were to be chosen by the corporation, not by the denominations themselves, and might be either clergymen or laymen. The outstanding fact is that the instrument, which to this day governs Brown University, recognized more broadly and fundamentally than any other college charter of the times, the principle of denominational cooperation.

Never has Brown required religious tests of its students or teachers, and, in the beginning, positions of all grades of teachers, with the exception of the President, were open to all denominations. Furthermore, under its historic charter, Brown has excluded from its courses of public instruction all teaching of sectarian differences of opinion, and youth of all religious faiths have been, and are today, on an equal footing in every respect.

Here in Rhode Island, the cradle of religious freedom, the legislators approved of a college that subscribed to the following: "Institutions for Liberal education are highly beneficial to society, by forming the rising generation to virtue, knowledge and useful literature and thus preserving in the Community a Succession of men duly qualified for discharging the offices of life with usefulness and reputation — into this liberal and catholic institution shall never be admitted any religious tests but on the contrary all the members hereof shall forever enjoy full

free absolute and uninterrupted Liberty of Conscience."

In the spirit of this fine promise, the Corporation of Brown voted on September 6, 1770, "that the children of Jews may be admitted into this Institution and entirely enjoy the freedom of their religion without any constraint or imposition whatever." For generations Brown has

been a seat of liberal culture, furnishing and inspiring its graduates for manifold honorable and useful vocations. It has asked of its graduates that they think their own way through the problem of the choice of a life work; — that they go each to serve with fidelity and devotion his day and generation according to the will of God.

THE OLD SYNAGOGUE IN NEWPORT

OF all the landmarks in Rhode Island none has more of historic interest and genuine architectural beauty than the old Jewish Synagogue in Newport. This ancient house of worship, the first in America for that denomination, is one of the several masterpieces of design and construction created by Peter Harrison, whose genius had a profound influence upon Colonial architecture. On Sunday, February 21, 1932, the Grand Lodge of Masons in Rhode Island met in this historic shrine where the members of the fraternal body heard a stirring address by the Hon. Max Levy, a distinguished Jewish citizen of Newport, who reviewed the history of the building and told of George Washington's visit there in 1790 when he came to Rhode Island as President of the United States. Hundreds of visitors, of all creeds, annually enter the synagogue on Touro Street, next to the Newport Historical Society's building and not a great distance from Washington Square, to marvel at the perfect harmony of color, decoration and panelling, and to admire pleasant proportions of construction which present day experts acknowledge to be unsurpassed in any other edifice erected during the Colonial period.

When the settlement of Roger Williams had become established and the world informed that here was a friendly haven for those oppressed because of their liberal or dissenting views in the matter of religious freedom, people of all beliefs were invited to come and worship as they saw fit. Thus it happened that several Jews who, like the Quakers and even Roger Williams himself, found that living in Puritanical

Massachusetts was unbearably disagreeable, came to Rhode Island where hospitality was extended to everyone. Many of the first group of Jewish settlers in Newport had previously come to Boston from Holland and they were men of great enlightenment and culture, the type of citizens upon which a youthful colony could build and prosper.

In 1684 the General Assembly added its approval to the acknowledged consensus of popular opinion in Newport and voted in favor of allowing members of the Jewish faith to settle in the Colony. With this added inducement and unselfish attitude, more of the race were influenced to come from the West Indies. These were for the most part German Jews, skilled workmen and men of high character. They brought with them many trade secrets which helped greatly in developing the industry and commerce of the seaport. Foremost among these valuable bits of working information was their understanding of the handling of spermaceti, an important substance used in the making of candles, and also their knowledge of the proper methods of tempering brass and other metals.

There seems to be no record that a congregation existed when the Jews first came to Newport, but, without a doubt they enjoyed the strict observances of their faith in an unostentatious and private manner, probably holding religious services in the homes of different members. If so, instruction was given by the heads of families at these quiet meetings and nothing was done publicly to antagonize any of the colonists who had so kindly ex-

tended hospitality to them as immigrants. The first move to establish a synagogue was in 1759, but the desire to do this had long been in the minds of these people. About sixty families were organized and headed by Isaac Touro and several others they raised the money to construct the building and the first congregation was formed. Peter Harrison was commissioned to design the synagogue and he immediately turned to a patient study of old Jewish laws and rituals, and he drew his plans in strict accordance with various specifications and customs which had been handed down from one generation to another during the centuries of Jewish history. The cornerstone was laid that same year, and on December 2, 1763, the building was dedicated.

The visitor will notice that the main entrance to the structure does not face the street, and that the building itself does not align itself squarely with the sidewalks and streets in that vicinity. Very likely the general direction of Touro Street was changed somewhat during all these years, and inherent principles in the Jewish religion forbade both the moving of a synagogue from its original site or its sale, therefore it remains today in its relatively oblique position. The street entrance is through a small stone gateway erected by Abraham Touro, another of that illustrious family so long and closely associated with early Newport history, and the son of Isaac who officiated at the synagogue services for many years. The two pillars on either side of the outside gateway represent those of King Solomon's temple, Jachin and Boaz, denoting strength and establishment. The exterior of the building is beautiful in its simplicity and in its pleasing square proportions, and these would be more apparent to the observer if the site were set apart and not closely surrounded by other buildings.

The interior is magnificent in every detail of arrangement and furnishings. The windows are all arched on both floors and the second floor is a series of galleries for the women of the congregation. These galleries extend around three sides of the auditorium and the eastern wall is reserved for the ark, the inscription in Hebrew of the Ten Commandments and

for other sacred objects toward which, always in the East, all worshippers turn when praying. The galleries are supported by twelve beautiful columns of the Ionic order, representing the tribes of Israel, and directly above these, between the galleries and the ceiling, are twelve more columns ornamented with Corinthian capitals. The columns, balustrades, in fact, all of the woodwork is painted white in pleasing contrast to the semidomed ceiling which is now finished in a light blue giving one an impression that the room is roofed with an expanse of blue skies.

For many years there were no pews or seats, for the men used to move about during the services, wearing their hats of course. In this manner they retained an ancient custom which many synagogues have discarded. Now there are many comfortable, attractively-upholstered seats for the congregation but the rule concerning the wearing of hats still prevails in this historic house of worship. It seems particularly appropriate that the members of this one congregation should be unusually faithful in their adherence to European and Asiatic precedents in their religious rituals since that group is especially distinctive, and the synagogue was the first to be established in America.

The ark containing the sacred relics is covered with a handsomely embroidered curtain and other ornaments of gold and silver, magnificently wrought. The ancient scrolls containing the laws of the faith are deposited in the ark and one of these, said to have been rescued at the time of the Inquisition in Spain, must be nearly five hundred years old. These scrolls, called the Torah, are wonderfully inscribed on parchment and are mounted with rollers at the top and bottom. Five large bronze candelabras were imported from England at different times and were installed in the building, where they remain at the present time. The two oldest are dated 1760, two more are dated 1765, and last bears the date of 1770. It is interesting to note that the members had all of the expenses required for building and furnishing paid before the structure was completed. When this was done they felt that they had a right to indulge in further adornment.

Though the building has never been moved or sold, it has had long periods when it has remained unoccupied. After the War for Independence, it was many years before the Jews, who had been driven out of Newport along with hundreds of other patriots, returned, but these groups were some generations removed and not related to the original families. At this particular period in history the synagogue was closed for nearly sixty years and it was not opened again for Saturday services until 1850. A new congregation was not formed until 1893 when a new charter was procured from the State. Those who reopened the place had great pride in the historical significance of the landmark and they did a great work in reawakening interest in the building and in the religious services held there. In 1902 a couple came from New York City to be married within the walls of the ancient temple which at one time provided a place of meeting for the General Assembly of the Colony.

George Washington was a guest of the old synagogue's congregation when he came to Newport, in 1790, as President of the United States. The exact place where the distinguished guest was seated during the services or exercises is now pointed out to visitors and the words of his address to the Hebrews of Newport have been carefully preserved in several precious manuscripts. President Washington's closing remarks in that historic address plainly show his high esteem for the members of that race who so generously supported his efforts to lead a nation to victory: "May the children of the stock of Abraham who dwell in this land continue to merit and enjoy the goodwill of the other inhabitants; while everyone shall sit in safety under his own vine and fig tree, and there shall be none to make him afraid. May the Father of all mercies scatter light and not darkness in our paths, and make us all, in our several vocations, useful here, and in his own due time and way everlastingly happy."

CAUSES OF THE WAR

THE story of Rhode Island at last comes to the point when the attention of those who resided here was gradually drawn from home problems to the policies of the mother country in respect to the Colonies on the American continent. Up to the beginning of the latter half of the eighteenth century, Rhode Island had been eminently successful in her establishment of self-government and soul liberty, and in her provision of protection of the Colony against foreign violence and internal dissension. After many trials, Rhode Island had organized a judiciary system adequate to the protection of person and property and the prompt administration of justice. She had cultivated the sense of right and wrong and made careful provision for the enforcement of contracts and the punishment of crimes. Rhode Island had kept step in the march of American progress by the opening of highways, the establishment of ferries, and the building of bridges. Judi-

cious harbor laws to favor navigation were instituted and liberal bounties were offered to encourage the extermination of wolves, foxes and other nuisances. A strong movement was on foot to solve local public welfare problems, and a system of public education had been initiated. Churches, schools, libraries and other cultural and spiritual institutions had come to take their permanent places in the daily lives of Rhode Islanders as the half way mark in the eighteenth century had been reached and passed.

From the very beginning of her career Rhode Island found little cause to be hostile to England — the source of all government in the Colonies. Throughout her civil life Rhode Island had been contemptuously refused admission to the league from which Massachusetts and Connecticut derived the strength that made them bold, both for aggression and for defence. From the King, Rhode Island had sought and received protection in the repeated

attempts of Massachusetts and Connecticut to divide her territory between them.

And, from the King, Charles II, Rhode Island had received the charter of government that went far beyond the dreams of the leaders of the times in its provisions for civil rights and liberties. This Colony willingly supported the mother country in her struggles with France, Spain and Portugal, and, when the Treaty of Paris was signed in 1763, Rhode Island and the other colonies shared in the benefits derived through England's victories. The expulsion of the French from Canada, and of the Spaniards from Florida, removed all danger from foreign interference, and left the American colonists free to work out their own destinies. That part of North America that constitutes the United States, at least the area included in the original English Colonies, might have gone right along as a happy, contented, well-behaved child of the British Empire, and later evolved into a dominion such as Canada, if greed, the cause of most tragedy and dissension in this world, had not entered into the relations between England and her American offspring.

Far back in 1739, a heavy blow had been dealt the commercial and manufacturing industry of the colonies by the molasses and sugar act which imposed a duty upon those articles. This act had all the flavor of unjust taxation, but no serious objection was made because the colonists were patiently waiting for the year 1764 when the odious act would expire by limitation. But, when the time did come, it was promptly renewed and extended to other articles of domestic consumption. Right there can be marked a turning point in world history, for it started the movement that was destined to end in the establishment of an American democracy.

In the meantime, many bitter lessons had been learned, and probably would have been forgotten by the Colonies, if England had been satisfied with the advantages which she had derived from them by constitutional means. Helping the mother country to fight her private battles had taught American farmers and mechanics to be soldiers and sailors and bear the hardships of life in the service. On the other hand, local taxes had in-

creased and legislation had been compelled to busy itself largely with questions of military organization; with the building of forts, the raising of recruits, the providing of supplies. England's wars in which the Colonies co-operated had given impetus to maritime enterprise, although, from Providence alone, nearly fifty vessels, richly laden, had fallen into the hands of the enemy. On the land, many precious lives had been lost and many industrious hands taken from the tilling of the soil to waste their strength in fighting battles for a mother country that did not appreciate the willingness of her colonial subjects to help. As one historian put it, "They (the American Colonists) would have gladly contributed their portion to the expenses of the war . . . engaged in by England . . . and taxed themselves to pay it. But English constitutional law had prescribed the forms and conditions with which taxes could be raised, and colonial constitutional law taught that representation was an essential condition of taxation."

Referring again to the end of England's wars with France, Spain and Portugal, Rhode Island and all of the other American colonies would have gladly forgotten the sacrifices made, and the actual losses sustained, in behalf of the mother country. The most friendly of relations would have undoubtedly prevailed thereafter, if England had dropped the molasses and sugar act on schedule and not indulged in an ill-timed jealousy with which she sought to fetter the commerce and check the manufacturing spirit of the colonies.

In addition to import duties placed upon various articles of domestic consumption, rumors were spread that the Colonies would soon suffer under the burdens of a proposed stamp act, then being hotly debated in Parliament. This act was passed, to go in effect November 1, 1765 and since it is often mentioned in accounts that describe the causes of the Revolutionary War, a brief description of the hated measure follows: The so-called Grenville Stamp Act provided for the raising of revenue in the American Colonies by the sale of stamps and stamped paper for commercial transactions, real estate transfers, lawsuits, marriage licenses, inheritances, newspapers, etc.; it

also provided that British soldiers in the Colonies should be quartered in the homes of the people.

News of what the Stamp Act held in store for the American Colonists, whose views were not asked concerning its passage or rejection, immediately stirred up a great wave of opposition. Massachusetts took the lead in recommending the call of a Congress of delegates to meet at New York and to take counsel concerning the condition of the country. Rhode Island followed close in her footsteps. Benjamin Franklin wrote from London the first of his immortal patriotic epistles; Patrick Henry of Virginia brought forward a series of resolutions which, going to the fundamental principles of constitutional taxation, found adherents everywhere. In Providence the Gazette reappeared in an extra number with "*vox populi vox Dei*" for superscription, and "where the spirit of the Lord is, there is Liberty," for a motto. Augustus Johnston of Newport elected Attorney General in 1758, was appointed stamp distributor, but refused to "execute his office against the will of our Sovereign Lord the People."

Newport was the scene of riotous expressions of Stamp Act hatred. The effigies of three citizens, who probably made it clear that they found nothing wrong with the Act, were kept hanging on a gallows in front of the court house during the day, and were cut down and burned at night in the presence of a great throng. The three, mocked in effigy, and three equally obnoxious revenue collectors were compelled, the following day, to take refuge on an English sloop-of-war at anchor in Newport harbor. The mention of stamps and unjust duties soon became linked with whispered references to liberty throughout this land. Feeling against the crown ran higher as the day for the enforcement of the stamp act drew near. When it finally came, the Colonists were ready. The Congress at New York and the town meetings and assemblies had done their work thoroughly. In a session of the General Assembly held at East

Greenwich, Rhode Island had declared her intention to assert "her rights and privileges with becoming freedom and spirit — and to express these sentiments in the strongest manner."

With the inauspicious dawn of the fatal day, all legal life in Rhode Island ceased. Ships lay idle at their moorings for want of clearance papers. Merchants could not fill an invoice; the officers of the law could not enforce its decrees. Men and women could not marry or be given in marriage. Civil life was paralyzed in all its functions. Mobs and riots showed to what lengths the heated popular mind was prepared to go. Plans were made to develop industry in America independent of England. Some of the appointed stamp collectors resigned; some were afraid to carry out their instructions; others refused to act. At any rate, it would have been difficult to find a single stamp anywhere in the Colonies since not an agent dared to receive or sell his hated ware. The first blow for liberty had been struck, and strange to note, this first blow was on the defensive. England finally realized her mistake and repealed the Stamp Act, but cleverly left the way open for future taxation by passing legislation giving Parliament the right to bind the colonies in all cases whatever.

Thereafter followed a series of reprisals against the crown in whatever attempts were made to collect taxes from an aroused people. Smuggling became a common practise in Rhode Island and throughout the Colonies, while His Majesty's revenue officers found their duties not only difficult, but extremely dangerous. In future chapters of this narrative you will probably hear detailed descriptions of certain dramatic incidents that provoked open hostilities between the Colonies and England, but the underlying cause of the war has just been outlined. Taxation without representation is a phrase that nicely defines the basic cause, but, underneath it all, was the age-old failure of a powerful institution, carried away by victory or success, to recognize the rights and feelings of its component parts.

THE FIRST BLOW FOR LIBERTY

IT has been observed that there never would have been a War for Independence, or Revolutionary War, if England had been the least bit considerate of the rights and sensibilities of her American Colonies at the time when a little patience and encouragement would have been much more effective than oppression and unjust taxation. Carried away by victory in her long-drawn-out wars with France, Spain and Portugal, England, then the undisputed mistress of the seas, preferred to lay the heavy hand of tribute upon the very Colonies that had shirked no cooperative effort in bringing about that victory to the mother country, and, in return for the help given, at a great cost of life and property, the American Colonists were promptly rewarded with taxation without representation.

The unfair Stamp Act was passed by Parliament but its obnoxious demands were never met by an aroused people. Skimming rapidly over the events that led to Rhode Island's participation in the Revolution we find that, after the passage of the Stamp law in March 1765, there was plenty of trouble here with stamp officials, especially in Newport. An English schooner was fired upon by a mob at Fort George, and a small boat belonging to the "Maidstone" — a vessel engaged in impressing, or as it is commonly called "shanghaing" seamen, was seized by a mob and burned in the public square. The effigies of the stamp official and two loyal friends in Newport were burned, and the homes of these individuals were pillaged. On August 7, 1765 a town meeting was held in Providence under the leadership of Stephen Hopkins, and Patrick Henry's famous Virginia resolutions were passed in toto. A month or so later, the Rhode Island General Assembly made the Virginia-Providence resolutions its own, stipulating that the officers of the Assembly would be held harmless if they disregarded the Stamp Act.

As related in the previous chapter, the Stamp Act was repealed in 1766, and here again we find that there was yet no

deep-seated hostility to the crown among people hereabouts since they welcomed the news of the repeal with great demonstrations of joy. The Rhode Island Assembly adopted an address of thanks to the King and ordered a day of public thanksgiving. It was like the first Armistice Day in Providence and Newport — bells were rung, cannon fired, everyone paraded, flags were put out, and the whole populace indulged in a continuous round of impromptu processions, dinners and balls. The King was a good fellow after all, the English government had just made a little mistake and now all would be forgotten. Mobs could now disperse, there would be no more talk of revolution, the despised revenue collectors could again show their faces without fear of bodily harm, that is, if they made no more attempts to enrich the coffers of the King from the pockets of his delivered subjects. But, that wasn't how it worked out. When the Stamp Act was repealed, by a vote of more than two to one, Parliament passed an amendatory act declaring the right of that body to tax and otherwise govern the Colonies in all cases whatsoever. Therefore, when control of colony affairs passed from William Pitt, long a staunch champion of Colonial rights, into the hands of Townshend, Chancellor of the Exchequer, things began to happen again that awakened the fires of patriotism and stirred up talk of resistance and revolution here in America.

In May 1767, a new scheme of taxation was devised laying import duties upon glass, lead, paints, paper and tea. The plan cleverly avoided the objection to internal taxes, the principal feature of the defunct Stamp tax, but it again brought up the old question of taxation without representation. Naturally, here in Rhode Island the news of the passage of these new tax laws was received with indignation. The dying embers of revolution were quickly fanned into flames. Boston, with British soldiers already quartered in her midst, immediately led the way by refusing to import any of the articles listed

in the tax, and Providence and Newport soon followed suit by passing acts to discourage the use of English goods and to encourage home manufacture. In 1768, Massachusetts sent out a circular letter asking all of the other colonies to register protests against England's attempts to carry on her unfair taxation plans, and, furthermore, Massachusetts invited concerted action against such plans. Lord Hillsborough wrote to Rhode Island saying: "Exert your utmost influence to defeat this wicked attempt to disturb the public peace, by prevailing upon the assembly of your province to take no notice of it, which will be treating it with the contempt it deserves." His Lordship made the same request to the other Colonies but Rhode Island replied in a manner that was suggestive of the independence that was first given to the world here 132 years previous. The official reply to Lord Hillsborough read as follows: "On the contrary, that letter (the one sent out by Massachusetts) appears to this Assembly (the Rhode Island General Assembly) to contain not only a just representation of our grievances, and an invitation to write in humble, decent and loyal addresses to the throne for redress, but also sentiments of the greatest loyalty to His Majesty, of veneration for his high court of Parliament, of attachment to the British constitution, and of affection to the mother country — Therefore, this Assembly, instead of treating that letter with any degree of contempt, think themselves obliged, in duty to themselves and to their country, to approve the sentiments contained in it." What more decisive, patriotic expression of independence could be found than that direct statement of position?

Then followed an exchange of correspondence wherein Rhode Island through the Assembly repeatedly expressing loyalty to the mother country provided that the obnoxious measures were abolished. It is well to repeat at this point that England still had a wide loop-hole through which she could wiggle out of any impending trouble with this and all the other American Colonies, but, apparently, American devotion to liberty in all things found few sympathetic ears, and the

danger of American resistance to the King's order was greatly underestimated by those who persisted in playing the part of tyrants. Time marched on to September 16, 1768 when an address to the King was drawn up in which the colonial grievances were given and the opinion hazarded that all of these acts imposing duties and taxes in America were not for the regulation of commerce, but for the sole purpose of obtaining money. Such an inference did not encourage good feelings between the embittered home government and the American colonies.

It is easy to imagine the difficulties encountered by English revenue collectors in the face of the resentment that was held for the King, and all the King's men, after the offensive taxation measures had gone into effect. Friction with English custom officers seems a mild description of the clashes that must have occurred when our enraged ancestors were presented with tax bills embellished with his Majesty's royal seal. One instance of trouble in this matter made history in Rhode Island.

A British armed sloop, incongruously named the "Liberty" and commanded by William Reid, was cruising about Narragansett Bay and nearby Long Island Sound in July 1769, seeking contraband traders, or smugglers. On the 17th of that month she brought two Connecticut vessels into Newport on suspicion of illicit trade. An heated argument between some of the "Liberty's" crew and the captain of one of the Connecticut ships ended in the beating up of the latter and the firing upon his ship by the "Liberty." That same evening a group of aroused Newporters took a hand in the affair by forcing Captain Reid of the "Liberty" to come ashore with his men leaving only two first officers on board. Once this was accomplished, and there must have been considerable excitement that evening on the Newport waterfront, a party boarded the English vessel, sent the officer ashore, cut the mooring cable and promptly scuttled His Majesty's sloop "Liberty." Her small boats were hustled off to the other end of the town and burned, and that historic bonfire must have been an event not soon forgotten.

To be sure, the scuttling of the “Liberty” was not a great deed, nevertheless it stands in history as the first overt act of the impending revolution.

Governor Wanton issued a proclamation for the arrest of the offenders, and that point needs a word of explanation. Governor Joseph Wanton, who was elected in 1769, was the fourth of that name to hold the office and he remained as chief executive until 1775, his last election being in April of that year. He was a staunch loyalist, at all times faithful to the English crown. As this continued

story proceeds to relate the stirring tale of what transpired during Governor Joseph Wanton’s regime we shall see what abruptly brought an end to his political career. He began to bring trouble upon his head when he zealously sought to find and arrest those who participated in the destruction of the “Liberty.” In that he was unsuccessful, and, in time, he was destined to find himself charged with the responsibilities of locating a great many more offenders. From this point on there could be no turning back, the way to liberty was clearly defined.

THE “GASPEE” AFFAIR

ONE of the most colorful incidents in the history of Rhode Island was the “Gaspee” affair. With all the boldness that distinguished the Boston Tea Party, a group of indignant and courageous citizens took matters into their own hands and deliberately ended a scourge that had long been the source of great irritation. In the year 1772 the English government decided to enforce the revenue laws that heretofore had not been backed up with force. For years vessels had been stationed in Newport harbor for the purpose of enforcing the existing revenue laws, but it remained for the “Gaspee” to stir up the bitter hatred of the colonists.

The “Gaspee” was an armed schooner commanded by Lieutenant Duddingston, an insolent, overbearing individual. His great delight in life was to make existence miserable for Rhode Island craft, large and small. Up and down the bay he sailed, hailing boats and terrorizing their occupants. If vessels that were hailed did not stop immediately, a shot was fired across their bows as a warning of what might be expected if they did not wait to be searched. The “Gaspee” became such a terror that small boats hesitated to attempt the passage from one town to another. After making a hurried search of the vessels boarded, Duddingston would usually find some discrepancy in the payment of proper duties to the government, where-

upon he would bring charges against the shipowners.

It was only a short time after the offensive operations of the “Gaspee” had begun that letters of protest were sent to her commander by the Governor of Rhode Island. Insolent answers by Duddingston only served to increase the smoldering fires of public indignation. Finally, Admiral Montague, the Commander of the British fleet, wrote to the Governor, ordering him not to interfere with the operations of the “Gaspee” in any way. The Admiral’s letter was even more insolent in tone than Lieutenant Duddingston’s had been. During the course of this correspondence between the Governor and the British commanders, the Rhode Island people longed to serve the “Gaspee” in the same way that the citizens of Newport had treated a disagreeable guest in its waters.

On June 9th, 1772, Capt. Thomas Lindsay set out from the harbor of Newport intending to come up to Providence. He expected that the “Gaspee” would catch sight of him and that he would very probably be stopped and his cargo searched, but he made up his mind not to allow this if he could help it. With all his sails spread he headed out of the harbor and started on his way. Just as he expected, he had not gone far before the “Gaspee” appeared in pursuit. The customary shot was fired across his bow, as a warning for him to stop, but without paying any attention to this

the gallant Captain kept on his way. For several miles there was a hot pursuit, but it was a long chase and the packet was hard to overtake.

About seven miles below Providence the shore runs out in a long spit of land called Namquit Point (now known as Gaspee Point). The little packet sailed round this point leaning far over in the brisk wind. In the hopes of overtaking her the "Gaspee" tried a short cut across the shallow place, but the water was even shallower than her Commander had thought, and to the rage of the Commander and crew, she went aground. There was considerable running and shouting on board of her; orders were given and followed out in haste, but they were of no use. The "Gaspee" lay there in the hot summer sunlight, leaning over more and more as the hours passed by and the tide ebbed. It was soon quite evident that her chance to catch the packet was gone and that she would have to stay where she was until high tide, and that would not be until 3 o'clock next morning.

Captain Lindsay sailed leisurely on to Providence, arriving about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and went straight to the home of Mr. John Brown, who was a close friend of his. He related his experiences of the day and described the helpless plight of the English schooner. The news spread fast and it did not take the citizens of Providence long to decide that now was the chance to rid themselves of their hated tormentor. About two hours after sunset that same evening, the roll of a drum sounded in the streets and the voice of a man was heard calling out in a loud tone, "The 'Gaspee' is run aground off Namquit Point and cannot float before 3:00 o'clock tomorrow morning. Those people who feel disposed to go and destroy that troublesome vessel are invited to repair to Mr. James Sabin's house this evening." There was plenty of enthusiasm over the suggestion and before 9:00 o'clock that evening a large company of men had gathered in a room of Mr. Sabin's house. This house was an inn that stood at the corner of what is now South Main and Planet Streets, just opposite Fenner's Wharf.

The men who gathered for this venture came armed with guns, pistols, swords and clubs. Those who owned no arms them-

selves borrowed from their neighbors. Bullets were scarce, so a fire was lighted in the great fireplace and lead was hurriedly melted and poured into bullet moulds. By 10:00 o'clock everything was ready. The men filled eight large longboats that had been moored at Fenner's Wharf. The oarlocks and oars were carefully muffled and the expedition set out. Captain Whipple was put in command.

Down they went through the darkness past Fox Point, around Field's Point and so on toward where the "Gaspee" lay. They approached very close to the schooner before the watch on deck discovered their presence. Then his cry rang out and brought the Commander and his sleepy crew to the deck. After a brief exchange of demands and oaths the men in the boats began the attack. A few shots were fired injuring one or two of the "Gaspee" crew, and in a few minutes a vicious hand-to-hand fight was underway. The attackers soon got the upper hand, made prisoners of the Commander and crew, and quickly transported them over to the Warwick shore, where they were put into the hands of willing assistants.

After this was done the boats returned to where the "Gaspee" lay and she was set on fire. Silently the Providence men rested on their oars and watched the flames as they leaped from one end of the deck to the other and up through the sails and rigging. Suddenly their boats were shaken by the dull roar of an explosion. A mass of burning wood and rigging was shot high above the schooner and fell back into the water with a great splash. Bits of burning wood were thrown through the air, even as far as where the longboats lay.

The powder in the "Gaspee" had exploded, blowing her to bits. Nothing was now left but the floating wreckage and a part of the hull. The night's work was finished and the "Gaspee" was destroyed. Very quietly the longboats were rowed to town. The men who were in them separated and returned, each to his own home.

The strange thing is that the authorities who wished to punish these men for burning the schooner never were able to find out who they were. Almost everyone in town must have known, but no one would tell.

Governor Wanton offered a reward of

\$500 for any information as to who they were. The King of England offered \$5,000 reward for the leader of the expedition and \$2,500 for the arrest of any of the men who

had been with him, but no one could be bribed or frightened into betraying the patriots who had delivered their Colony from the hated “Gaspee.”

NEWS FROM LEXINGTON

THE regular weekly issue of the Providence Gazette and Country Journal published on April 22, 1775, carried no screaming headlines such as “War Clouds Threaten,” or “Enemy Invades Massachusetts,” although Page Three of that quaint pioneer sheet did include a very matter-of-fact item to the effect that advice had been received from Boston on the previous Wednesday evening that a detachment of the King’s troops had fired upon and killed a number of inhabitants of Lexington, about twelve miles north of Boston, and, as a result, “an engagement had happened.” When this alarming news had been transmitted to the people of Providence on Wednesday, a great mass meeting was held and attended by prominent citizens, many enthusiastic patriots, and the officers of the several local independent military companies and of the militia. Following the meeting, two “expresses,” or messengers, were dispatched for Lexington to obtain authentic accounts of what had transpired there, while other messengers were sent to different parts of the Colony and to Connecticut. The messengers that went to Lexington returned on Friday, the day before the publication of the news article, enabling the local paper to print a brief outline of the gallant stand of the patriots on April 19, 1775 — the engagement that marked the beginning of the end of British rule over the Colonies.

General Gage, learning that the people were gathering military stores at Concord, sent about eight hundred men, under Colonel Smith and Major Pitcairn, to destroy them. The patriots of Boston, however, were on the alert, and hurried out messengers to alarm the country. When the British reached Lexington, they found a small company of minute-men, as they were called, gathered on the

village green. Riding up to them, Pitcairn shouted, “Disperse, you rebels; lay down your arms!” They hesitated. A skirmish ensued, in which several Americans — the first martyrs of the Revolution — were killed. The British pushed on and destroyed the stores, but they were driven away in alarm when they observed the size and determination of the American militia. The enemy’s retreat was none too soon, for every man, every boy large enough to hold a rifle, hurried to avenge the death of the fallen heroes who had refused to disperse. From behind trees, fences, buildings, and rocks, in front, flank and rear, so effective a fire was poured upon the enemy that none of the British would have reached the city alive if reinforcements had not been sent out from Boston. As it was, nearly three hundred were lost.

When the full details of the Battle of Lexington had trickled into Providence, the town must have been tense with excitement. Open warfare with Great Britain had long been accepted as a certainty in Rhode Island but such news as this must have caused many heated discussions on the street corners and in the taverns, and, very likely, fears were expressed in many quarters that the enemy might next strike in this Colony where the King’s rule had been none too popular for some little time. Furthermore, Rhode Island lost no time in its war preparations. First, the General Assembly ordered an “Army of Observation” to be raised without any delay, and the militia companies were instructed to begin a regular schedule of drilling. This Army of Observation was raised in the name of the British King, and it appeared that the intention was not hostile to English interests. In polite language, it was raised for the purpose of repelling any

“insult or violence that may be offered to the inhabitants,” but the promptness in which this emergency force was put in the field, and the zeal which the patriots displayed in rallying to arms must have troubled His Majesty somewhat and caused him to surmise that Rhode Island’s military preparations might have had a far different meaning from what appeared on the surface.

Evidently, Nathanael Greene heard the tidings of the fight at Lexington late in the evening of April 19, after the report had passed on, from farm house to farm house, from town to town, until it reached the Greene homestead in Coventry. He mounted his horse instantly and rode to the alarm-post of the Kentish Guards at Greenwich, stopping at the home of a friend named Madison to borrow a few dollars in hard money. The Guards set out by dawn with Varnum in command. It was in the early hours of the morning that they marched, at a fast pace, through Providence. John Howland reported that, “I viewed the company as they marched up the street and observed Nathanael Greene, with his musket on his shoulder, in the ranks, as a private. I distinguished Mr. Greene, whom I had frequently seen, by the motion of his shoulder in the march, as one of his legs was shorter than the other.” As the Guards were about to cross into Massachusetts near Pawtucket, Governor Wanton intercepted the march with orders delivered by messenger for the guardsmen to turn back. The Tory Governor’s orders were obeyed by all except four who continued in the direction of Boston — one of these was Nathanael Greene and two of the others were his brothers.

This Rhode Island Governor who plainly showed the direction of his sympathies was suspended for having in various ways “manifested his intentions to defeat the good people of these colonies in their present glorious struggle to transmit inviolate to posterity those sacred rights they have received from their ancestors.” A Committee of Safety was appointed which, with the two highest military officers, was to superintend the paying and furnishing the troops and direct their movements when called away

from the Colony. The number of men for the new Army of Observation was fixed at fifteen hundred. They were to be formed into one brigade, under the command of a brigadier general, and the brigade divided into three regiments, each one of which was to be commanded by one colonel, one lieutenant-colonel and one major. Each regiment was to consist of eight companies, one of them to be a train of artillery and have the use of the Colony’s field pieces. On May 8, 1775, Henry Ward, Secretary of the Colony and authorized to act in the place of the disqualified Governor Wanton, signed and sealed the commission that made Nathanael Greene, Rhode Island’s greatest soldier of all times, a brigadier general in command of the Colony’s little army that was soon to distinguish itself in the field.

It is a pity that the muster rolls of those companies of Rhode Islanders who rallied to defend the liberties of the nation in the making, were destroyed or have never been found. Records of the soldiers who were fired by the same spirit that sent Lexington and Concord folks and their neighbors in headlong pursuit after the retreating Britishers are few; the State archives are bare, and what few muster and pay rolls remain are scattered and in private hands. The names of all the commissioned officers are in the Colonial Records, but the official State papers contain no lists of the non-commissioned officers and privates. Some of this valuable information has been uncovered from other sources but the bulk of the documents that contain the patriots’ names and ranks have never been brought to light.

A letter to Mrs. Greene written by the Brigadier General from Providence before he departed for the front clearly discloses the determination of a typical Rhode Island patriot who stood ready to defend common rights and repel “bold invaders of the sons of freedom.” This communication penned on June 2, 1775, is quoted in part, “I am determined to defend my rights, and maintain my freedom, or sell my life in the attempt; and I hope the righteous God that rules the world will bless the armies of America, and receive the spirits of those whose lot it is to fall in action into the paradise of God, into whose

protection I commend you and myself; and am, with truest regard, your loving husband, N. Greene.” Greene found the Rhode Island troops encamped at Jamaica Plain, poorly disciplined and in need of complete reorganization. Through intelligent management and great personal influence he soon restored a high order of military discipline and this was strictly maintained thereafter.

At home, every precaution was taken to protect the Colony in case of invasion. Fortifications were thrown along the shores and upon high ground overlooking the waters of Narragansett Bay. Rhode Islanders inaugurated and enthusiastically supported the movement that finally ended in the building of the first American Naval fleet; the famous Beacon Pole alarm device was erected on Prospect Hill

in Providence; soldiers were recruited for active service, and every man in the Colony, of age and physically fit, was required to hold himself in readiness for any duty that his country might require of him. The torch was applied when determined Rhode Islanders burned the hated “Gaspee,” the fires of war were fanned into flames the day after Paul Revere rode through the Massachusetts countryside with his startling message; the long-anticipated conflagration broke forth on June 17th, when a stubborn force of little-trained farmer soldiers entrenched themselves on Bunker Hill and fought to the end for freedom. The blow had been struck; the time for diplomacy had passed; a nation of liberty-loving men and women plunged into a bitter struggle that could end only in victory.

THE CALL TO ARMS

THERE is nothing more inspiring for loyal, patriotic Rhode Islanders than a parade of the several military organizations which today compose the Rhode Island Militia. These Commands, authorized by State charter, never fail to bring forth genuine enthusiasm and heavy applause whenever they pass in review to the tune of “Yankee Doodle,” with their officers and troopers arrayed in colorful uniforms and brilliant trappings which have long been discarded for the sombre but practical olive-drabs and grays. There is something romantic and adventuresome about cockades, epaulettes, shoulder straps, ruffles, gold braid and shiny boots, even though they were more appropriate for parading and strutting about in the presence of impressionable young ladies than they were for actual combat service in the field.

These picturesquely uniformed bodies retain the high-sounding titles that must have thrilled the early patriots, especially the young men, and associated their activities with deeds of daring and adventure-filled exploits. Such titles as the “Newport Artillery, Kentish Guards, United Train of Artillery, Bristol Train

of Artillery, First Light Infantry,” and the comparatively new “Varnum Continentals” have survived since the first of these, the Newport Artillery, was founded in 1741. At the time when the Colonies faced war with England, the active military force in Rhode Island, in addition to some of those already mentioned, consisted of such groups as the Kingstown Reds, North Providence Rangers, Scituate Hunters, Providence Rangers, Pawtuxet Rangers, and the Providence Grenadiers. In spite of the fact that these companies were recruited from inexperienced youngsters they were well equipped and strictly disciplined and the Colony had a feeling of safety as long as the drilling, parading and mustering continued in its midst. The officers were elected at stated times by the companies themselves, their choice was communicated to the General Assembly for approval and then the Governor did the formal commissioning. These officers were, for the most part, prominent citizens who had had military experience in the field or on the training grounds, but practically all of the soldiers were raw recruits.

Although the intent was serious enough,

these muster days and training days were regarded pretty much as holidays. Those who were not members of the companies joined the frolic and put aside all work in order to watch the drilling of the troopers, and also to take part in the general jollification in the vicinity of the parade-ground. The headquarters of the militia was usually at some one of the many taverns in the town, and the tavern-keeper always made provision for the celebrating by laying in an extra stock of refreshments. It was customary for the newly-elected officers to be generous in treating, not only the soldiers in the company, but everyone else, and quoting Edward Field "liquor was furnished in such overflowing abundance that some who attended training took many more steps returning home than they had in coming."

By a law of the Colony, passed in 1774, each enlisted soldier was required to furnish at his own expense "a sufficient gun or fuzee" and a good bayonet for his gun. This equipment was therefore the soldier's own property and, as long as he furnished all that the law required, no question was raised as to the type. There must have been a strange collection of assorted fire-arms when those early defenders of peace and liberty marched and counter-marched across the rough fields and paraded through the narrow dusty streets. The original purpose of the maintenance of these home troops was for protection of the Colony itself but all this preparation led to a much more important and more active service than "home-guarding."

Immediately following the immortal clash of arms at Concord and Lexington, the General Assembly of Rhode Island ordered a so-called Army of Observation to be raised "with all the expedition and despatch that the nature of the thing will admit of," and all of the militia companies were ordered to drill a half-day every two weeks. This Army of Observation, as it was politely called, was raised for the purpose of repelling any "insult or violence that may be offered to the inhabitants" by the fleets and armies which surrounded them — the fleets and armies of His Britannic Majesty. Those who entered the army did so by subscribing to the following oath of enlistment: — "I, the

subscriber, hereby solemnly engage and enlist myself, and in the pay of the Colony of Rhode Island, for the preservation of the liberties of America, from the day of my enlistment, to the last day of December next, unless the service admit of a discharge sooner, which shall be at the discretion of the General Assembly; and I hereby promise to submit myself to all the orders and regulations of the army, and faithfully to observe and obey all such orders as I shall receive from time to time from my officers."

This Army of Observation was enlisted in the King's service and, on the face of it, the intention was not hostile to English interests. But the promptness in which this emergency force was organized and put in the field, and the zeal which the patriots displayed in rallying to arms must have worried His Majesty a bit and caused him to surmise that perhaps this hurried military preparation on the part of Rhode Island might have a far different meaning from what appeared on the surface. Thus, Rhode Island began to enter into the eight year struggle which was to lead to freedom and self-government by a new nation. Throughout the entire period of the war Rhode Island played an active indispensable part and from the tiny colony enlisted more fighters than from any other colony in proportion to its population.

Governor Wanton, the Deputy-Governor and two assistants protested the action of the Assembly in forming this Army of Observation, but their protestations were of no avail. Nathanael Greene and William Bradford were appointed a committee to confer with the Connecticut Assembly in regard to this matter of general defense; the public ammunition was distributed among the towns; and it was voted to hold the election session of the Assembly at Providence for greater security. At the May session for the election of officers the dividing line between Whigs and Tories was more sharply drawn. Those who preferred allegiance to England were forced to declare themselves, and there was no place for a straddler. As Nathanael Greene put it "those who were not for the Colonies were against them."

Governor Wanton was suspended for having in various ways “manifested his intentions to defeat the good people of these colonies in their present glorious struggle to transmit inviolate to posterity those sacred rights they have received from their ancestors.” A Committee of Safety was appointed which, with the two highest military officers, was to superintend the paying and furnishing the troops and direct their movements when called away from the Colony. The army was formed into one brigade of three regiments, each regiment consisting of eight companies, with a train of artillery. Nathanael Greene was placed in command with the rank of brigadier-general and by the first of June nearly a thousand men of this Army of Observation were encamped with their artillery on Jamaica Plain.

After the battle of Bunker Hill an extra session of the General Assembly was called. Committees were appointed to take account of the arms and ammunition in the Colony and report it to Congress. Saltpetre and brimstone supplies were sent to the powder mills in New York, and in all sections of the Colony could be seen open preparations for the impending struggle. A signal post was established on Tower Hill, and the famous beacon pole was raised on Prospect Hill and instructions were broadcast relative to the method in which it would be fired should the enemy strike. The Colony was put on a war footing, and every man of age and physically fit was required to hold himself in readiness for active service. A portion of the militia was designated to act as “minutemen” and the independent companies of infantry and artillery drilled with these militia companies. The Army of Observation which, by this time, numbered about seventeen hundred men, was placed under the command of General

Washington, who had arrived after the battle of Bunker Hill and taken charge of the Continental Army, relieving Artemas Ward.

Providence harbor was fortified between Field’s Point and Sassafras Point and a battery of six eighteen pounders was erected on Fox Point. The Beacon on Prospect Hill was given a thorough trial and the glow from the suspended kettle was found to shed a light over an area extending from Cambridge to New London, and from Newport to Pomfret. Preparations for war continued. All live stock was removed from Block Island and the islands in Narragansett Bay. Rhode Island delegates in Congress were instructed “to use their whole influence for building at the Continental expense, a fleet of sufficient force for the protection of these colonies, and for employing them in such manner and places as will most effectually annoy our enemies, and contribute to the common defense of these colonies.” This recommendation led to the appointment of a committee of which Stephen Hopkins and John Adams were members, and which soon laid the foundations of the Continental Navy, the first commander-in-chief of which was Esek Hopkins, the distinguished Rhode Island sailor.

In this and in subsequent conflicts involving the safety of the nation, Rhode Island was always in the forefront leading the way for a fight to the finish. This same spirit will ever prevail should similar emergencies be met again. George W. Greene, the historian, described well the spirit of Rhode Island during those exciting days of preparedness for the struggle for independence when he said “Rhode Island drew its sword when the ‘Gaspee’ was burned, and the scabbard was thrown away when Governor Wanton, the Tory, was deposed.”

STEPHEN HOPKINS

DURING the 18th century Rhode Island went through a remarkable change. In 1700 it had little more than the rudiments of a colony. Communication, within its boundaries and with the neighbors, was poor and infrequent, and the settlements were united only by name. Each community was self-sufficient, and only Newport and Providence showed the beginnings of commerce and industry. Newport far outshone its rival, at the head of the bay.

At the end of the century, in 1799, Rhode Island had a well-administered local government, with its towns all definitely united. It held a position equal to that of other commonwealths, which were all under a central federal authority. Its population had increased seven-fold. It was acquiring wealth rapidly, and its foreign and domestic commerce was growing and flourishing. Its system for public education, which did not exist at the beginning of the century, had become an active asset. Moreover, Rhode Island could boast of a college. Because of the common cause which the Revolution provided, the spirit of the colonists was now consciously and distinctly national.

The man who had more to do with this rapid growth and change than any other individual was Stephen Hopkins. Stephen was the brother of Esek Hopkins, the first Admiral of the American Navy. He is not so well known as his illustrious brother because he lived during a period of comparative peace, and no fame is quite so great as that accompanying military or naval glory. A search into his individual record reveals, however, that he was one of the most illustrious citizens that Providence, or Rhode Island, has ever produced.

He was born in 1707 in South Providence, near Broad, Sackett, and Hamilton Streets. His parents, William Hopkins and Ruth Wilkinson Hopkins, were both from Quaker stock. In Stephen's early years, the family moved to Chopmiscook, now Chopmist, near the northwest corner of Scituate. This region was a mere frontier settlement. Bridle paths afforded

the only access, and there was no country store, no postal route, no church, and no school. But Stephen's mother was an exceptional woman, who was well educated, and spared no pains to instruct her children properly. Both Stephen's grandfathers were intelligent, enterprising, and public-spirited men. They gave him practical instruction in mathematics and surveying, which was later to aid him immeasurably. Also, through association with these older men, he became acquainted with many prominent and influential citizens of the State.

By the time he was twenty-one, he was well prepared for the public life which was to follow, and three years later he was elected to his first office, that of Mediator of the town of Scituate. At the next town meeting he was elected Town Clerk, and held this office for ten years, meanwhile taking on other duties. From 1735 until 1742, when it became necessary for him to remove to Providence, he was President of the Town Council. In 1736 he was elected one of the Justices of the Court of Common Pleas, and Justice of the Peace. In 1732 he was one of the two Representatives to the Rhode Island General Assembly from the town of Scituate, and was re-elected every year but one until 1738. In 1737 he was engaged to revise the streets and project a map of Scituate and Providence, and this accomplishment won for him, in 1740, the appointment of Surveyor of the Proprietors' Lands and Clerk of the Proprietors. In 1741 he was again Representative from Scituate, and was chosen Speaker of the General Assembly and Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas. The two years preceding this, he had been first on the list of Justices of the Court of Common Pleas for Providence County.

In 1742 he found it necessary and profitable to move to Providence with his family, and promptly took an active part in the city's affairs. It is written of him that "he taught Providence her capabilities, and calculated, rather than prophesied, her future growth and pros-

perity.” At the time of his removal to Providence, the city had a population of 4,000. It had no custom house, no town house, no school houses or college, no library or public market house, no state house, no bank or insurance office, no printing press or newspaper, and no paved streets — only four churches, one mill, and three taverns.

The account of him goes on to say: “Having forecast in his own mind the commercial future which Providence had before it and accurately divided the channels through which it was to come, Stephen proceeded to do all in his power to bring in the new order of things.” He found helpful co-operators in the four Brown brothers, Nicholas, Joseph, John, and Moses. These men accomplished much. New wharves and storehouses were built, and new streets, and new bridges, a system of insurance policies was established; together with a school house commission, a library, a college, and a newspaper. Stephen was the prime exponent of all these projects, and the favor in which he stood is attested by his record of public offices held after his removal to Providence. Two years after his arrival he was re-elected Speaker of the General Assembly, and appointed Deputy from Providence. Between 1746 and 1752, he was re-elected to the General Assembly six times. He was also largely responsible for Rhode Island’s present boundaries, as he was a member of the commission which attended a hearing on the boundary question. The result of this hearing was that five towns between Massachusetts and Rhode Island were annexed to this State.

In 1751, he became Chief Justice of the Superior Court, from which office he stepped into that of Governor in May, 1755. In 1754 he represented Rhode Island at the Albany Congress, and was the only delegate who fully supported Benjamin Franklin’s plan for “union and confederation.”

During the Seven Years’ War, Governor Hopkins organized three additional Rhode Island companies, making such excellent preparations that he was congratulated by General Winslow, Commander of the Massachusetts forces, and was also re-elected Governor. His total time of

service as Governor was a little over ten years, between 1755 and 1768.

From 1763 on, when the legislation of the English Parliament assumed oppressive proportions, he played an important part in shaping public opinion towards resisting this oppression and approving the idea of separation and independence. One of his most powerful instruments for this purpose was the *Providence Gazette and Country Journal*, a weekly which he had helped to found. One of his articles, “Rights of Colonies Examined,” was so thoroughly convincing that it was reprinted in almost every colony in America.

When the Declaration of Independence was drawn up, Hopkins was one of the signers. After several years of ill health which did not entirely confine him, he died in 1785, universally mourned as a genial comrade, and respected as a student, merchant, leader of public sentiment, writer, historian, orator, legislator, jurist, executive officer, patriot, and statesman.

In the shadow of the imposing new Providence County Courthouse, a few steps from Market Square, has come to rest for future generations to see the little wooden dwelling house that was once the home of Stephen Hopkins, illustrious Rhode Island citizen who played so important a part in the early history of the State. This permanent memorial was turned over to the Society of Colonial Dames in Rhode Island in the year 1929, and its doors were opened so that the public could view the interior of a typical dwelling of Revolutionary days, and picture in imagination the quaint scenes that took place within its walls. Originally this house stood on South Main Street. In 1804 it was moved half way up the hill, and now is located permanently on the west side of Benefit Street, at the corner of Hopkins Street.

Let us look into the pages of history for one or two sidelights on the character of this man who occupies one of the prominent niches in the Rhode Island hall of fame.

John Adams, who was associated with him in Congress, speaks of him thus: “The pleasantest part of my labors in the four years I spent in Congress, from 1774 to 1778, was in the Committee on Naval

Affairs. Mr. Lee and Mr. Gadsen, two members of the committee, were sensible men and very cheerful, but Governor Hopkins of Rhode Island, above seventy years of age, kept us all alive. Upon business, his experience and judgment were very useful, but when the business of the evening was over, he kept us in conversation till eleven and sometimes twelve o'clock. His custom was to drink nothing until eight in the evening, when his beverage was Jamaica spirits and water. It gave him wit, humor, anecdotes, science, and learning. He had read Greek, Roman, and British history, and was familiar with English poetry, particularly Pope, Thompson, and Milton, and the flow of his soul made all of his reading our own, and seemed to bring in recollection in all of us all we had ever read . . . Hopkins never drank to excess, but all he drank was immediately converted into wit, sense, knowledge and good humor, and inspired us all with similar qualities."

Here is a letter Hopkins wrote in Philadelphia to his son's wife, on June 21, 1775:

"Beloved Ruth. . . . I wrote you on the 25th of May and gave you an account of our journey hither. Since then I have had an ill turn and two or three fits of fever and ague, but am now well. Your mother has not been well for several days, and is now quite poorly. I hope she will soon be better. George I expected to have seen here, but believe he has gone to South Carolina. Col. Washington will set out from here in a day or two for New England to take command of the Continental Army of which he is appointed Commander-in-Chief. He will be accompanied by General Lee, who also has a command in the army which is taken into the pay of all America. I can give no guess yet when we shall leave this place — certainly not very soon, unless we adjourn to the Northland, which is talked of, but not agreed to yet.

Give my best to all parts of the family, and respects to all who may ask after me. Should be glad to hear from you, and remain your Affectionate Father, Stephen Hopkins."

In March, 1781, it became necessary for Washington to visit the Island of Rhode Island to make arrangements with the

newly arrived French allies, for the conduct of the approaching campaign. On his way he stopped for a few days at Providence.

It was doubtless on this occasion that Washington paid the visit to Stephen Hopkins of which Moses Brown has left so interesting a record: "I was sitting with him," says Moses Brown, "when General Washington alone, called to see him. I sat some time viewing their simple, friendly and pleasant manner . . . these two great men met and conversed with each other on various subjects." Moses Brown adds that he had occasionally seen Washington before and after this occasion, and had been impressed because his simple, easy manner resembled that of Governor Hopkins.

In 1774 Stephen Hopkins, although in feeble health, was a delegate from Rhode Island to the first Continental Congress. Of the fifty-five delegates present, he was the only one who had been a member of the Albany Congress in 1754. (Franklin, who also had been at the Albany Congress, was not a member of the Continental Congress until 1775.) Hopkins, more than anyone else at that gathering, seemed to appreciate the gravity of the situation, and to realize that war was inevitable. He expressed this conviction in the following memorable and courageous words:

"Powder and ball will decide this question. The gun and bayonet alone will finish the contest in which we are engaged, and any of you who cannot bring your minds to this mode of adjusting the question, had better retire in time."

Some historians have gone so far as to acclaim Stephen Hopkins as the most distinguished citizen to whom the city of Providence has given birth. Roger Williams first saw the light of day on the other side of the Atlantic; and Nathanael Greene, whose name is held in deepest honor throughout the State, was born in Warwick, and was never a resident of Providence. The great names of Berkley and Channing have inseparable associations with Newport, though none with Providence. Stephen Hopkins, however, was born on Providence soil, was thoroughly satisfied with her interests, and

was one of her most assiduous public servants. She is most deeply indebted to his exertions.

One who knew him well, and had carefully studied the influence of his personality, said of him long after his death:

“Providence, from the beginning, has had to boast some men — the number more or less from time to time — of this peculiar, this Themistoclean character. Men who might say, as Themistocles said: ‘True, I do not understand the art

of music, and cannot play upon the flute; but I understand the art of raising a small village into a great city.’”

This striking tribute might most properly have been Stephen Hopkins’ epitaph. Those whose efforts are identified with the city of the present day, with its varied interests of manufacture, commerce, railways, schools, libraries, and all the other multiform elements of a city’s life, owe more than can easily be realized to the intelligent exertions of Stephen Hopkins.

THE NAVY’S FIRST COMMANDER

THE Union’s smallest state has the distinction of having built and manned the earliest vessels with which to fight against Great Britain; in Rhode Island were equipped more than her proportionate share of vessels during the war; it was Rhode Island that furnished more naval officers than any of the other states; and to Esek Hopkins came the honor of being first Commander of the American Navy. Much has been written about Esek Hopkins, the sailor, and about his brother Stephen, the statesman. The Providence homes of each have been preserved, carefully restored under expert direction, furnished with many family belongings and heirlooms, together with contemporary pieces of furniture and household utensils; and both homesteads are now open to the public. The city has performed a meritorious service by protecting and opening the two Hopkins homes and others of equal importance, and all patriotic citizens sincerely pray that the same can be done for other landmarks that serve as a precious connecting link between the present and a glorious past.

Esek Hopkins was one of nine children. He was born April 26, 1718, in the section now known as Scituate, Rhode Island, but, at the time of his birth, his home was within the town of Providence. His boyhood was spent at the family homestead in the midst of a wild and sparsely settled country, and he went to sea at the age of twenty. Little is known of Hopkins’

youth up to the time when he left the farm to begin his career as a sailor, except that he has been described as being “tall, stout and handsome.” There was salt in the blood of the Hopkins; two older brothers were already masters of vessels, and Esek was probably influenced in taking to the sea by the tales of travel brought home to the farm by John and Samuel.

Esek’s first voyage took him to Surinam and he entered upon his new life with all the enthusiasm of a typical young Rhode Island adventurer. He soon rose to the command of a ship and was ranked among the more prominent master mariners of New England. At the age of twenty-three he was married to Desire Burroughs of Newport, the daughter of a leading merchant and shipmaster. For a while Hopkins maintained a residence in Newport, but later he moved to Providence, where he was made a freeman of the town by subscribing to the required oath of fidelity. It appears that this oath was not taken immediately, very likely because the new Providence citizen was away on one of his extended sea voyages. He displayed a keen interest in education, his first public office being an appointment on the town’s first school committee from which grew the splendid free school system later bringing great credit upon the community.

Evidently Esek spent little time ashore, for he was soon attracted by the golden opportunities in privateering, Rhode

Island's most profitable enterprise during the years previous to the War for Independence. Records exist wherein are described some of the prizes taken by Captain Hopkins, and it is evident that, during this exciting phase of his career, he was associated with the Browns, those master minds of commerce and maritime exploits. Just previous to the year 1757, the most significant period of his privateering experiences, Hopkins acquired and occupied the farm to the north of Providence where the old homestead stands today. If there are such things as ghosts or hovering spirits, then the quaint and comfortable little Colonial residence on Admiral Street must have a house full. There were six children in the family, and the place was a rendezvous for a great circle of friends and acquaintances who enjoyed the hospitality dispensed by the widely-traveled host. Some one has said that he "delighted in entertaining his friends; there were hunting trips in the wild woods, shooting at marks and other sports to occupy the time on such occasions, but with all these pleasures he found time to devote much attention to carrying on his farm, employing many negroes in this work." These ghosts, if any, must look smilingly upon the hosts of present-day patriots who roam through the cozy low-ceilinged rooms fascinated by the air of homelike peace and comfort created again by those who have expertly restored and refurnished the precious landmark.

Hopkins entered into the political strife and turmoil of the Colony and talked openly on subjects of a controversial nature. During the prolonged "give and take" political battle between Esek's brother Stephen and Samuel Ward, the two leading public figures at the time, he showed his brotherly love and affection by becoming a strong supporter of Stephen's ticket, helping him in a great measure to political success. It might well be observed here that Esek Hopkins, in all of his relations with his fellow men, was frank and always to the point; he made no effort to conceal his opinions on subjects which aroused his interest or appealed to his sympathies. He was extremely aggressive, one of the most

prominent traits in his character that later led him into controversies during his early political life, and later during his naval service. Edward Field says: "He was quick to penetrate trickery or deceit and quicker still to expose it, there was a strong individuality to his make-up which sometimes operated to his disadvantage than to right the supposed grievance or to elevate himself in the estimation of his fellow men. With a character strong and positive, coupled with the dictatorial manner of the master mariners of the times, he naturally made enemies and became easily drawn into controversies."

Of course, the most interesting portion of Hopkins' life centers around the events leading up to the establishment of the first American navy and the appointment of Esek to be its first Commander-in-Chief. During the summer months of 1775 Rhode Islanders were kept constantly on edge because of the feared invasion of Narragansett Bay by the enemy's fleet. The British fleet lurked somewhere outside of Brenton's Reef, according to rumors, and definite steps were finally taken to protect the inland waters of the Colony. Captain Hopkins, considered the most able shipmaster in Rhode Island, was eagerly requested to assume command of the tiny but gallant fleet which had been assembled to protect the shores of the Colony. At this time Hopkins was nearly sixty years of age but he had willingly assumed responsibility for directing both the naval and military operations in this section. When the British fleet directed its attack upon Newport, Hopkins rushed to that point with reinforcements and proved to be of great assistance in repulsing the enemy.

Because of his local reputation for ability as a leader of men, an expert navigator, and a successful organizer, he was picked by Congress by unanimous vote to take command of the American Navy which was being built and assembled at Philadelphia. His selection was also probably due to the fact that his brother Stephen then headed a committee on naval affairs and was prominently identified with those who urged naval protection. Incidentally most of this

pressure which was brought to bear upon Congress urging quick and definite steps to be taken for American sea protection came from loyal Rhode Islanders. Immediately following his appointment as Commodore, Esek Hopkins resigned all of his local commands and journeyed to Philadelphia accompanied by a picked group of local volunteers who had expressed their willingness to sail and fight on American vessels under the command of the most distinguished Rhode Island sailor. Shortly after his arrival in Philadelphia, and when he had inspected the first squadron of United States fighting ships, Hopkins requested that Congress give him additional ships of war to increase the strength of his fleet, and Congress complied with this wish by allowing him eight additional armed merchantmen.

Lord Dunmore with a squadron of British ships was meeting with no resistance in his raids up and down the Atlantic coast and Hopkins was soon ordered to move his command from Philadelphia and put a stop to this annoyance. The first American naval fleet set sail on January 9, 1775, with a Rhode Islander in command and the scene must have been an inspiring one for those gathered on the shores and along the wharves to witness the ceremonies attending the hoisting of sails and the hauling of anchors. What amounted to disaster beset the fleet almost at the very beginning. The river was filled with ice at the time and it was nearly a month before the proud armada squared its sails off the Delaware Capes and headed south in search of the enemy. When he was

located, the British ships were all safely harbored beneath a formidable array of frowning fort guns, therefore the careful commander dared not to push an attack and risk defeat at the hands of a combined land and sea force. Seasickness among many of the unseasoned sailors also had some influence upon Hopkins' decision to delay the attack, and so the fleet was ordered to proceed south to the Bahama Islands, where it had been rumored that the enemy had stored a valuable supply of arms, ammunition and supplies.

The story of this expedition, which was successful in many respects; the misunderstandings which resulted from the actions taken by Hopkins when the fleet returned to the Colonies; and the facts concerning the censure received by the fleet's commander during the weeks which followed make a long, interesting story which every Rhode Islander should read with an open mind. Historians have dealt rather harshly with Hopkins because of his decisions in times of combat emergency, but there are always two sides to every story. Jealousy was keenly evident at the time of the navy's birth; others secretly and some openly desired the post of honor held by the Rhode Islander. No one has ever questioned his patriotism and loyalty, and the passing of time, together with the intelligent research of fair-minded historical narrators, will probably emphasize the undermining influences of his political enemies rather than exploit the shortcomings of the one who was given the post because of his unquestioned ability to lead fighting men on fighting ships.

RHODE ISLAND'S JUST CLAIM

AMONG many other just claims to distinction, Rhode Island has every right to boast of her leadership in the cause of independence. The first blood shed in the noble cause stained the decks of the stranded "Gaspee," the hated ship that local patriots attacked and burned when they learned of her plight, high and dry on the sand bars off Namquit Point

in Narragansett Bay. Records disclose that this Colony supplied a larger proportionate share of soldiers than any other Colony during the long and disheartening struggle; and Rhode Island was the first to renounce, in certain and straightforward language, any and all allegiance to Great Britain. Since the latter claim has been disputed by a few historians, and

particularly by one section of the nation, it will be the purpose of this account to attempt to disprove such counter claims and clarify the original intents and purposes of the immortal session of the Rhode Island General Assembly that met in the Old State House in Providence on May 4, 1776, exactly two months before the more widely exploited meeting of the Continental Congress in Philadelphia.

First, what of the contention that a Declaration of Independence was made elsewhere previous to May 4, 1776. Reams of paper, gallons of ink, and rivers of eloquence have been expended in the efforts to prove the authenticity of the so-called "Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence," alleged to have been promulgated at Charlotte, North Carolina, on May 20, 1775. Statesmen and historians have taken up the cudgels in defence of the honor of the "Tarheel" state; the anniversary of the date is a state holiday; prominent national figures have journeyed to North Carolina year after year to participate in the celebration exercises, but, from all the evidence that is at hand thus far, Rhode Island's claim still stands supreme.

The South's claim to the disputed honor all hinges on the word "if." If a document reputed to have contained certain resolutions of a body of patriotic citizens of North Carolina had been authentic, and if such a document ever did exist, then Rhode Island should forget its contention and relinquish the honor to another. The document in the South was said to have been signed by Abraham Alexander and by John McKnitt Alexander, and it is claimed by many, especially citizens of North Carolina, that it contained several resolutions that expressed the following general sentiments; first, that whosoever aided or countenanced an invasion of American rights by Great Britain was an enemy to this country, and to the inherent and inalienable rights of man; second, that the citizens of Mecklenburg County resolved to dissolve the political bands which connected them to the mother country, and that they absolved themselves from the British crown; third, that they declared themselves a free and independent people; fourth, that they no

longer acknowledged laws and control of legal officers; fifth, that every effort was to be made to spread the love of country and fire of freedom throughout America until a more general and recognized government be established in this province.

As stated previously, if such a declaration had been made, the historic action in Rhode Island should be given a position of secondary importance. Such language as was contained in the foregoing outline of resolutions would indicate that the people of one section of North Carolina positively demanded complete and absolute independence. But, what proof is there that such a document ever existed, or that action of that character was ever taken? In July, 1905, there appeared a facsimile copy of the disputed document as it appeared in what purported to be a long-lost copy of the Cape Fear Mercury, a Colonial newspaper in which the said document is said to have been originally printed. This paper, however, was soon proved to be a forgery, and the original paper said to have been sent at the time by Colonial Governor Martin to the Earl of Dartmouth in England is still missing. Governor Martin, much incensed over the rebellious actions of his constituents, did send a document back to the mother country, but, more likely, it was one that contained a copy of the equally-famous "Mecklenburg Resolves," said to have been adopted at a meeting of the patriots on May 31, 1775. These "Resolves" contained no mention of independence, nor did they hint at open rebellion — they were of a far different character from the words and phrases of the questionable "declaration."

Furthermore, William Henry Hoyt, who wrote an enlightening history of the controversy, showed that the alleged declaration of May 20 had no better foundation than the imperfect memory of aged participants in the meeting, and in an account written from memory years after by the secretary of the particular assembly. The similarity of this declaration to that of the one put forth by the Continental Congress brings up another question. At one time it was insinuated that Thomas Jefferson filched some of the

finest phrases in his immortal document from the Mecklenburg paper, while others have found positive proof of the fraudulent character of the latter from this very similarity. John Adams sent a copy of the declaration that was published in the Raleigh Register on April 30, 1819, to Thomas Jefferson with the remark that he thought it genuine. Jefferson answered promptly and sharply. He repudiated the Carolina claim and rapped Adams roundly for appearing to believe in its authenticity. Jefferson sarcastically placed the story in the same category with that of a volcano said to have broken out in North Carolina some time previously, and he added, “It appeals to an original book, which is burnt; to Mr. John McKnitt Alexander, who is dead; to a joint letter from Caswell, Hooper and Hughes (they were Representatives from North Carolina to the Continental Congress) all dead; to a copy sent to the dead Caswell, and another sent to Dr. Williamson (historian) now probably dead, whose memory did not recollect in the history he has written of North Carolina this gigantic step of its County of Mecklenburg.” And Jefferson further alluded sarcastically to the statement that a copy of the declaration in question had been sent to Congress, a fact of which that body never heard; and that even when the immortal declaration was signed at Independence Hall thirteen months later, nothing was then said of a similar document preceding it in North Carolina.

What does all of this mean? North Carolina claims that one of its counties was the first to declare independence from the rule of Great Britain, but that this contention has not yet been substantiated by documentary evidence — many forgeries and other misrepresentations in the case have been uncovered from time to time during the century-old controversy — the Governor of North Carolina at the time denied the truth of any such action on the part of his constituents — Thomas Jefferson also denied the truth of the claim and ridiculed the attempt to give North Carolina the credit for such a momentous step in the history of this nation — finally, Continental Congress was never aware of the fact that a bold,

startling declaration had been previously made somewhere in North Carolina.

But the Continental Congress did know about the declaration made on May 4, 1776, here in Rhode Island. When the formal statute had been drawn and approved with but six dissenting votes, and when signatures had been affixed, the two Rhode Island Congressional delegates, Stephen Hopkins and William Ellery, were instructed, by virtue of the action taken, to take a position on the side of those Colonies demanding complete and absolute freedom. Of course, some contend that the word “independence” did not appear anywhere in the sentiments of the Rhode Island legislature. The word may not have been used but the intention was there. The action taken repealed an existing act entitled, “An Act, for the more effectual securing to his Majesty the allegiance of his subjects in this, his Colony and dominion of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations,” and it also altered the forms of Commissions, of all writs, and processes in the Courts, and of the oaths prescribed by law. Nothing could have been more decisive, no procedure could have better demonstrated that this Colony, for one, had relinquished all ties with the mother country. George the Third, King of England, was severely taken to task in the body of the Rhode Island document, his power was to be opposed — Rhode Island wanted independence and she demanded it in plain, understandable language.

Even if North Carolina’s fantastic claim is once and for all disproved, there is still the problem of correcting the statements and impressions of writers and historians who stubbornly refuse to acknowledge the importance of the legislative action taken in Providence on May 4, 1776. For example, the late Sidney S. Rider in an issue of his celebrated “Book Notes,” published in 1908, called the Rhode Island Declaration of Independence a “farce.” He said that “no such act was ever done . . . the General Assembly repealed a law of its own enactment. The allegiance of the people remained exactly as it had existed before.” Such statements are ridiculous; the obser-

vation is illogical. No one can rightfully question the fact that Rhode Island was overwhelmingly patriotic and wholeheartedly behind any movement that would

bring about independence — as a matter of fact, Rhode Island was the first Colony to declare its independence from Great Britain.

GENERAL NATHANAEL GREENE

THE noted historian Sparks, writing of General Nathanael Greene, called the Rhode Islander the “most extraordinary man in the Army of the Revolution.” Some may consider such a statement an attempt to undermine the reputation of General Washington. Such was neither the intention nor the case. Washington was without a peer, but Nathanael Greene was a unique individual in the true sense of the term. Perhaps the characterization “the right hand man of Washington” would fit him most appropriately, but of course he was infinitely more than that.

Born in 1742 into one of the strictest of Quaker families, he soon acquired tendencies of thought entirely hostile to Quaker principles. He had always been a voracious reader, absorbing from books the education that had been denied to him by his too practical father, a Warwick blacksmith. Nathanael was no bookworm, but he had a passion for study and borrowed every book he could get hold of, soon acquiring a library of his own. Many books he read and re-read, but those with the greatest appeal to him were those dealing with the campaigns of past great generals and other military leaders. Such a display of taste brought upon his head the condemnation of all Quakers. But Nathanael was to do more than that to antagonize the members of his sect. He was to be one of the original organizers of the famous band of Kentish Guards and soon to embark upon a career that would separate him and Quakerism by an unbridgeable gulf.

He married in 1774, his bride being Catherine Littlefield, and went to live in Coventry, near his father's mill, of which he was then overseer. Training with the Kentish Guards became an enjoyable pastime for the young husband, particu-

larly when his charming wife was a spectator at the drills.

A year or so of this, and then a chance to put training and long reading and research into practice. The news came to Rhode Island of Lexington and Concord, of the fact that the British were back in Boston and the American forces under Washington were preparing for a stubborn fight. Washington sent out a direct call for aid, a call that the Kentish Guards hailed with delight. They assembled their packs and fine equipment and marched off to Pawtucket and Massachusetts in fine feather. But at the boundary of Rhode Island and Massachusetts they were held up by orders from the Tory governor of their own colony, disbanded, and sent back home. But four men refused to turn back, among them Nathanael Greene. With his companions he pushed on to Boston and there laid his abilities and services at Washington's command.

Whether this token of patriotism and loyalty to the call of his commander-in-chief began Nathanael Greene's close friendship with Washington is of no great matter as a question. Such a friendship did develop, and rapidly. There was some evidence of jealousy on the part of other officers of Washington's staff, but Greene's ability as a general was too great for such criticism to exist for long. He had all the ingenuity of a typical Yankee combined with a sagacity far in advance of his years. The very training that he had had at his father's forge and mill gave him a foundation of practical experience that was invaluable, especially when he was Commissary-General faced with the enormous difficulties of providing men with food, shelter, arms, and clothing during the awful winter of 1777-1778 at Valley Forge. He proved a giant of strength under stress, indefatigable, meeting every

crisis with cool judgment. Mrs. Greene was with her husband during the whole of this severe winter, giving up the luxuries of a home for a little hut scarcely larger than the type used by the regulars, going the rounds in bitter and fair weather to carry little delicacies to men who lay sick. The wives of all the officers who stayed the winter at Valley Forge met in Mrs. Washington's rooms to sew and patch the clothes of the soldiers whenever there was anything to patch with.

After this winter the Greenes were able to return to Coventry for a while, but Nathanael was always on the go, attending to official business and riding back and forth between his home and Providence. When winter came round again, the army took up its encampment on the banks of the Hudson, and it was here that the Greenes set up new quarters. Here, as formerly, they continued to be on the same terms of intimacy with the Washingtons, joining with them in what few social evenings they could arrange during the stress of the war.

Two years later came the treason of Benedict Arnold, and shortly afterward General Greene was put in command of West Point. He sent immediately for his wife and children to join him there, but through some delays she was unable to reach him before he had to go away on a new commission, that of taking charge of the Army of the South.

In vain did he try to get a little longer extension of time before setting out to fulfill his new command, but Washington, despite his great friendship for the Greenes, was unable to grant his aide the necessary time to wait for the arrival of his wife. Consequently Nathanael was only able to write Catherine an affectionate letter of farewell. It was two years before the two were reunited.

In the South began the most brilliant part of General Greene's military career. At the time of his arrival there General Cornwallis was in possession of both South Carolina and Georgia, and most of the people in these states were Tories. The situation, aggravated by the pitiful condition of the American Army in the South, provided General Greene with an even more difficult problem than that which he

had had to face at Valley Forge. But he went to work with his customary precision and judgment, reorganized the troops, established a new and strict discipline, and managed to get supplies through when there had been almost none before. Most important of all he revamped the general morale, until his men were thinking only in terms of victory.

In the southern campaign against Cornwallis, General Greene's old knowledge of military strategy, developed through his constant study of world famous campaigns, proved of inestimable value. He divided his army into several divisions in order to attack the enemy at widely scattered points. This forced Cornwallis to split up his army in the same manner. The latter suffered greatly from this move because, although he had more men than his American opponent, he had a paucity of officers. Of officers General Greene had plenty, brilliant men who were able to get the utmost results out of the few men at their command. In several battles they were able to give the British a severe drubbing. Then Greene retired into Virginia to await new supplies and reinforcements.

Here the American general bided his time before striking again at Cornwallis. He finally engaged the latter in one of the severest battles of the whole war, that of Guilford Courthouse. Both sides lost hundreds of men, and the Americans were forced to retreat. And retreat in this instance was not as bad as it seems. The British had also lost so heavily that they were in a difficult quandary, being unable to pursue yet not daring to remain where they were in their weakened condition. The actual result of the engagement was to break the hold of Cornwallis on the two southern states of South Carolina and Georgia. He gave up all control over them, and General Greene, his mission accomplished, returned to join General Washington. As a reward for his success in the campaign the colonies he had freed from British control gave him valuable tracts of land.

Catherine Greene had been with her husband in Charleston, South Carolina, at the end of the campaign, and she remained there until Cornwallis' final defeat

at Yorktown. After that victory, which terminated the war, the Greenes once more set out for Coventry and the peace and quiet of home. General Greene rode the thousand miles of the trip on horseback, but his frailer wife came from the South by boat.

In August, 1783, the general left the South. In every hamlet, town, and city that he passed through he was hailed with acclaim as a national hero. It was November before he finally reached Rhode Island. Here he no longer had any business interests. These had been disposed of long before. Consequently he decided to take his family to Newport, and leased a house there opposite the "Old Stone Mill." War over, the family reunited again and everything looked bright for the future. General Greene made plans in his own mind, hoping to have a happy life with his wife and children, living in Newport in the summer and on his new southern plantations in the winter.

But none of these plans could be carried out. During the war he had secured supplies for his men by giving his own bond to merchants. Now the merchants were

pressing him for payment. General Greene had expected Congress to reimburse him for his expenditures for military supplies, but there were the inevitable legislative delays, and the Greenes had to give up their new South Carolina estate to pay part of their debt.

In 1785, they went to Georgia to live on their plantation there, located on the banks of the Savannah River, about fourteen miles away from the city of that name. Here the prospect did begin to look better for the future. The estate was magnificent. It had every convenience, every facility for the enjoyment of life. But for the last time Fate intervened. On June 19, 1786, General Greene died, the victim of sunstroke. His wife was left a widow with five children.

A monument was erected to his memory in Savannah, Lafayette laying the cornerstone in 1823. Now, Rhode Island, Nathanael Greene's own state, has erected the statue of her great military hero. Well may she honor her illustrious son, one of the greatest generals, one of the most distinguished men of the Revolution, second only to Washington.

THE BATTLE OF RHODE ISLAND

BY DEGREES, the State of Rhode Island is taking on the appearance of an ancient European capital, where history has been made, and where succeeding generations have enshrined historic sites with descriptive tablets and other forms of memorial markers. Visitors to foreign lands may walk in the shadows of the Caesars; climb the steps once trod by raiding Goths; and stand upon spots hallowed by the feet of Saints; and, in such places, measure the passing of time in long spans stretching back to faraway periods in the story of mankind, whereas, time here extends not much beyond the three century limit. But, those three centuries have been crowded with action, action that moulded a nation out of a wilderness in comparatively short order. It is probably safe to say that as much actual history has been made in Rhode

Island since the beginning as in any comparable area across the sea during the same space of time, but it hasn't taken us so long to realize the importance of marking points and places of historic interest in order that present and future generations may associate names and events of the past with sites that are familiar today. That is why it may be observed that Rhode Island is gradually taking on the appearance of a well-labeled European place of antiquity, thanks to various groups, and individuals, whose efforts are being devoted to the preservation and designation of that which is worthy of enshrining.

Many local monuments and memorial tablets have to do with persons and events associated with the War for Independence, and one who is not thoroughly familiar with what actually happened here

during that lively conflict may become confused by the numerous Revolutionary War markers that can now be found most anywhere in Rhode Island, but especially in Providence and down the east side of the Bay as far as Newport. Therefore, these accounts may help many to place important Revolutionary events in proper chronological order, and make the viewing of historic shrines and properly-marked sites in Rhode Island more instructive and vastly more interesting.

Here is the story of the so-called Battle of Rhode Island, prepared in such a way that this masterly stroke of military strategy can be easily and clearly understood. On April 22, 1778, a day of Thanksgiving was proclaimed in Rhode Island for public recognition of the welcome news that France had agreed to join the American cause, and would furnish fighting assistance on land and sea.

Early in the summer, Count d’Estaing, commanding a French fleet of twelve battleships and three frigates, arrived in Delaware Bay after a stormy ninety-day ocean crossing. Shortly before these long-awaited allies put in appearance, the British fleet had moved north to New York and the French commander lost no time in moving his ships there, anchoring in the Narrows while Admiral Howe’s fleet remained above on the Hudson River. For reasons best known to them, General Clinton commanding the British troops at New York and Howe commanding the enemy fleet anchored nearby, decided to make Rhode Island the theatre of war by concentrating their forces at Newport for either attack or defense. Forthwith, 7000 British and Hessians were transported to the large island down the Bay and there they encamped in July 1778.

With that imposing array of enemy forces just a few miles from Providence, one can imagine what went through the minds of local residents — unquestionably they expected an attack most any day, but the expected failed to materialize. Naturally, General Washington’s attention was then turned to little Rhode Island, and his first move was to send a brilliant military leader, Major General John Sullivan, to command the militia of

the East and to direct the defence of Rhode Island. General Sullivan arrived in Tiverton some time in July, and shortly after his arrival reported to his superior that he had not more than 1600 men prepared for fighting service. In the meantime, about one half of the available military strength of Rhode Island was called to serve for twenty days from August first, and the remainder was ordered to be ready on call. It is rather difficult for us to imagine the local scene while all this was going on — mobilization of troops for certain battle on Rhode Island seems almost an imaginary situation but it did happen here once, and it must have been an exciting experience.

Near the end of July, the French fleet left New York waters and came up the Sound, blockading the enemy in Narragansett Bay after the ships arrived off Newport. Within ten days after the arrival of the Frenchmen, the British troops stationed on Conanicut Island withdrew to Newport and the British vessels in the harbor, in the Bay, and in the Sakonnet River, were either blown up or burned. As a pitched battle seemed more and more imminent, the American forces grew in strength. Generals Greene, Lafayette and other military experts came to the assistance of Sullivan, while volunteers poured in from all parts of New England and New York. By August 9, 1778, Sullivan’s forces had increased to about 10,000 men, and on that day he broke camp at Tiverton and crossed over to the Portsmouth end of the Island while the French fleet occupied the harbor and Bay. While this transfer of troops was going on, the ever-present British fleet put in an appearance, foreshadowing a naval engagement. Eager to win a decisive victory over Admiral Howe, the French commander took his 4000 men from Conanicut Island and put to sea hoping to engage the Britishers in battle. This was a commendable move for D’Estaing, but it seriously interfered with what later transpired on the land. For, a storm not only prevented a naval battle that would probably have been won by the French, but it also scattered the two fleets and disabled several of the French

warships. Besides this storm played havoc with the American forces established on the island in flimsy tents and poorly protected.

General Pigot, with about 4000 British and Hessians lined up for battle just a little north of Newport, awaited an attack from Sullivan who proceeded to march down the island opposite the enemy lines, where he halted his men anxiously expecting the French admiral to return with ships and troops. The French ships failed to appear so a heavy cannonade was ordered all along the line and this kept up for five days. It may be interesting to learn that the right wing of the American army was under the command of General Nathanael Greene and the left was under the illustrious General Lafayette. John Hancock, late President of Congress, commanded the second line of Massachusetts militia.

In regard to the vanished and much needed French fleet, records show that it returned to New York for shelter and rest for the men exhausted by a series of rough sea experiences. Admiral d'Estaing then decided to proceed from New York to Boston, where he might have his ships repaired and his provisions replenished. Hearing of this decision, Generals Greene and Lafayette were dispatched to Boston by Sullivan to urge the French to return back to Newport, but their entreaties were without success. Sullivan was left to his fate and his troubles were many, as we shall see.

Shortage of food and supplies, the failure of the French fleet to return, and the long delay created a general dissatisfaction in the American ranks. Desertions were made wholesale; the New Hampshire troops left in a body; many short-service volunteers from Rhode Island, Massachusetts and Connecticut returned to their homes; and, by the end of August, Sullivan's army was reduced from 10,000 men to about 5000. The outlook appeared decidedly discouraging for the American side. On the morning of August 29, Sullivan moved the remnants of his army back

to the fortifications in Portsmouth, at the point called Butt's Hill, and there awaited developments. The British, elated at the sudden change in conditions, decided to take the offensive and promptly moved out of Newport taking the two main roads that are familiar to those who ride in that direction today. Lively skirmishes took place between the pickets and outposts of the two armies and several surprise sallies caused losses on either side. The right wing of the British attempted to advance, but was repulsed and forced to retreat to Quaker Hill. Between the two armies lay a section of low marshy land intersected by a road and stone walls with wooded sections on the flanks.

This valley amphitheatre was the real battlefield, and across this valley cannonading continued all day. Charges and countercharges left rows of dead and dying between the lines and many heroic acts featured the bloody conflict. At the end of the day, the British at last gave way and retreated to the fortifications on Quaker Hill. General Sullivan ordered a surprise attack, but the exhausted condition of his men and the advice of his associate generals led him to abandon this plan. The Americans lost in killed, wounded and missing 657, and the British 1023. That night, Sullivan's troops with all baggage, artillery and stores quietly crossed the ferry to Tiverton, completing a piece of strategy that has been termed a masterly stroke of military wisdom. Naturally the Americans were disappointed, although time proved that Sullivan was well-advised in not provoking further fighting. For another year the principal island of Narragansett Bay was to remain in the hands of the British and it was a year of great annoyance and suffering, but the Battle of Rhode Island prevented an invasion of New England and probably turned the fortunes of war in the direction of the American Colonies. Perhaps, now, the many tablets and memorials to be seen at Butt's Hill in Portsmouth and elsewhere on the island will be more interesting and intelligible.

GEN. SULLIVAN AND WAR PROPAGANDA

A CERTAIN rare and interesting pamphlet of Rhode Island origin sheds light upon a Revolutionary War practice about which we know very little, and it also brings to mind the life and deeds of a great soldier whose chief military accomplishment took place within the borders of Rhode Island. The magazine "The American Book Collector" some years ago published an article contributed by Mr. Howard M. Chapin, historian, wherein was described an eight page pamphlet printed at Newport, by a John Howe, during the American Revolution. When the English occupied the summer capital at the lower end of the Bay, the Newport Mercury press, which had been operated by Solomon Southwick, fell into the hands of the British, as did many other Newport buildings, residences and institutions; and John Howe, who remained sympathetic with the English cause, thereupon operated the printing establishment as a loyalist press. Records of what literature Howe produced in the shop, which he had acquired, are very meagre and up to now the list of items known to have been printed by him consists of several incomplete files of the Newport Gazette, two pamphlets and four broadsides. One pamphlet, entitled "An Intercepted Letter to General Sullivan" presents an hitherto unknown sidelight to local war activities, since it brings out the fact that propaganda, printed or otherwise, was looked upon as an effective means of swaying public opinion, even in those days.

The "Intercepted Letter" is signed by the pseudonym "Nat Northwester" and, in Mr. Chapin's opinion, was probably never sent to General Sullivan, but was doubtless written as copy to be printed in pamphlet form as loyalist propaganda to be circulated among the inhabitants of the Island of Rhode Island, and, perhaps, to some extent, on the neighboring mainland, in order to encourage loyalty to the crown by ridiculing the military power of the American forces. From several points of evidence, it is reasonable to deduct that no actual letter reached the hands of the

General in charge of the American forces stationed in Rhode Island, and that this printed essay containing a generous amount of ridicule and wisecracks was the original creation of printer Howe himself. Whether or not Mr. Howe's particular brand of humor, or, as we say today, his kind of "insidious propaganda" turned any of the natives from the ranks of those, who were fighting for independence, to the camps and columns of His Majesty's gallant forces, will never be known; but the discovery of this rare eight page printed specimen does indicate that the powerful weapon of nations, political parties and other organized bodies and groups of the present age, is not so new after all.

Let us examine this pamphlet and observe what the anonymous writer of a letter to General John Sullivan had to say about the men who had left home and family to fight unto death for freedom. First, the writer calls attention to the General's surprise that many of his men had quit the American ranks and departed for home or elsewhere at the time when the British occupied Newport, and when the Americans were entrenched at the northern end of the Island in Portsmouth. Then, the writer infers that the excuse for this general exodus and wholesale desertion was not because the British had evacuated their outworks, but because the soldiers were forced to leave the ranks, and return to protect their families from an alleged wave of immorality at home. Of course, historical records do not bear out the charge that Colonial soldiers deserted the ranks during the period of action in Portsmouth and in Newport, nor is there any evidence anywhere that would lead one to believe that moral conditions at home were so disgraceful that men would be forced to throw down their weapons and hurriedly depart to protect home and family honor. However, the writer of the pamphlet infers that both of these conditions existed and he concludes this portion of his invidious propaganda with the following observation which he

probably thought was very humorous: "Taking the 3000 volunteers at 2500 married men, there go 2500 spouses at once, then giving them two sisters each, away go 5000 more. You cannot in reason allow the ladies less than six lovers apiece, how many is that? Aye, about 22,000, all undone! all violated! What Turks (What Tygers) would mind what passes in the outworks of ten thousand enemies, when such carryings-on are practising in their citadels at home?"

Nat Northwester then indulges in a bit of sarcasm in regard to the American claim that they had not received sufficient support from the French fleet during the operations incident to the Battle of Rhode Island and in conclusion writes as follows: "In reality you did not take the island, whose fault was that? The British, Hessian and Anspach forces would not let you have it. Your Excellency may say you took it in imagination. The best manner possible. You built castles in the air! That is the next elegant mode of acquisition. Oh, how your army enjoys the spoils of Newport, without loss to anybody! How they sup and dine, and drink large draughts of London porter! How their one-horse carts teem with dry goods! The hard cash rattling in their paper bearing pockets!" and to this is added as final postscript: "Compliments to all the gang of gentlemen who came to see Newport in flames, hope they will muster up a little of their Philosophy to support their Dissapointment." It seems strange to peruse such accusations and reflections upon the integrity of Americans, and the American cause for liberty, especially when we know that these words were printed on a local printing press in patriotic, liberty loving Newport. But this was in the days of war, when the enemy appropriated everything within reach, when the opposing forces resorted to any method that might bring about defeat for those whom they sought to vanquish. At any rate, this "Intercepted Letter" is a most interesting contribution to source material for the history of the use of propaganda during the war of the American Revolution.

John Sullivan, the eminent soldier who was the principal target for the foregoing

bit of war-time slander, was one of the leading men of the first Congress, who not only became a great military leader, but also won fame as an able statesman. He was the third son of Owen Sullivan, of Limerick, Ireland, and was born in Somersworth, Strafford County, New Hampshire, on February 18, 1740. Under his father's instruction he received an excellent education for the times, and, following a voyage in his youth, he began to study law in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and it was soon evident that he had great aptitude for his chosen profession. After being admitted to the Bar he settled in the Town of Durham, in his native county; he purchased a homestead that continued to be his residence until his death. He was very successful in his law practise, and he found time to inaugurate several manufacturing enterprises that prospered. Thus passed about ten years of John Sullivan's early manhood, during which he accumulated a fair estate.

At the first rumblings of the Revolution, John Sullivan, sympathizing heartily with the cause of American liberty, enlisted his fellow-citizens in a military company and took charge of the drilling and preparation for the impending emergency. At the same time he devoted much of his time to the study of famous military campaigns of ancient and recent times and soon could describe, in detail, the strategy and action of world-famous battles. He represented Durham in the New Hampshire Legislature and was chosen a member of the First Continental Congress that assembled in Philadelphia on September 5, 1774. When he returned to his home State he, with John Langdon and two others, planned a surprise expedition against Fort William and Mary at the entrance to Portsmouth harbor. On December 13, 1774, four months before Lexington, Sullivan, at the head of this expedition and attack, took possession of the fort, imprisoned the British garrison, seized and carried away one hundred barrels of powder, some of which was used at Bunker Hill, fifteen cannons and a quantity of small arms and supplies.

In January, a few weeks after this event, Sullivan and his associate Langdon were elected representatives to the Second

Continental Congress, and on June 22, hostilities having begun, he was chosen one of eight Brigadier Generals for the Colonial Army. Accepting the appointment, Sullivan resigned his seat in Congress, proceeded to the camp at Cambridge and was assigned to the left wing of the army. Thus began his military career which was one of the most brilliant in the whole army.

He served with distinction in Canada and at the battles of Long Island, Trenton, Brandywine, and Germantown, and, after sharing the privations of Valley Forge where he was closely associated with Generals Washington and Nathanael Greene, he was assigned by the Commander-in-Chief, in the Spring of 1778, to the chief command of the American forces in Rhode Island, with headquarters in Providence. 6000 British soldiers, with headquarters in Newport, were strongly fortified on the Island of Rhode Island. The French fleet under Count d'Estaing anchored off Brenton Reef on July 29, 1778, and the American force, including many New England veterans, 10,000 strong, was arranged in two divisions, under Greene and Lafayette, with Sullivan in supreme command.

Sullivan had everything in readiness at Providence but delays in the arrival of troops made it impossible for him to leave the mainland, to cooperate with the fleet that was engaged in destroying and disabling British ships, and thereby force the surrender of all enemy forces on the

Island. On August 10th the Americans crossed over to Portsmouth and they encamped on what is known as Quaker Hill. The next morning the French fleet did not land marines to cooperate with Sullivan's army but went to sea and there gave battle to an approaching British fleet. A sudden storm scattered the ships in the opposing fleets and the wind and rain played havoc with the American shore forces.

The French fleet failed to return to carry out its part of the strategy planned and Sullivan was left with a disabled force to combat a well-fortified and well-equipped opposition. As related previously, a battle took place on the Island of Rhode Island on August 29, and Lafayette pronounced it the best contested battle of the entire war, and one in which the British were held back with great losses. Then came the masterful retreat to the mainland engineered with splendid executive ability by General Sullivan, and for this and for his handling of the entire military situation in Rhode Island he was warmly thanked by General Washington and by Congress.

Following the war General Sullivan held many important offices in national and New Hampshire public life and he died in his fifty-fifth year, the end being brought on prematurely as a result of exposure and hardships during the years of the Revolution, and by the burden of responsibilities during an active and enviable career.

AMERICA WELCOMES THE FRENCH

THE Battle of Rhode Island, fought late in August 1778 on the great island at the lower end of Narragansett Bay, cannot be described as a decisive engagement, although military strategists and historians agree that it had decisive influence upon the final outcome of the Revolutionary War. Abandoned by a much-needed French fleet that was forced to leave Rhode Island waters, General Sullivan's discouraged and suffering troops, following a long delay before the

battle, and after a full day of actual combat, completed an orderly retreat from the island over to Tiverton leaving the British still in control of Newport. On the face of it, this seems to offer no cause for paying especial tribute to the men engaged in the affair, or to the officers who directed the final withdrawal of American troops from the scene of action. However, General Sullivan desired to carry the fight to a finish, and it appears now that his army might have over-

powered the already outfought and battle-weary Englishmen, but Sullivan's close advisers counseled a wiser, safer move and history reveals that they were right. Keeping a sizeable but tired and well-spent British force bottled up at a jumping off place and there threatened with a counter attack at any moment by opponents whose actual strength and fighting power remained an unknown quantity, actually prevented an invasion of New England at a time when such a move on the part of the British would have been disastrous to Washington's plans of action elsewhere in the American theatre of War. Experts say that the Battle of Rhode Island was the turning point in the prolonged struggle between the mother country and her rebellious American Colonies — if they are correct in their observations then the famous expedition on Rhode Island soil can be termed neither unsuccessful nor unfortunate.

General Sullivan remained in command of what was left of the American army until April 1779, when he was relieved by General Gates, and during that winter very little happened in these parts in the way of military activities. The people suffered a great deal though — prices were high, food was scarce and money was hard to get. Continental paper currency was practically worthless and the treasury was empty. In the face of this depression of 1778 and 1779, one that affected the well-to-do and poor alike, Rhode Island struggled under the added burden of trying to do its share in supporting the war that brought countless demands upon its hopeful, patriotic citizens. Militiamen had to be fed and clothed, families whose fathers and sons were away at the front had to be sheltered and protected, taxes had to be paid to Continental Congress to maintain an efficient army in the field. History shows that honest, resourceful administration of local government together with practically universal devotion to American ideals among Rhode Islanders, withstood complete disaster until there came another turn in events that restored fast-ebbing courage and brightened the hopes for victory.

Early in October 1779, a fleet of British transports arrived off Newport and the

rumor quickly spread that Sir Henry Clinton was about to take his troops away from Rhode Island and send them to the South where the greatest military activity was then centered. The immediate transfer of stores from shore to ship, the plundering of private property in Newport, the burning of barracks, and all of the "destroy what you cannot take" tactics that go with a general evacuation of troops promptly confirmed the rumor. October 25 was Newport's Evacuation Day and on that day everyone remaining there was warned to stay behind doors on pain of death. By evening the last boatload had been taken to the waiting transports and one can readily imagine the scenes in the old port when not a redcoat, not a Hessian, nor even a despised Tory could be found anywhere. Picture the hurried searches for long lost belongings, the excited return of many families to familiar scenes (nearly three quarters of the inhabitants had fled during the prolonged British occupancy); try to imagine the viewing of ruined homes and business places, more than five hundred of which had been destroyed at British hands. For many, many months the invaders had slept in beds owned by Newport families; dishes, furniture, linen, books, jewelry, heirlooms, keepsakes, all had become another's property by right of conquest. Precious belongings, priceless to some through sentiment and personal evaluation, were either destroyed or ruined beyond repair; comfortable, liveable homes had long since become four walls and a roof for plain, rough conquerors who were paid to fight when they were told, and who procured as much of life's common comforts as the immediate surroundings provided, whether it was a humble farmer's home and barn, a house of worship, an abandoned well-stocked tavern, or a princely mansion of a shipowner. And there wasn't much left in Newport for those who hurriedly returned to rescue what once had been personal property — the British took away all that they could carry including the early town records in manuscript form, but these were recovered some years later.

Nevertheless there was great joy and congratulation among Rhode Islanders

when the hated enemy finally departed, and this sentiment prevailed until the winter months of 1779–1780 brought on widespread suffering. That winter was one of great severity, the cold being so intense that all of Narragansett Bay was frozen over for nearly six weeks — provisions and fuel were very scarce and prices for both food and wood were prohibitive. All of Rhode Island suffered, but especially Newport where those who had returned to their ruined community late in the Fall had been unable to reestablish themselves in homes and in employment before the coming of most unusual winter hardships. Again good government and unselfish cooperation in a common cause averted a threatened famine and provided food and warmth for the poor.

We have now arrived at the Spring of 1780 in the narrative of Rhode Island in the Revolution. Washington's army was in a most distressing condition; Charleston had been surrendered; disaffection and despair seemed to reign among the American soldiers at the front. Renewed demands were being made upon the Colonies for men, money and supplies. In view of what the foregoing description has revealed in respect to Rhode Island's home problems, is it not inspiring even now to learn that the local General Assembly, at the June session, voted to send a regiment of 610 men to help Washington and to provide for the sending of a quantity of supplies?

But, now for facts that are considerably more cheerful. Marie Jean Paul Roch Yves Gilbert Motier Lafayette, native of France, born 1757, and the son of a military hero, offered his help to an infant American republic in 1776. After some delays caused by political misunderstandings, this Marquis de Lafayette, or as we now commonly refer to this distinguished ally, General Lafayette, was attached to General Washington's staff and became a member of his military family. Before the year 1777 had come to an end he had been wounded, and during the following year he was made a General of Division and given the thanks of Congress for his conduct at the battle of Monmouth. We heard a little about General Lafayette in connection with the Battle of Rhode

Island, in which he took a prominent part, and in regard to his efforts to bring the French fleet back to Newport from Boston when a hard battle on the island down the Bay appeared imminent. In 1779, it was necessary for this friendly French leader to return to France since his country had declared war against England, but while he remained in his native land he aroused his people to an enthusiastic support of the American cause. Thus, by the time he left for his second visit to this side of the Atlantic, his King had assured him that troops would be sent from France to take an active part in struggle for American independence. Lafayette returned to America bringing this welcome news.

And now we are back again to the spring and early summer of 1780. Under the direction of General Lafayette a system of signals was devised to assist an expected French fleet in reaching port safely. If the British held Newport, American flags would be flying on Block Island and at Point Judith and Sakonnet; whereas, if the colonists were in control of Newport, French flags would be displayed at the same places. On July 9, 1780, a long overdue and much battered flotilla emerged from the limitless horizons of the sea and approached that remote speck of sand dunes, cliffs and pebbly beaches now called No Man's Land, near Martha's Vineyard, and there learned its position from a lone fishing craft. The next evening these ships were in sight of Rhode Island shores. The following day, a typical July fog settled down so that no signal flags could be discerned, in fact, nothing could be seen until late afternoon when the fog suddenly lifted and revealed, flying gaily at a staff head on Point Judith, the fleur-de-lys of France. The Americans held Newport. That night six ships of the line commanded by Admiral Chevalier de Ternay anchored in Newport Harbor, convoying six thousand soldiers in thirty-five transports, the troops commanded by Jean Baptiste Donatien de Vimeure, Count de Rochambeau, General of France, born in 1725. Lafayette's promise had been kept — General Rochambeau landed ahead of his troops and sought a camping ground while the fleet lay at anchor between Rose Island and Brenton's Point.

The next day men and supplies were moved ashore. Since about one third of the Frenchmen were afflicted with scurvy and other ailments, it was necessary to provide immediate hospitalization. Some of the disabled were put under medical care in the old Newport State House and in the Congregational Church, while others were sent to Poppasquash across the harbor from Bristol, and to Providence. General Washington immediately sent a message of congratulation and wel-

come to the French Commander, and General Rochambeau wrote to the American leader as follows:

"We are now, sir, under your command . . . and I hope that in a month we shall be ready to act under Your Excellency's orders. It is hardly necessary for me to tell Your Excellency that I bring sufficient funds to pay in cash for whatever is needed by the King's army and that we shall maintain as strict discipline as if we were under the walls of Paris."

CHRISTMAS IN 1780

IT was the year 1780 and Christmas time in Providence where not many more than twenty-five hundred war-weary souls were preparing for the age-old holiday observance with just a little more enthusiasm than they had been able to arouse for, what seemed to them, a long, long time. And, it had been a long time since the startling news of the fateful clash of arms at Lexington had disrupted the ordinary course of things in all Rhode Island. April 19, 1775, then seemed like a day in the dim past, only faintly recalled as the time when it all began. Too many things had happened, had occurred in rapid succession, for any one hour, day or event to stand out in any great degree of prominence then, for the crushing burdens of war still rested heavily upon the shoulders of Rhode Islanders and of all those in America who, for more than five years, had resolutely sought liberty through armed resistance.

Long forgotten by the people of Providence in 1780 were the quiet times of ordered existence. No longer were the laborious but tranquil pursuits of agriculture, and the methodical tasks of trade and commerce familiar to the comparatively few men who remained at home; no longer were household duties for the women, routines of regular habits and practices. Providence like many American communities was a military camp; talk of war filled the air; machinery of war cluttered the streets; no family could escape or avoid the destructive, disconcerting effects of a bitter struggle that

still raged on native soil. For many months since '75 Providence had been near to the actual fighting, hundreds of soldiers had tramped through its streets to battle, and on their way back to home or hospital. Young men, old men, many had smelled the smoke of battle, been shaken by the sudden burst of bombardment. While old wounds and new wounds were healed under the patient care of frightened, hopeful wives and mothers — cherished notes from the front were pressed against anxious breasts. In all wars man-made instruments of destruction shatter the minds and bodies of humans far out of the range of their death-dealing missiles. Battlefields encompass vastly more than the serried ranks and drawn up reserves of fighting armies.

But, it was now Christmas in Providence and it was the year 1780 when something had happened that gave renewed hope to those who sought liberty through strife. In the summer six thousand men had come from far-off France to help the American colonists in their cause, and this formidable force of eager allies had the good fortune to complete a long and stormy ocean voyage in Rhode Island waters. Leaving their ships in Newport harbor, Count de Rochambeau's troops were promptly quartered in the old seaport at the lower end of the Bay. Many were ill, however, after the crossing and had to be provided immediately with hospital care.

The ill French soldiers who remained in Newport were quartered in the Old

State House and in the Congregational Church; some were sent to Bristol; and about three hundred and forty were transported to Providence and placed in University Hall, on College Hill, Brown's original structure, which was ordered to be turned over to the French by the Council of War. Brown University's precious pile of perfect Colonial design was a hospital for sick, lonesome native French warriors when the snow began to fall lightly late in the afternoon of December 24, 1780.

For many weeks the Frenchmen who had escaped illness and who could actively prepare for service at the front with Washington's army had virtually spellbound both Newport and Providence with their dazzling uniforms and courtly manners. People took their new guests as a form of wine, responding miraculously to their invigorating presence. Rhode Islanders, bruised and battered by every blow known to war, began to laugh again in the renewed gaiety of social life, and turned with a new heart to build up a bustling business and trade. The best mansions were thrown open to the French officers, and many homesteads, especially in Newport, were allotted to them as quarters. Brilliant parties and balls sprang into immediate vogue, and the two chief seaports of Rhode Island outdid themselves in courtesy and hospitality. Newport witnessed most of the social renaissance but Providence and other communities were not far behind in the whirl of entertainment. Nor were the Frenchmen one whit behind. Perhaps they had heard that a reputation for foppish ways and broad views about life preceded their arrival in this country; at any rate, they deliberately set out to shatter the truth of such unfair rumors. Certainly, by acting from the beginning with the most perfect decorum and grace, they dispelled whatever apprehensions American people may have had. Rather, the sight of their brilliant regalia, their gleaming swords, cockades, buttoned boots, the white uniforms of the Deux Ponts Regiment, the green and white of the Saintonge, the black and red of the Bourbonnais, and the rose facings of the Soissonais with white and rose pluming surmounting

grenadier caps, soon caused many a feminine heart to flutter, perhaps to feel that war really wasn't so terrible after all.

But the belles of Rhode Island were not alone in feeling the delightful quickening of the pulse and the excited beating of the heart. Charming as the Frenchmen had found America, they were unanimous in their praise of its beautiful women. Refined, attractive, gallant and always considerate, they vied among themselves for the honor of paying tribute to their fair Colonial hostesses and partners at gay social functions. Many a French heart was left behind on the shores of Narragansett Bay at parting time, and many a romance, friendship and broken heart can never be recalled. But, we are thinking particularly now of Christmas Eve, in 1780, when, in the midst of the joy and merriment that a chance meeting of the Old World and the new brought to these shores, three hundred or more strangers rested quietly in the dimly-lighted halls and chambers of old University Hall on College Hill.

Somewhere that afternoon a group of French officers had met intending to celebrate the approaching Christmas Eve. They were thinking and talking of Paris and of little villages in their faraway homeland — they pictured in their minds the familiar scenes of Christmas back home. They wondered what the holiday would be like in Puritanical New England where, for many years, old world customs had been put aside for more austere, conservative rites and forms of observance. But, several rounds of Madeira wine, and perhaps a few hot toddies which the cold November days in Rhode Island had taught these strangers to relish, soon dispelled all somber thoughts and longings for home. Songs soon replaced thoughts and words, and when candle lights began to flicker in the gray of twilight, the merry spirit of an old time Christmas spread to every corner of the tavern room, not far from the Market House. The tunes they sang were familiar to all, but the words sounded strange to the Providence folks who peered through the steaming panes of the tavern windows and who crowded into the room to join the happy Frenchmen. Greetings were

exchanged, well wishes extended, toasts drunk to General Washington, to Count de Rochambeau, to Lafayette, to the pretty girls of Providence, to Rhode Island, to Christmas.

Then some one suggested that a serenade be given the sick Frenchmen on the Hill; and hardly had the suggestion been offered when an impromptu procession was formed in front of the tavern. Two musicians with a flute and a viola appeared from somewhere, volunteer serenaders appeared from everywhere. Headed by a popular tavern keeper in the town who linked arms with a stalwart Grenadier from the Royal Deux Ponts, the singing, laughing, arm-waving file, becoming longer and longer by the minute, circled Market Square and then tramped through the mud and slush up the hill leading to the Military Hospital long since vacated by President Manning's prospective lawyers, doctors and preachers.

There were no Van Wickle gates to pass through then, no sidewalks for hand clapping spectators to stand upon and watch the fun. College Hill that night was just a sloping, treelined cowpath, but no College victory parade along that famous thoroughfare ever had more genuine enthusiasm, heartfelt spirit than did the procession of jolly carollers on the eve of Christmas in 1780.

Standing beneath the great elms that were probably the grandparents of the stately trees now surrounding Brown's original college building, Frenchmen, Englishmen, officers, soldiers, tavern-keepers, boys, pretty girls and aged patriarchs waited for the signal, and then, as the snow fell lightly upon cockades, bonnets, fur caps and beavers, they sang of Christmas. It was an old tune, a French tune, but both English and foreign words seemed to fit the rhythm and meter of the melody. Words did not matter, it was the spirit of the singing, and the three hundred or more lonesome, bodily-ill strangers behind those hoary walls heard the voices; they knew it was Christmas in Providence, Christmas everywhere. Tears came to eyes, prayers were muttered, heads fell back upon rough straw pallets, but a bond of union, of sympathy and understanding, had joined all in a common spirit of peace on earth, goodwill to men. And, as the last strains of "Lift up your gates, ye Princes, and let the child be born," or some other old European carol, reached the ears of those who listened within, some one ran to the steps of the ancient edifice and shouted loudly, "Merry Christmas to all, Merry Christmas to all," and the answer came back from every hall, from every room, "Joyeux Noël, Joyeux Noël." It was a Merry Christmas for all in Providence, in 1780.

STEPHEN OLNEY

MARCH 17th is not only St. Patrick's Day, but it is also the anniversary of that ever-to-be remembered day in American history when the British departed from Boston for an unknown destination, a departure that brought joy to the hearts of Massachusetts folks and fear into hearts of Rhode Islanders. It was all very well for the hated enemy force to relieve Boston of its unwelcome presence but it must have been terrifying to the patriots living in these parts when rumors had it that the next stop was to be Narragansett Bay. History reveals that such was not the objective of the British army, al-

though later invasions proved to be supremely annoying for Rhode Islanders. Let us turn to the pages of local annals that have to do with the exciting days of the War for Independence and consider the Olneys, a Rhode Island family descended from Thomas Olney, a contemporary of Roger Williams, and a joint proprietor in the "Providence Purchase." The family of Olney of Rhode Island gave to the war of the Revolution the services of four of its members. Stephen, who became a Captain; Jeremiah who attained the rank of Colonel; Christopher who became a Major; and Coggeshall Olney, who

also became a Major. These men all performed notable war service for their country and left honorable records. This account will treat of the first of these, Stephen, who is regarded by historians as an outstanding hero.

Stephen Olney was born in the town of North Providence on September 17, 1756, the very year that his future Commander-in-Chief, George Washington, paid his first visit to Rhode Island, stopping with friends in Newport for a day or two on his way to Boston. The first nineteen years of Stephen's life were spent on a farm, a life which he loved and intended to pursue, amid plenty of rural comforts and in quiet. Never had the sound of war or contention of any kind disturbed his own or his family's happiness or simple order of existence. He married young, in his twentieth year, and had complacently settled down to pass his allotted days in cultivating the soil on his farm, in rearing a family and walking in the footsteps of his father.

The only military inclination in his character that can be discerned previous to his entrance into the national struggle is the record of his membership in the North Providence Rangers, one of the several patriotic military companies that were organized in Rhode Island, their object being "to learn military tactics and to be prepared to act in defense of our country's rights."

Immediately following the receipt of the news telling of what happened at Lexington and Concord, Rhode Island lost no time in organizing three regiments and in sending them into the front lines, so to speak. Stephen Olney, farm boy and private in the North Providence Rangers, was appointed an Ensign in one of these regiments commanded by Colonel Hitchcock. This was called the second regiment and Ensign Olney was assigned to a company in command of Captain John Angell. Olney's own observation on this military assignment is interesting. He said in part: "Who recommended me I do not know; but it was not by my own intercession, but perhaps they chose me because they could get no better, so many were deterred from embarking in the cause for fear they might be hanged

for rebels by order of our then gracious Sovereign, George III. I accepted this commission with much diffidence as to my qualifications; my education was but common for that day, and worst of all, what I had learned was mostly wrong." He added: "I had no fear that our gracious Sovereign would think me worth hanging for a rebel."

After the period of exasperating delays in Rhode Island when loyalty to the crown in high places created strong opposition to all measures taken by friends of liberty, Governors Wanton and Sessions retired, the one to his farm and other to his business, and then General Nathanael Greene's little Rhode Island Army of three regiments received official orders to depart for the scene of action. On May 1, 1775, Col. Hitchcock's regiment paraded to the North Providence meeting-house where prayers were said, blessings given, the last fond embrace and fevered shake of the hand exchanged, and the little band prepared to march to Roxbury, Massachusetts, on the following day.

After a tedious hike of about forty miles the three regiments of Rhode Island infantry and one company of artillery found themselves near Boston, the red-coats in sight, strongly fortified, and in a much better situation than they had imagined. They encamped on Jamaica Plain, some little distance southwest of Roxbury, where they were drilled to military and camp duties until the Battle of Bunker Hill on June 17th. The Rhode Island troops were subjected to a heavy bombardment during the memorable battle, and this showering of shells upon the Roxbury area was probably an enemy attempt to draw attention from what was going on at Bunker Hill. Stephen Olney wrote some very interesting comments on the scene when "the Rhode Island troops were drawn up just within reach of their (the enemy) shells, and not being acquainted with those sort of missiles, it was with great difficulty that the men could be kept in the ranks, especially when they imagined a shell was about to light on their heads."

Between Bunker Hill in the Spring of '75 and the day of evacuation in March

1776 was that tiresome period of entrenching, pot-shot fighting, arduous war camp duties, frightful epidemics and untold suffering on the part of soldiers and civilians alike. Washington finally arrived with reserves, competent officers and the inspiration of leadership. A new army had been organized. Stephen Olney, already distinguished for his gallantry and military ability, was promoted to the commission of First Lieutenant and was attached to a regiment that had Col. Daniel Hitchcock, Lt. Col. Cornell and Major Israel Angell as field officers.

Soon after March 17th the troops, including many of the Rhode Islanders who had reenlisted, were ordered to New York. They marched by way of Providence where they halted, and Lieutenant Stephen Olney obtained leave to visit and stay one night with his family. This he says "was the first favor of the kind since I engaged in the army, and previous to this, I had never been from home more than twenty-four hours at a time in my life." Olney's regiment was next stationed on Long Island, at Brooklyn Heights. Here the men were kept busy erecting fortifications and also active in driving away small parties of enemy marauders who robbed the inhabitants of whatever hands could be laid upon. Lieutenant Olney was one of a party that captured seven or eight of these roving foragers one night, and from them some most important information was gained.

Olney was cited for bravery in the Battle of Long Island and in the clash with the British forces at Harlem. Unfortunately, his company was delayed on the march and it was a little too late in crossing the Delaware River to assist in the Christmas Day fighting at Trenton. At that time the enlistments of the three Rhode Island regiments expired and it was said that Washington expressed regret that he was to lose valuable men upon whom he could always depend for active fighting. By special request of General Mifflin who earnestly requested that the Rhode Islanders remain at the front for at least one more month, the local regiments enlisted to a man. Because of this unselfish display of patriotism, these loyal Rhode Islanders were with Washington

in the second battle at Trenton, and they helped score the decisive victory at Princeton. In the latter engagement Stephen Olney earned for himself the honors that entitle him to be immortalized as a hero. Col. James Monroe of the Pennsylvania troops fell wounded when he attempted to rally his disorganized ranks. It was in the beginning of the battle when the Pennsylvanians were driven back by the enemy and they rushed through the ranks of the Rhode Island regiment. Captain Jeremiah Olney's company was in formation just behind the Pennsylvania contingent and as the latter retreated, he stopped some of them and compelled them to form in rank. Stephen Olney observed what had happened, rushed to the aid of the fallen Col. Monroe, raised and carried him to a place of safety. It all happened in a minute, for Stephen was soon back again in the thick of the fighting, but little did he realize that he had just borne a future President of the United States in his arms. Col. Monroe was the fifth President and he was in office at the time when the Providence Institution for Savings was founded. It has been said that Stephen Olney never spoke or wrote of this act of battlefield heroism except when closely questioned, thereby marking him as a true hero, unspoiled by ostentation and boasting.

Shortly thereafter he returned to the quiet farm in North Providence for a brief visit and was then informed that he had been elected to the rank of Captain. He rejoined Washington's army at Peekskill, fought with great valor at the Battle of Red Bank, and spent part of that terrible winter with the suffering patriots at Valley Forge. He participated in the Battle of Monmouth and came home with the Rhode Island regiment to take part in the action at Portsmouth. He was later wounded in the left arm at the Battle of Springfield.

At Yorktown, where General Cornwallis and his veteran British Army had been surrounded by the American troops and their French allies, Capt. Olney's Rhode Island company was selected by General Washington to lead the charge. Over the parapet he went, leading his men against

the enemy; he met stubborn resistance and was severely wounded in the encounter that followed. Although weak from the loss of blood, he continued to fight on and encourage his men who forced their way into the fortifications and drove out the British. He formed his troops in orderly fashion inside the fort and then fell to the earth apparently stricken with mortal wounds. But he recovered quickly, and in a few weeks he

was back with his regiment. In March 1781, he resigned his commission.

Captain Olney was a member of the General Assembly and President of the Town Council at North Providence. He lived long enough to participate in the greeting extended to Lafayette when the latter visited America in 1824. He died in 1832 and was buried in the family burial ground on his own North Providence farm.

COLONEL WILLIAM BARTON

WILLIAM BARTON was born in Warren, Rhode Island, on May 26, 1748, the son of Benjamin Barton. Following the period in his youth when he enjoyed the advantages of a common school education, he was bound out by his parents to learn a trade, and this must have been the hatter's trade since records show that he later opened a shop, devoted to the making and selling of head-gear, somewhere on South Main Street in Warren. At the age of twenty-two he married Rhoda Carver of Bridgewater, Massachusetts, and the couple had nine children, seven sons and two daughters.

Like many of the American patriots of those stirring times he enjoyed the comforts of a home, happiness with his family, and the benefits from an honest business, nevertheless he loved his country, resented the oppressions of the mother country, and was torn between duties to his family and the need for fearless men to enter the fray in defense of life and liberty. Naturally, he was disturbed by the continual rumors of British war preparations and British oppressions that were brought from Boston, the seat of war, daily, but until June 17, 1775, the memorable day of action at Bunker Hill, William Barton had not made up his mind to join the American forces. But, when an official dispatch was received in Rhode Island wherein the acting commander of the Americans reported the termination of the battle, its disastrous results and the death of Warren and others who fell in the bloody engagement,

William Barton, the hatter of Warren, delayed no longer. He bade farewell to his little family, and like a true patriot, slung his musket over his shoulder, mounted his horse, and hurried to Boston where he offered himself as a volunteer. Since Barton entered the service probably on June 19, 1775, and the British did not evacuate Boston until March 17, 1776, military duties in that particular war area must have been most arduous during the intervening nine months.

The third Barton son, patriotically named George Washington, was born in December following the enlistment, and, at this time, the father announced that he had decided to serve his country as long as there was need for him at the front; he turned over his business to a Mr. Lathrop of Warren and turned his face in the direction of ultimate victory in the cause of American independence. Entering the service as a corporal, he was rapidly advanced to the rank of captain. On the outskirts of British-ruled Boston, Barton took a leading and active part in American war pursuits, working at throwing up redoubts under the very guns of the enemy, intercepting foraging parties, and fighting in many lively skirmishes with detachments of British soldiers. He not only became acquainted with danger, but he learned the value of military discipline, and obtained first-hand knowledge of military tactics. Under Generals Washington, Lee and Ward he assisted in the reorganization of the badly organized and disciplined troops, he cooperated in

the drive to provide ample arms and equipment, and he proved efficient in carrying out orders to better the sanitary conditions of the hastily-prepared camps and strongholds.

The situation back home in Rhode Island was critical. A British fleet under Captain Wallace had so annoyed commerce, seized provisions, and threatened the seaports that many of the inhabitants had moved inland, especially the residents of Newport. Early in October 1775, the arrival of additional enemy ships caused the menacing demand to be made upon the Island of Rhode Island and Conanicut for live stock. A force of 600 militia under Esek Hopkins was sent to Newport to repel the anticipated attack. Consternation and anxiety prevailed, many inhabitants fled, the streets were thronged with vehicles loaded with household effects and family treasures; business was paralyzed, all was confusion. But, Captain Wallace evidently changed his mind, or decided not to destroy a town that might be important for his purposes in the future. On the other hand he sailed up the Bay to Bristol, and bombarded the place for an hour when his demands were refused. After damaging many structures, driving out many people and taking a generous quantity of sheep, he withdrew and a general evacuation of Newport ensued. It is estimated that nearly three quarters of the Newport inhabitants departed leaving the Tories, or British sympathizers, in control, and this control remained as an obstacle to the progress of liberty until the British forces arrived in December 1776, and then the enemy enjoyed absolute domination over the southern end of the island.

When Captain Barton completed his term of service with the forces near Boston he returned to Rhode Island, where he attended to business matters, made certain arrangements for the comfort of his family, and planned to rejoin his former military post in the vicinity of Roxbury. However, the situation of affairs at Newport, heretofore briefly described, brought about a change in his plans. It was found expedient to station a force of American militia on the island, and Barton was appointed in command with the rank of

Colonel, later quartering himself in a private dwelling on the main road just outside of the town of Newport. On duty in that troubled war area Colonel Barton became a great favorite with the few patriots remaining in the section. He was long remembered for his social qualities, his manners, his constant good humor, his patriotic zeal, and they say that he had an inexhaustible store of anecdotes and humorous songs. Also, he spent a lot of time reconnoitering about the Island, poking into every nook and corner. Hence every spot of ground in that region had become familiar, a circumstance that lessened the danger a little, in the historic exploit he afterwards performed in that neighborhood. But, when the British fleet finally put in its appearance at the mouth of the Bay, and it was seen that Newport could make no adequate defense, Colonel Barton was ordered to take his men over into Tiverton, where a fort was erected. The guns from this fort helped many an American sea captain successfully run the gauntlet, elude the blockade of British cruisers, and sail valuable prizes up the Sakonnet River, through the narrow channel near present Stone Bridge, into Mount Hope Bay and to safety at Taunton or elsewhere.

Passing over many interesting but historically unimportant events in the life of Barton at this stage of his war experiences, and dwelling no longer on the subject of the intolerable conditions that existed on the enemy-held Island of Rhode Island, we come to an amazing and amusing episode. In brief, Colonel Barton conceived a daring plan to capture General Prescott, then in command of the British forces on the island. In June 1777, a patriot by the name of Coffin escaped from the island and was brought to Col. Barton's headquarters. Coffin related the information that Prescott was quartered at the home of a Mr. Overing, still standing today on the West Main Road, practically on the Portsmouth-Middletown town dividing line. The house is today the residence of Mr. Dan W. Jones and his family and can be recognized by the marker at the entrance, upon which is inscribed certain facts concerning the historical significance of the structure.

A British deserter confirmed Coffin's report strengthening Barton in the belief of the possibility of effecting a surprise.

Barton's expedition started on the 4th of July one year after the Declaration of Independence and after a roundabout trip through Mount Hope Bay, and consuming several days in recruiting a force of forty volunteers, all sworn to secrecy, and stopping at Bristol to perfect details, and at Warren to see his family, Colonel Barton finally reassembled his party at Warwick Neck. On July 9th the party left the west side of the Bay and silently approached the island heading for a point not far distant from the Overing house. To make a long story short, General Prescott was surprised in the quiet of his bedroom, rudely aroused, and jostled out into the night, hurried through stubbly corn fields, and pushed into the waiting boat. He was successfully transported to the Warwick shore, and imprisoned in a house on the Old Warwick Road. It is believed that a considerable part of the original house is standing on the same site today.

Three days later Prescott was exchanged for an American prisoner of war, General Lee of Connecticut, and Colonel Barton became a national hero. Congress voted him an elegant sword and sent him a vote of thanks for an important service to his country. More important than the successful carrying out of the purpose of this exploit, the affair incited the enthusiasm of the people and convinced them that their foes were not invincible and it gave the British something to think about in these parts where they were doing about as they pleased.

Later Barton received his commission of Brevet Colonel from Congress and that removed him from a situation where he had been unusually useful in more ways than one, and not the least perhaps in bringing aid to the distressed families of Newport. The army, being provided

with officers, he was not immediately needed in actual service, therefore he had an opportunity to see to the affairs of his family. He eagerly awaited the moment when he might again be ordered to serve his country.

Later when the British sacked Bristol and burned many of the lovely Colonial dwellings and the word was given that Warren would be the next point of attack, Colonel Barton hurriedly conferred with General Sullivan in Providence and then, accompanied by a few horsemen, galloped on towards Warren gathering recruits in Barrington and other places on the way. Arriving in Warren, his birthplace, he found the enemy in possession prepared to burn and pillage. When the Americans began to pour into the town following Barton, the British, hearing that a very large army was in their rear, began to retreat. The little force of Barton continued to harass the enemy's rear, firing being continued by both sides until the British took to boats either at Poppasquash or at Bristol Ferry. Col. Barton received a bullet wound in his thigh and was carried to Providence on a litter. He was confined to his bed for three months and for some time his life was in imminent danger. As a result he was unable to join General Sullivan in the Rhode Island expedition, although he was later entrusted with offices of public trust.

He became active in the effort to release prisoners of war until the end of hostilities and he lived to see peace once more restored to his war-torn country, to see his country established in an honorable and well-earned independence. At the close of the war he found himself the father of six sons, to which were added a seventh, and two daughters. He died October 22, 1831, at the age of 85, one of the great heroes of the War for Independence, a Rhode Islander who successfully planned and completed one of the most hazardous deeds in the history of warfare.

JOHN HOWLAND

IT was a cold and stormy day in the fall of the year 1620, a strong wind was blowing and a bleak, cheerless sky hung over the mid-Atlantic. A little square-rigged sailing vessel, the "Mayflower," was being swirled and beaten unmercifully by mountainous waves. Orders had been given to "furl the canvas and lay to." Below decks a hundred bedraggled souls prayed fervently, — on the wave-lashed main deck several stout-hearted amateur mariners clung to their posts. Suddenly the boat rolled and dipped, an onrushing wave surged over the gunwales. "Man overboard, man overboard," was the wild cry scarcely audible above the whistling gale as it swept through the rigging. Who was he? What happened to him? According to the words of Governor William Bradford, he was "a lustie yonge man" who "in a mightie storm coming above the gratings, was, with a seele of the shipe thrown into ye sea: but it pleased God yt. he caught hould of ye top-saile halliards which hunge over heard and rane out at length; yet he hild his hould (though he was sundrie fadoms under water) till he was hild up by ye same rope to ye brime of ye water, and then with a boat hooke and other means he got into ye shipe againe and his life saved; and though he was something ill with it, yet he lived many years after, and became a profitable member, both in church and commone wealth."

But now let us pass over four generations of the Howland family and focus our attention upon another John Howland, the namesake and great-great-grandson of the John Howland of "Mayflower" fame. He was born in Newport, Rhode Island, October 31, 1757, of humble Christian parents. He was a bright active youngster craving travel and high adventure, but stronger than these was his yearning for knowledge. Being denied the opportunity to attend school, there being no public school in Newport during this period, he was obliged to seek an education for himself. While not engaged in doing chores on his father's little farm, John could be

seen down at the Newport docks quizzing sailors about foreign countries, and listening intently while some weather-beaten old salt related a weird yarn about the mysteries of the South Seas or the giant ice flows of the North Atlantic. At home he busied himself with the elementary studies of reading and writing, and before he was ten years of age he had read a number of books in his father's library, and before he was thirteen his love for reading had led him through three different editions of the Bible. His favorite book during his boyhood, however, was an illustrated copy of John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" that his father purchased for him in New York. This he read over and over again until he could quote a number of passages by memory.

About the middle of his thirteenth year, Benjamin Gladding, a cousin of his father's, visited the Howland farm in Newport. Mr. Gladding was the owner of a hair-dressing parlor in the town of Providence, and during his visit to Newport he urged Mr. Howland to allow one of his sons to return with him and become an apprentice in his shop. Young John was eager to go. He pictured himself on the streets of Providence, a man of the world; he swelled with pride when he thought that someday he might powder and curl the wig of the governor of the colony or some famous traveling general or statesman, perhaps even Washington himself. After a considerable amount of coaxing, his parents reluctantly gave their consent and John, "fitted off with a new pair of leather breeches of sheepskin for Sundies and Striped Trowsers and other articles composing the common dress of boys" of that period, "embarked at Bannister's wharf on the eighth day of April, 1770, "in a packet bound for Providence. In Providence, which was then only half the size of his native town of Newport, he went to live at the little home of Mr. Gladding, located on the present site of the Grosvenor Building. John did the chores about the house, worked faithfully at the hair-dressing

parlor learning the trade, and on Sundays donned the leather sheepskin breeches and accompanied the Gladding family to Reverend Snow's "new light Meeting House." One Sunday morning John was seated, with four or five other boys, in a pew near to the one occupied by churchman Joseph Martin, the gentleman who, with the aid of a long walnut cane, kept peace and quiet among the congregation during the lengthy services. One of the boys with whom John was sitting suddenly dropped a handful of chestnuts on the floor, a signal for the rest to slide from their seats and "scrabble," causing not a little noise and confusion. John did not participate, but sat quietly, listening intently to Reverend Snow. Joseph Martin, hearing the noise, glanced over, and seeing no other head but young Howland's above the top of the pew administered a sharp crack with the walnut cane and growled a threatening "be still there." John, looking somewhat perplexed and surprised, merely rubbed his head in silence, but the next Sunday morning found him at Doctor Rowland's Congregational meeting house on College Street, and strangely enough he continued to worship at the First Congregational Church as long as he lived.

While at work in the barber shop shaving the town worthies, powdering wigs and twisting pig-tails, young Howland heard fervid discussions in opposition to the duty on tea, the Stamp Act, and the searching by the British of American vessels in Narragansett Bay for contraband goods. One afternoon news spread about the town of Providence that the "Gaspee," one of the British ships engaged in this latter practise, had run aground several miles down the bay. Excitement ran high and "before dark eight boats were manned, and the boys of the town took another boat and chose for captain Ben Hammond, a fear-nothing fellow with a lock of knotty red hair standing up through the crown of his hat." John was seated in the bow of Hammond's boat and had just received orders "to cast off the painter and shove of the Bow," when who should arrive at the wharf but Mr. Gladding. Spying John in the boat he reached out, grasped him by the wrist

and "halled" him to the wharf saying "you shant go with these fellows to get your head broke." Thus young John Howland was deprived of taking part in the famous expedition, when the British schooner "Gaspee" was burned by the irate citizens of Providence.

On the afternoon of April 19th, 1775, a messenger arrived from Boston, shouting, "War, war, boys there is war, The Regulars have marched out of Boston a great many men Killed — war, War Boys!" The next day John was an interested spectator as Colonel Varnum and his well-trained Greenwich Company marched through the streets of Providence amid the huzzahs and bravos of the entire population, on their intended march to Boston. Young Howland took particular notice of "Nathaniel Greene with his shouldered musket in the ranks of a private" as he limped courageously along, little thinking he was watching the man who would one day bear the title of Commander-in-Chief of the Southern Army.

The young barber was stirred with the thrill of war, and when the first call for volunteers reached Providence, John Howland, then only eighteen years of age, was one of the first to enlist. He served fourteen months as a private in the army which followed Washington from New York to Delaware, suffering the tortures of starvation and exposure to the cold blasts of winter. Howland's enlistment expired when his regiment was quartered near Morristown, New Jersey, and, not receiving any allowance from the Continental Congress for traveling expenses, he set out on foot for Providence and reached his destination hungry and almost barefoot, after experiencing twenty-one days of sickness enroute. He then returned to complete his apprenticeship with Mr. Gladding and several years later opened a very high class hairdressing parlor of his own on what is now lower North Main Street. Here he became a close friend of the leading politicians and professional men of the town, and their influence inspired him to take an active part in public affairs.

In 1789, Howland became associated with the newly organized Providence Association of Mechanics and Manufac-

turers, and used this influential body as a medium to accomplish one of the greatest desires of his life, — free public schools in Rhode Island. It was John Howland who petitioned the General Assembly and rallied sufficient political support to secure the enactment of the state free school law in 1800. He was immediately appointed a member of the Providence School Committee, — an office which he held with great success for twenty-one years, retiring only when the demand upon his time by other interests became too great. In 1818, he was elected to the important office of treasurer of the Town of Providence.

In October of the following year, through the efforts of Mr. Howland, a group of public-spirited Rhode Island citizens assembled to formulate plans for the establishment in Providence of a savings bank which, acting as a community servant, would afford the people of this locality a place for the safe keeping of their savings with the additional advantage of accumulating interest. Accordingly, on November 20, 1819, the first savings bank in Providence commenced business under the name of the Providence Institution for Savings. Mr. Howland was chosen the first treasurer and under the conservative management which he inaugurated, the deposits grew rapidly during his twenty-one years of faithful service. He resigned at the age of eighty-three.

Although being a soldier in the Revolution and a volunteer to defend Rhode

Island in the War of 1812, he was a strong advocate of peace, believing that international differences could be successfully settled by arbitration. He openly opposed the Mexican War in several newspaper articles published in Providence, and was one of the founders and leaders of the Rhode Island Peace Society.

Another activity which John Howland crowded into his busy and fruitful life was his membership in the Rhode Island Historical Society. Although not being a charter member, he was one of its earliest leaders, and due to his unfailing efforts and wholesome influence the society grew rapidly both in size and importance.

When he was thirty-one years of age he married Mary Carlisle and became the father of fourteen children. A sizeable family, no doubt, but not at all uncommon to the period in which he lived.

In 1835, this man who, by his own admission, had never seen a grammar book during his boyhood, was honored by the Corporation of Brown University by having conferred upon him the coveted degree of Master of Arts.

Such were the accomplishments of John Howland, whose honored name has been given to a Providence public school, a sturdy, independent, patriotic New Englander of the finest type, who, starting out in life as a barber's apprentice, and completely lacking in schooling, became one of the most highly successful and best-loved citizens of colonial Providence.

RHODE ISLAND AND THE CONSTITUTION

WE have learned how France came to the aid of the American patriots, sending more than 6000 soldiers who landed, in July 1780, on Rhode Island soil. Here these allies remained for many months, the French fleet sailing from Newport the following March to cooperate with the American forces in Virginia, and three months after that, the French Army departed from these shores on the same mission. Before the foreign fleet left Rhode Island waters General Washington visited Count de Rochambeau in

Newport to consult with him concerning the operation of the troops, and that historic visit, his third to Rhode Island, took the American commander overland across the State by way of Westerly, Kingston and Old South Ferry located below what is now Saunderstown. Washington arrived in Newport on March 6, 1781, where he remained for a week, and after a two-day visit in Providence he departed for a New York destination leaving on the morning of March 15th.

This story of the War is about over since

the following October, Cornwallis, the English commander, surrendered at Yorktown, marking the end of England's attempts to suppress these determined Colonies. A provisional treaty was signed, acknowledging the absolute independence of the United States; it was not until September 3, 1783, however, that the definite treaty was made.

Throughout this period and until the adoption of the Constitution in 1789, Rhode Island was under the Congress created in '81 by the Articles of Confederation. During the course of the War with England the thirteen original Colonies, or States, had agreed upon Articles of Confederation, but this mutually agreed skeleton form of government conferred little power on Congress. Congress could recommend but not enforce; it could only advise action, leaving the States to do as they pleased. Bitter jealousy existed among the several States, both with regard to one another and to a general government. Believe it or not, the popular desire in many quarters was to let each State remain independent, and have no mutual authority. A heavy debt had been incurred by the War; Congress had no money and could not levy taxes. It asked the States to pay, but they were too jealous of Congress to heed its requests. Washington once said: "We are one nation today and thirteen tomorrow."

Since time heals, and softens memories, the uninformed of the present generation without a doubt have the impression that final victory over a tyrannical mother country was the signal for widespread rejoicing and automatic unity of all the Colonies under the waving Stars and Stripes. The common mental picture of that point in American history is one that sees Washington, the victorious leader of a free country, putting down his sword and swept by unanimous acclamation into the chair of the Presidency. It is difficult to imagine anything but perfect harmony among the patriots who had fought a long-drawn-out war against a powerful, wealthy enemy, a conflict that had called for superhuman exertion and untold sacrifice. But, the situation of the United States at this time was quite unlike such

pretty, such heroic and idealistic pictures. For eight years, war had been the main business of this country — trade, manufactures and agriculture had all been neglected. Commerce had been destroyed; the currency was worthless; villages had been burned, ships sunk, and crops laid waste. The British held Charleston more than a year, and Savannah and New York about two years after the surrender at Yorktown. George III, King of England, was obstinate and bitter over his unsuccessful attempt to put down the American Colonies — war might be resumed at any moment. Besides, the American Army was practically in a state of open rebellion. The war-worn veterans of many campaigns, fearing demobilization of the Army, and that they would be sent home without pay, petitioned Congress, but received no satisfaction, simply because the Treasury was empty. Then it was that Washington was invited to become a king, a proposal which the noble leader spurned indignantly. A paper was circulated advising violent measures, but Washington's influence with both the Army and Congress prevailed and the danger from radical sources was averted. A treaty of peace was signed at Paris on September 3, 1783, acknowledging the independence of the United States; and soon after, the army was disbanded. Washington bade his officers farewell and retired to Mount Vernon. What was Rhode Island's attitude at this critical stage of the evolution of a Union of States in America? In what manner did Rhode Island help or hinder the adoption of a Constitution? The following review will answer those questions, and it should throw some light upon a subject that continues to attract widespread public interest — the general subject of States' rights, particularly in respect to the relative taxing rights of the State and the Federal government.

In February of 1781, eight months before Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown, Continental Congress, unable to raise sufficient funds from its depreciated currency and from requisitions on the States, proposed that the States should allow Congress to levy an import duty of five per cent, the funds so raised to be

used for the payment of the interest on the public debt. In a little over a year twelve states out of the original thirteen either accepted or indicated favorable disposition to this proposal; but Rhode Island did not desire to further all movements leading towards a more perfect union of the States, and it was not because Rhode Island was not willing to provide her share in liquidating the national debt. Rhode Island objected to Federal taxation on the grounds that it was not the function of Congress to tell the States how to raise money. In keeping with her anxiety to resist oppression upon her liberty and welfare, the smallest of the States was determined to resist any project whereby her privileges might be curtailed by sister states. Of course, there were several outstanding champions of the Federal proposal, some of whom claimed that the honor and independence of America depended upon some universal form of public taxation, and that the right of collecting duties from vessels that sailed on the high seas was a national rather than a local right; and too, there were many notable supporters of the states' rights contention. The fight was waged bitterly at home and in the halls of Congress but Rhode Island persisted to the very end, defeating the Federal taxing proposal temporarily in the Fall of 1782. David Howell, then representing Rhode Island, wrote home requesting that the legislature confirm or override his stubborn opposition to the plan, and the local assembly promptly sustained him (Howell) by defeating the measure in the lower House. Howell was the target for violent abuse in Congress, but he stuck to his guns and no Federal tax was levied, for some time to come.

It's a long story from this point on, but it all led to a change in attitude on the part of Rhode Island in respect to the functions and rights of the Federal government, and the cause was commerce. When Rhode Island spokesmen were asked, "How are the United States to meet their debts?" the reply had generally been, "By the proceeds of the public lands." As time went on, conditions changed. Great Britain put in operation a plan of discrimination against the

extensive trade of New England with the British West Indies, at the same time "Made in New England" goods were flooding the New England market. A tariff of some kind was necessary for self-preservation — it soon appeared reasonable that Congress should have the power to regulate commerce. With many qualms and misgivings little Rhode Island finally came into line in February, 1786, — at least the Federal government had the power to establish a uniform impost.

The next important step in the development of this nation of United States came when it was proposed that the Articles of Confederation be revised and a new Constitution adopted. As we today speak glowingly and reverently of that sacred rock of American governmental structure, we probably have the notion that before the ink had hardly dried on the final draft of this immortal document, the representatives of all the United States were rushing to report officially, that their respective commonwealths enthusiastically subscribed to the several constitutional articles. Some did, figuratively speaking, but Rhode Island did not, in fact, Rhode Island was not even represented at the convention of delegates called by Congress to modify the Articles of Confederation so as to render them "adequate to the exigencies of government and the preservation of the Union." Jealous of her inalienable rights as an independent sovereignty, Rhode Island not only opposed ratification of the Constitution, but even remained indifferent to the whole affair. Naturally a storm of criticism descended upon the heads of the traditional separatists who resided on the shores of Narragansett Bay. As might be expected Massachusetts suggested that Rhode Island be sliced up and divided among her neighbor states — Washington referred to local public councils as "scandalous," Madison spoke of the "wickedness and folly that reigned." Before the month of September, 1787, expired, the Constitution was submitted to the several States for ratification, and Rhode Island found itself confronted by the most serious crisis in its history. The new instrument was to go into effect upon ratification by nine States and any State

that chose not to ratify must face the prospect of a questionable existence.

The step first taken was to refer the question of a Constitution to the towns, and this reference naturally set off a barrage of heated discussions. The result of the reference to the towns was rejected by a great majority. In March, 1788, agitation was begun for the holding of a constitutional convention, and three times the General Assembly refused such a step. The following July, New York ratified, placing a Constitution in effect beyond all controversy. Where was Rhode Island? Still outside, zealously clinging to the inherent principles of states' rights.

To make a long story short, pressure brought by the national government through tariff restrictions finally changed the picture, and again commerce was the

cause of Rhode Island's bending to the will of others. The famous South Kingston convention, though it failed to provide the way to immediate ratification, turned the tide, and finally when Providence, under sanction of Congress, threatened to secede from the connection with the agricultural section of Rhode Island and to set up an independent province or commonwealth, our little, liberty-cherishing state ratified the Constitution by the sufficient yet significant majority of two votes.

Others may have been the original proponents of states' rights, but certainly no other champions of this principle of American government fought harder or more relentlessly for that principle than did the last state to enter the Union — Rhode Island.

GEORGE WASHINGTON AND RHODE ISLAND

ONE of many legends woven around the life of George Washington tells that his father recognized the child's interest in soldiers and military life and that he gave his little son a toy sword, which delighted greatly the one who was destined to become "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." And, like the distinguished Rhode Islander, Nathanael Greene, who later became second in command of the American forces, George Washington spent his early days in an atmosphere of military preparation. Young Greene watched with eager eyes the drilling and marching of soldiers near his father's forge in Pottowomut, Rhode Island, and young Washington took a keen interest in the activities prevailing in the Colony of Virginia, where troops were being raised to be sent to the West Indies against the Spaniards.

Lawrence Washington, the elder of George's two half-brothers, and fourteen years his senior, had been commissioned a captain of the forces that sailed in 1740 to join the combined expeditions of Admiral Vernon and General Wentworth. Therefore, little George, then eight years

old, had all of a small boy's thrilling excitement and big brother admiration when he watched the drilling and preparations of Lawrence and his comrades before they departed for the scene of war. George's enthusiasm for soldiering did not abate with the passing of time but developed into a fixed interest, and was noticeably strengthened when Lawrence returned later to become an Adjutant of his own Virginia district with the rank of Major.

The next ten years of Washington's life found him participating in and enjoying all the unusual opportunities for study and play offered at Mount Vernon, where he liked best to stay with his brother Lawrence, who had married Anne Fairfax. An early intention to join the English Navy was thwarted by the wishes of his mother, and so he continued with his schooling, distinguishing himself in mathematics and surveying. He wished to prepare himself for either civil or military service, and it was finally decided in family conference that he should become a surveyor, although his mother at first felt that this was not suitable employ-

ment for a gentleman's son. Among the many notable friends of Lawrence Washington whom George met at Mount Vernon was Lord Fairfax, who had come to America in 1743 to inspect the vast lands left him by his mother. These lands, embracing more than five million acres between the Potomac and Rappahannock rivers and extending from Chesapeake Bay to the headwaters of the Potomac, were originally held by Lord Culpeper, the grandfather of Lord Fairfax. For several years Lord Fairfax lived with his cousin, William Fairfax, at Belvoir, the estate adjoining Mount Vernon, and it was during this period that the visiting Englishman became well acquainted with and much attached to his young neighbor George Washington, whose dignity and courtesy won for him the high regard of older people.

Lord Fairfax was so favorably impressed with the young man's surveying knowledge that he employed him to aid in the surveys of his extensive holdings beyond the Blue Ridge Mountains. The first expedition started out in the spring of 1748. The following year George Washington was appointed surveyor of the County and was thus inducted into his first public office, a direct result of his painstaking work and his carefully prepared surveys of the Fairfax lands. Although he was engaged in surveying exclusively for but five years, 1747 to 1751, all through his career this technical training and life in the open stood him in good stead whenever the occasion demanded engineering skill and physical stamina.

Both England and France were determined to hold the supremacy of the Mississippi Valley, and the growing indications of strife between them brought about a revival of military spirit in the Virginia Colony. Preparations were made for any part that the Colony might take in the threatening struggle. Probably through the influence of Lawrence Washington and a general recognition of George's natural ability as a leader and as a trustworthy youth, the young surveyor was appointed in 1752 a district adjutant of militia with the rank of Major.

The following year Governor Dinwiddie

asked George Washington to seek the support of certain Indians near what is now the city of Pittsburgh and to deliver a message to the French in northwestern Pennsylvania, demanding that they retire from the Ohio basin. He carried out this commission with his customary dispatch, and he was soon rewarded with higher commands and greater duties during the course of the French and Indian Wars. Although the engagements against the French were generally unsuccessful for the English, Washington and his officers were thanked for their services by the House of Burgesses in Williamsburg.

On February 20, 1755, General Braddock arrived in Virginia from England in command of two thousand crack British soldiers. The Englishman soon heard of the intrepid young soldier of Mount Vernon and immediately asked that Washington become "one of his family" in the new campaign against the French and their Indian allies. Washington accepted and reported for duty with Braddock. Throughout the disastrous expedition which ended in defeat for the English and death for Braddock, George Washington fought with gallantry and escaped unhurt despite the fact that four bullets pierced his coat and two horses were shot from under him.

Washington thought that his military career had come to an end, but soon he was asked by Virginia to raise a regiment of sixteen companies, with himself in command. He began to recruit and mobilize troops at Alexandria and Fredericksburg, and he requested that his officers be smartly dressed. At this time there was considerable dissatisfaction among the Colonial officers because of the King's order that royal commissions should at all times outrank those authorized in the colonies. Thus, as Colonel of the Virginia forces, Washington must obey orders from a royal officer of inferior rank. For several months after he took command of his regiment, Washington experienced embarrassment because of this unfair regulation. A certain English captain had been sent to Virginia for service, and although he was actually a provincial officer, he claimed that his former commission as a British regular gave him rank

superior to any Colonial officer. This officer opposed Washington at every turn, claiming that the Virginia colonel was subordinate to him, and asserting that he had full control of all ammunition and supplies.

Washington endured this exasperating state of affairs as long as he could, and finally, at the request of his fellow officers, he made a journey to Boston to lay the case before General William Shirley, then commander-in-chief of His Majesty's forces in America. He set out on this trip on Wednesday, February 4, 1756, arrived in Philadelphia on the following Sunday, and spent several days of sight-seeing in that city. The next stop was at New York, where he also remained for a few more days, all of which were taken up with delightful excursions and viewing the wonders of the metropolis. Two days before his twenty-fourth birthday he continued on his journey to Boston by way of New London and Newport, and in the latter city was entertained at the home of Godfrey Malbone, Senior. Jared Sparks, in a note in his *Writings of Washington*, says: "In his route he (George Washington) passed through Philadelphia, New York, New London, Newport, and Providence." Among the Washington manuscripts in the Library of Congress can be found an entry in the cash account of this journey which substantiates the claim that Washington did make a stop-over in Newport and that he was the guest of Mr. Malbone. This entry, among the items for February 1756, appears in the cash account as follows:

"By cash to Mr. Malbones
servants..... £4 Rhode
to a Bowle broke..... £4 Island
£8 in Virga. Cury."

The exact route followed by Washington on his journey to Newport from New York has never been determined by historians, although Sparks definitely includes New London in his itinerary. There is no doubt as to his presence in Newport several days later, because of the Malbone incident which is substantiated by record, but there is nothing beyond the Sparks account that contains evidence that Washington went through Provi-

dence when the journey to Boston was continued. Washington may have gone overland from New London and crossed to Newport by way of the Conanicut Ferry, or he may have made this leg of the trip by sailing boat from New London. If he actually departed from New York on February 20th and the broken bowl incident occurred during the festivities enjoyed on the anniversary of his birth, a rapid boat trip must have been included in order for him to have covered that number of miles in two days. A map of the travels of George Washington compiled and drawn in the cartographic section of the National Geographic Society and published as a supplement to the January 1932 issue of the *National Geographic Magazine*, clearly traces this first journey of Washington to New England through New London, Stonington, Westerly, East Greenwich and Providence and does not indicate a stop-over at Newport. This section of the map must be incorrect if documentary evidence proving that Washington was in Newport on that trip is to be accepted.

The Godfrey Malbone residence, where the young Colonel was entertained, was pronounced the most splendid private residence in all the Colonies. It was built in 1744 and entirely destroyed by fire in 1766. It was constructed of Connecticut stone, and commanded an extensive view of the ocean and Narragansett Bay. The Malbone farm comprised more than six hundred acres, and the garden which lay in front of the imposing mansion was one of the most beautiful in all the land. There were gravelled walks, fruit trees of the rarest and choicest kinds, flowers, shrubbery of every description, and three artificial ponds with silver fish sporting in the waters, all of which gave the place a most romantic character, according to an old account.

From all descriptions of the Malbone estate and from all records of the type of hospitality dispensed to guests, it is easy to imagine that Washington was royally entertained in Newport and that he thoroughly enjoyed the epicurean and other delights offered by the affluent and generous host. At that time Providence was not an important town, and unless

Washington had some particular reason for visiting it, he probably would not, on leaving Newport, make the detour to that town. He may have taken a direct route to Boston, crossing at Bristol Ferry and Miles Bridge, avoiding the Ferry at Warren, and gone on through Swansea and Rehoboth, leaving Providence on the left, and avoiding the ferry over the Seekonk River. Washington stopped at Cromwell's Tavern in Boston; presented his case to General Shirley, who sustained him in his contention regarding the relative ranks of royal and provincial officers. He made many friends among those he met in Boston, including John Adams, and he returned promptly to his command in Virginia. If he returned to New York by the same route, he must have visited some part of Rhode Island again.

On April 19, 1775, Major Pitcairn of the British army fired upon the American militia assembled on Lexington Common, shouting "Disperse, ye rebels!" and the American Revolution started. One of the first steps of the new Congress was to adopt the army gathered in the vicinity of Boston, calling it the Continental Army to distinguish it from that of England which they called the Ministerial Army. It then became necessary to give that army a leader, a commander-in-chief to direct it. Several were ambitious for the post, but opinions varied. The name of George Washington was proposed for the honor, and the nomination was ably supported by John Adams, who spoke in laudatory terms of the skill and experience of the Virginia colonel. On June 15, 1775, Washington was elected Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army, and the following day he accepted, delivering a brief address from his place in the assembly.

For the next six years he was destined to make momentous history. He set out for Boston immediately and on the way there learned details of the Battle of Bunker Hill. On July 3, 1775, he took command of the Continental Army, relieving General Artemas Ward Knox, who temporarily directed the forces. He sent Colonel Henry Knox in midwinter to Fort Ticonderoga to procure cannons and supplies, and these were transported to Dorchester Heights near Boston on oxen-

drawn sleds. The fortifications at that point compelled General Howe to evacuate Boston and take his British forces to Halifax. This first score for the Americans in putting the enemy to flight was a bitter blow to British pride and a great encouragement to the patriots, and it placed the war on a different basis.

Leaving behind a valuable supply of cannon, small arms, powder and other military stores, the British departed from Boston on March 17, 1776, and it was generally expected that the American forces would march to New York. The Rhode Island General Assembly, at its March session, sent a communication to General Washington, requesting that he dispatch some of his troops to or through Rhode Island, so that there would be armed forces present should the enemy decide to invade at that point. The Colony had an opportunity to discuss this matter and others of equal importance directly with General Washington, for the following month he journeyed from Boston to Providence.

Governor Cooke of Rhode Island heard through General Nathanael Greene that Washington contemplated visiting Providence, and, on April 4, 1776, sent a note to the General welcoming him to Rhode Island, and advised that accommodations in a private home had been provided for the entire official party. On the following day, Friday, the whole town turned out *en masse* to welcome the man whom they prayed would lead them to victory in the struggle for independence. General Washington's route from Boston would naturally bring him through Dedham, Wrentham, Attleboro and Pawtucket, therefore a great procession of dignitaries and the general populace went out to meet him and his suite, and they waited his appearance in the vicinity of the Sayles Tavern, which is still standing on the east side of North Main Street near the Providence-Pawtucket city line. This tavern is now called the Pidge House; it was for many years the regular stopping place for the New York to Boston stages, and is reputed to be the oldest house in Rhode Island at the present time.

The colorful assemblage that patiently anticipated the approach of General

Washington on that pleasant spring day included the local company of cadets under the command of Colonel Nightingale, and the company of light infantry under the command of Colonel Mathewson, both units being in their uniforms. Colonel Hitchcock's and Colonel Little's regiments, under the command of Brigadier General Nathanael Greene, were also ordered to march out to join the parade of honor, and the latter contingent met General Washington on his way into Providence. Then a procession was formed which was lined up in the following order: Colonel Little's regiment, Colonel Hitchcock's regiment, the company of light infantry, the cadets, the Governor of the Colony, at whose right hand rode General Washington. Then followed a number of citizens on horseback, and in this order they proceeded into the town and to the residence of Stephen Hopkins, where Washington was to be entertained. The Hopkins home is still standing today, although it has been moved from its original site on South Main Street to its present location at the corner of Benefit and Hopkins Streets in the shadow of the new courthouse.

Stephen Hopkins was out of town when Washington came to Rhode Island on his second visit. He was then attending, as a delegate from Rhode Island, the Continental Congress in Philadelphia, and thus it became the duty of Ruth, the step-daughter and also the daughter-in-law of Hopkins, to entertain the distinguished guest. Times have changed but little since then. All the neighbors generously offered Ruth their assistance and freely tendered their services in anticipation of the great responsibility with which she was to be confronted. Friends and relatives alike offered the loan of china, glassware, table linen and other household articles, but Ruth appeared the least perturbed of all concerning the hospitality which the Hopkins home could offer. The house was small, the servants few, and Mr. Hopkins lived in a very plain and humble way. Therefore, Ruth proudly refused all these well-meant proffers with the remark that "What was good enough for her father was good enough for General Washington."

People came from everywhere to catch a glimpse of General Washington. When the procession passed through the streets of the town, crowds of men, women and children cheered him and all activity ceased in his honor. An old account of the occasion reads, "The houses through the street were full of women, the eminences covered with men." The balance of the day was probably taken up with receptions and private conferences with the Governor, General Greene and others in official capacities, and there is no documentary evidence to suggest that Washington was not thoroughly satisfied with the hospitality and home comforts afforded him under the capable direction at the Hopkins residence.

On the following day, Saturday, the guest of honor and several other officers of the Continental Army were entertained at an elaborate reception held in Hacker's Hall, where many speeches were made, compliments exchanged, and a number of patriotic toasts were drunk. This entertainment was provided by "the Gentlemen of the Town," and the affair was undoubtedly one of the most brilliant ever arranged in the history of the town up to that time. Hacker's Hall stood on the east side of South Main Street between what are now Power and Planet Streets, and the structure was completely destroyed by fire in January 1801. Two of the candlesticks used to illuminate the reception hall on that historic occasion are today priceless treasures in the possession of the Rhode Island Historical Society. Washington remained in Providence until the following day, Sunday, and then departed for New York, visiting Norwich and New London on the way.

While in Providence he conferred with Governor Cooke and the Council; a letter to Washington from the Governor dated April 23, 1776, says: "When I had the pleasure of seeing you here I laid before you very fully the distressed situation of the Colony." Washington wrote to the President of Congress from New York on April 15, 1776: "On the 4th instant I set out from Cambridge, and arrived here on Saturday last. I came through Providence, Norwich and New London, in

order to see and expediate the embarkation of the troops."

George Washington came to Rhode Island for the third time in 1781. Many stirring events had transpired since his previous visit in 1776, when he stopped over in Providence for two nights and enjoyed the hospitality offered by citizens, who entertained him in a manner befitting his honored position in the hearts and minds of American patriots. The Continental Army had met the British in conflict near New York City; Washington's men had crossed the ice-filled Delaware River on the historic dark and stormy Christmas night; Trenton had been seized; a splendid victory had been gained at Princeton, and the troops had spent a winter at Morristown. Washington had suffered reverses at Brandywine Creek and at Germantown, and the destitute and barefoot troops had survived the hardships of a freezing winter at Valley Forge. Burgoyne had surrendered at Saratoga.

The year 1778 brought the departure of Howe, and Sir Henry Clinton succeeded him. The next two years of war found the British again confined to New York City; Washington had returned to White Plains and there was no further effort on the part of the enemy to conquer the Northern States. The British next attempted to subjugate the South while continuing to hold New York against Washington's army, and all the while the undaunted leader struggled for a decisive victory, which finally came on October 19, 1781, when Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown. On November 20, 1782, Great Britain acknowledged the independence of the United States, and on September 3, 1783, a treaty of peace was signed at Versailles in France, and America was free.

On March 6, 1781, three months before the French army departed from Newport for Yorktown, General Washington visited Count de Rochambeau to consult with him concerning the operation of the troops under his command and to hasten the sailing of the expedition under M. Destouches, who had resumed direction of the fleet after the death of Admiral de Ternay, whose untimely death had oc-

curred in Newport several months before. Washington journeyed toward Newport on horseback as far as the Old South Ferry, about a mile to the south of what is now Saunderstown, and reached his destination by way of the Conanicut ferry. A resident of South Kingstown recorded in his diary that the General had passed through that section about ten o'clock on the same date, and that he was accompanied by about twenty soldiers acting as a guard. On his way across the harbor he stopped to exchange greetings with the French generals who were assembled on board the "Duc de Bourgogne," and in the early part of the afternoon he was taken by barge to the landing, where he stepped ashore amid the plaudits of the admiring throng. The French fleet lying at anchor in the harbor fired a salute, and the army, numbering nearly seven thousand men, was lined up in a double rank on both sides of the street extending all the way from the landing point to the old State House on Washington Square. Passing through this imposing guard of honor, Washington proceeded first to the State House, where he was received officially, and then he continued on to the Vernon House, at the corner of Clarke and Mary Streets, Rochambeau's headquarters, where Washington was to be the French general's guest.

An eyewitness of this historic procession through the streets of Newport records his impressions of the scene as follows: "I never felt the solid earth tremble under me before. The firing from the French ships that lined the harbor was tremendous; it was one continued roar, and it looked as though the very Bay was on fire. Washington, as you know, was a Marshal of France; he could not command the French army without being invested with that title. He wore, on this day, the insignia of his office, and was received with all the honors due to one in that capacity. It is known that many of the flower of the French nobility were numbered in the army that acted in our defence. "Never," continued this narrator, "will that scene be erased from my memory. The attitudes of the nobles, their deep obeisance, the lifting of hats and caps, the waving of standards, the

sea of plumes, the long line of French soldiers and the general disposition of their arms, unique to us, separating to the right and left, the Chief, with Count Rochambeau on his left, unbonneted, walked through. The French nobles, commanders, and their under officers, followed in the rear. Count Rochambeau was a small, keen-looking man, not handsome as was his son, afterwards Governor of Martinique. Count Noailles looked like what he was — a great man. But the resplendent beauty of the two Viosminels eclipsed all the rest. They were brothers, and one of them a General in the army, who had the title of Count, too. Newport never saw anything so handsome as these two brothers."

This same observing citizen continues: "But we, the populace, were the only ones that looked at them, for the eye of every Frenchman was directed to Washington. Calm and unmoved by all the honors that surrounded him, the voice of adulation nor the din of battle had ever disturbed the equanimity of his deportment. Ever dignified, he wore on this day the same saint-like expression that always characterized him. There were other officers of inferior grade too that followed, and I afterwards saw them on horseback, but they did not sit on a horse like Washington. The roofs and windows of every house in sight were filled with the fair part of creation; (that was nicely said and so was the following) and Oh! the fluttering of handkerchiefs, and showing of favors. It was a proud day for Newport."

On the evening of the same day that Washington arrived in Newport, the buildings in the town and the ships in the harbor were brilliantly illuminated. The Town Council asked the citizens to purchase candles for the illumination, and requested that every house, large and small, should show a light. An evening parade through the principal streets featured the program of festivities on the day of arrival, and it is recorded that the procession was headed by a group of boys bearing candles attached to long sticks. Washington appeared in the line accompanied by Rochambeau and other officers, their aides, and a great company of citizens. The evening was clear, and there

was not a breath of air to fan the torches. The marchers passed through the principal streets and finally returned to headquarters in the Vernon House. This treasured structure is still standing today, in excellent state of preservation, and is occupied by the Family Welfare Society, an important social service agency in Newport.

Washington thoroughly enjoyed the company of charming ladies, and he had an immediate opportunity to meet and admire the fairest of the fair among the social lights of Newport's fashionable circles at an elaborate ball held in his honor in Mrs. Cowley's Assembly Room which then stood on Church Street. Both the American and French officers had frequented this popular rendezvous quite often during the preceding winter, and Washington found the place, the occasion and the guests most agreeable. The guest of honor opened the ball with Miss Margaret (Peggy) Champlain, noted for her beauty, charm and grace, and who selected the dance "A Successful Campaign," whereupon several of the French officers seized the instruments from the musicians and played for the General and his fascinating partner. The soft light from the silver candelabra was reflected in beautiful mirrors loaned from local mansions, and the gay party danced and promenaded beneath festoons of bunting looped with rosettes of swords and pistols.

A continuous round of social functions, and very likely many unavoidable conferences, occupied Washington's days and evenings in Newport until he took leave of his friends and colleagues on March 13 and journeyed overland to Providence. On his departure he was saluted by the French with thirteen guns and again the troops were drawn up in line in his honor. Count de Rochambeau escorted Washington for some distance out of town, and Count Dumas with several other officers of the French army accompanied him to Providence. They passed through Bristol, Warren and Barrington, and a stop was made at Warren, where the General and his suite dined in the tavern of Shubael Burr, whose bill for entertaining amounted to £12.12, which item was later ordered paid by the General Assembly.

Count Dumas described the scene in Providence when the group arrived, as follows: "The whole population had assembled from the suburbs; we were surrounded by a crowd of children carrying torches, reiterating the acclamations of the citizens; all were eager to approach the person of him whom they called their father, and pressed so closely around us that they hindered us from proceeding. General Washington was much affected, stopped a few moments and pressing my hand said, 'We may be beaten by the English; it is the chance of war; but behold an army which they can never conquer.'"

The *Providence Gazette* of March 17, 1781, reports as follows: "On Tuesday Afternoon arrived here from Newport His Excellency General Washington with his suite, accompanied by Major General Howe, and several other gentlemen of the army. He was met at the Lower Ferry by a number of Gentlemen and escorted to the House of the Hon. Jabez Bowen, Esq. (That building stood at the time on the site of the present Providence-Washington Building on Market Square, and Washington remained there for two nights, March 13 and 14, 1781.) On his Excellency's Arrival he was saluted by a Discharge of Thirteen Cannon from the Continental Park of Artillery, from the shipping in the harbor and welcomed by the cheerful countenances of the inhabitants.

"In the evening the town, the shipping in the harbour, were beautifully illuminated. On Wednesday an elegant Entertainment was provided at the State House (still standing on North Main Street) at which were present his Excellency, the military Gentlemen who attended him here, a Number of Inhabitants etc. After dinner thirteen toasts were drunk, under Discharges of Cannon; and the Evening concluded with a splendid ball which was honored by the Presences of his Excellency General Washington, General Howe, etc."

Early on Thursday morning Washington left the town accompanied by Howe, a few officers and a number of private citizens, going in a westward direction with New Windsor, New York, as his destina-

tion. Private citizens paid for the entertainment provided during the stay in Providence, and it does not appear that the town authorities took any official recognition of the visit of the distinguished guest, except for the bill of James Arnold in the town papers for £ 2. 10s. 8d. against the town for candles supplied the "Poor to Eluminate the Town for Gen'l Washington."

George Washington visited Rhode Island for the fourth and last time in 1790 when the smallest of the States finally ratified the Constitution. When the General became President of the young Republic which he had brought into being, he decided to make a complete tour of the entire territory comprising the United States. In the autumn of his first presidential year he started this plan by visiting New England between October 15 and November 13, 1789, omitting Rhode Island since she had not fallen in line with all the other States and come into the Union. However, when Washington received word that the last of the thirteen Colonies had joined with the others in May, 1790, he acknowledged the ratification as follows: "Since the Bond of Union is now complete, and we once more consider ourselves as one family, it is much to be hoped that reproaches will cease and prejudices be done away; . . . if we mean to support the liberty and independence, which it has cost us much blood and treasure to establish, we must drive away the demon of party spirit and local reproach."

Upon adjournment of Congress, August 12, 1790, Washington made immediate arrangements to visit Rhode Island, and he left New York City for that destination on Sunday, August 15, going first to Newport by boat. He was accompanied by Thomas Jefferson, Secretary of State; George Clinton, Governor of New York; Theodore Foster, Senator from Rhode Island; Judge Blair, of the United States Court; William Smith, Member of Congress from South Carolina; Mr. Gilman, Member of Congress from New Hampshire, and three gentlemen of his official family. This was the only sea voyage ever recorded by Washington, except the trip to the Barbados in the fall of 1751 when

he accompanied his ill brother Lawrence who sought to regain his health in a warmer climate.

Washington was received with great enthusiasm by the people of Newport, where he remained for a day and a night. A huge throng greeted him at the wharf; he received many official salutes, and a long procession marched through the streets in his honor. He took a walk about the town and the day ended with a dinner at the State House, which was filled to overflowing with the enthusiastic and admiring populace. On the next day, August 18, the President departed for Providence after he had participated in a program of exercises which included addresses by prominent citizens and by the honored guest himself.

The trip from Newport to Providence must have been a tedious one since the passage required seven hours, but the well-planned reception which awaited him at the head of the Bay very likely banished all irritation caused by the lengthy boat ride and the late arrival. Two days previous the Town had made preparations to give Washington an official reception. The leading citizens of the community held a public meeting "to consider of the most proper measures to show the Veneration the Town hath of his Character and the Sentiments of Gratitude the Inhabitants entertain for his rescuing America from the Prospect of Slavery and establishing her Liberty upon the broad basis of Justice and Equity under a Constitution the Admiration and Envy of the civilized World."

Among other things at this meeting it was voted to have all the windows in the Market House mended to help improve appearances of the business section, and Henry Ward, Dr. Enos Hitchcock, Welcome Arnold, David Howell and Benjamin Bourne were elected on a special committee to prepare an address to be presented to the President. Another committee was appointed to arrange the details of the official reception and all the inhabitants were requested to clean sidewalks and streets adjoining their dwellings and have everything spick and span before noon of the day when Washington was expected to arrive. At a second meeting

on the following day the wording of the address prepared by the special committee was approved, and Daniel Stillwell was ordered "to cause the State House to be handsomely illuminated on Occasion of the Arrival of the President of the United States."

From the contemporary accounts and private records of these eventful days in the history of Providence it is possible to arrange the various events of the reception program in their proper order. The packet bearing the President and his official party arrived in Providence about four o'clock in the afternoon, and as the ship approached the wharf, cannon salutes were fired from Federal Hill, and an impressive procession was formed to escort him to his place of lodging. The shouts of the crowds, the ringing of bells and the boom of the guns carried everyone to a high pitch of enthusiasm as Governor Arthur Fenner stepped aboard the packet and welcomed the President to Providence. Then the procession, with various individuals and organizations lined up according to a previous arrangement, moved through the streets to Mr. Daggett's Tavern on Benefit Street (at present the "Mansion House" and formerly the "Golden Ball Inn"). Washington, with Governor Fenner on his right and Senator Foster on his left, followed the troops, music and state and city officials, and behind marched Secretary of State Thomas Jefferson, Judge Blair, and other distinguished figures present on the occasion. The program printed for this feature of the celebration is a most interesting document, and an original copy is now in the possession of the Rhode Island Historical Society.

When the President arrived at the door of the tavern he reviewed the entire procession and saluted each unit as it passed. He enjoyed a typical family dinner and prepared for bed quite early. As he was about to depart for his night's rest he was informed that the students on the Hill had prepared a special illumination of the building now known as University Hall, and that they would be highly honored if he would visit the College and view the spectacle. Although it was raining slightly, and contrary to his usual custom

of remaining indoors at night, he climbed the hill in company with a few friends and there beheld the college building completely illuminated with candle lights in every window.

The following morning, Thursday, was cold and rainy. However, the weather cleared later and Washington took a walk about the town accompanied by several of his official hosts. This walk lasted until early afternoon and included a climb to the top of University Hall and a tour of a local ship yard where a large ship was on the stocks. Stops for refreshments were made at the John Brown residence (still standing on Power Street), at Governor Fenner's home and at Deputy Governor Jabez Bowen's. After a brief rest at the tavern, he received the addresses of the Society of the Cincinnati, Rhode Island College (now Brown University) and the Town of Providence. Then he went to the Town Hall, where a dinner had been prepared in his honor, and to this affair several hundred persons had been invited. An immense throng surrounded the hall

on the outside, and when a toast was proposed to "The President of the United States," the whole company within and without cheered loudly and indulged in a spirited demonstration of enthusiasm. Washington then rose and drank the health of the company present, and later gave the toast, "The Town of Providence."

Other toasts followed, brief speeches were delivered, compliments exchanged, and the President quickly departed for the wharf where the same packet awaited him for the return journey to New York City. No doubt a great crowd went to the wharf to bid farewell to the one who had honored the town with his presence. That was the last time Rhode Islanders were to look upon Washington within the boundaries of the State, but the welcome which he received in 1790 was sufficiently warm and vociferous to impress upon him for all times that the smallest State in the Union respected his valor, chivalry, ability to lead, his sound judgment and his inspiring character.

THE WAD OF CONTINENTAL MONEY

HALLOWE'EN, the vigil of Hallowmas, or All Saints' Day, is a singular observance, especially in Scotland where it was once the popular custom for all households to light bonfires at nightfall. Some believe that the custom originated with the very ancient and widely diffused practise of kindling sacred fires at certain seasons of the year, usually on the eves of May 1 and November 1. At any rate, Hallowe'en seems to be a designated occasion when fairies and ghosts are both unusually active and propitious, and the passing of time does not appear to lessen the popular fancy that, once a year, eerie forms are all about us, close at hand, beckoning to us with skinny fingers to put aside material things for a few hours and to live in the spooky land of flying broomsticks, hideous grinning faces, and dancing goblins. Ducking for apples, masquerading, and practical joking are comparatively new Hallowe'en diversions, but the belief in

ghost-walking and fairy frolicking, on the eve of November 1, go back through American history far beyond its beginnings to early European history when popular regard for the supernatural played a much more important part in the lives of people than it does today. Therefore, the reoccurrence of the hours when most children and many grownups will observe this age-old custom in true American style calls for the telling of some strange tale, one that has to do with a ghost or haunted place. Unfortunately, Rhode Island folk-lore includes but few stories of this fascinating character and years of diligent searching has disclosed not more than half a dozen ghost and haunted house tales that can be definitely traced to persons, places and events actually associated with this state. Here is one of these few that you may find interesting.

It was in the Spring of 1783, on a dark



THE OLNEYVILLE BRANCH OF THE PROVIDENCE INSTITUTION FOR SAVINGS,
1917-21 WESTMINSTER STREET, OLNEYVILLE SQUARE.
ERECTED IN 1927.

and stormy night, when a stranger was seen wearily following the old winding road that led to Providence from Fall River. This stranger was a traveling peddler and he carried his wares in a bulky pack, securely strapped to his back. A cold, cutting wind drove the rain into his face as he peered ahead through the darkness in search of a twinkling light that might, or might not, direct him to warmth, food and shelter for the night. No light did appear until this rain-soaked, travel-tired man had reached the very outskirts of Providence, and there, the very first door upon which he knocked was thrown open and he entered to receive the best that the host could offer, at the customary price for such hospitality and accommodations in those days.

His pack was unstrapped and placed in a corner, his drenched clothes spread out to dry and a humble Colonial meal was placed before him upon the table. When the traveler finished his supper, he sat with the family, a man, his wife and their young son, and as the fire crackled and the flames roared up the chimney, fanned by the rush of the May storm wind that had hurried this stranger to cover before reaching one of the regular downtown Providence taverns, the two men talked of their country, as yet without either a President or a Constitution. No doubt, the host talked of the debts that a long war had brought upon every American family, and he probably bemoaned the fact that each family in the new states and in the Colonies that were soon to become States owed an average war obligation of \$200 — a goodly sum at that period. He also discussed the injustice of being forced to pay a special tax when he crossed the line into Massachusetts and there attempted to offer a bushel of potatoes to a housewife.

Likewise, the peddler had his tale of woe. Business was slow with him, but worse than that, paper money was good in one section of the new nation and it had no value in other places. As he talked, he displayed a huge wad of Continental paper money which he feared was of little or no value. The peddler pulled this paper money from a deep pocket of his stout buckskin trousers, and, as he did so,

the keen, close-set eyes of the apparently gracious host caught the gleam of the good gold and silver coins that were scarce and so difficult to obtain in those lean days of the year 1783. Evidently, then, the stranger who so freely displayed his wealth had been able to find some of the good hard money for all of his complaining and whining over the worthless Continental bills.

Finally the money was put away and the peddler brought forth his pack to show the family, before going to bed, what he had to sell the housewives of New England. From compartments, rolls, and pockets in the spacious portable department store he produced spools of thread, buttons, candle-snuffers, hair-pins, brushes, dress ornaments, buckles, jewelry of many varieties and many odds and ends of knick-knacks and small household utensils. The young man of the family had his eyes glued to several attractive articles and urged his folks to buy, but times were hard, there was no hard money to spend for trinkets and such luxuries, — everything was returned to its proper place in the pack — the family prepared for the night.

The trundle bed was pulled from beneath the large bed that the father and mother occupied, and with visions of all that he had seen displayed in his own home, still in his mind, this youngster lay down for the night, hearing distinctly before he dropped off to sleep, the sound of the tired feet of the peddler climbing the narrow stairs to the bedroom in the attic. Sometime during that stormy, mysterious night, the boy awoke with a start for he thought he had heard a scream, or perhaps the sound of someone groaning and crying. It startled him so that he quickly crawled from the tiny trundle bed to the larger one beside it hoping to find his father and mother there, who would quiet him and assure him that he had had a nightmare. The larger bed was empty. The boy returned to his own bed, and hearing no further outcry or sound of any kind, soon fell fast asleep.

Awake and out of his bed unusually early, the boy rushed to the kitchen hoping to see the kindly peddler again before

he left the household, and also holding a faint hope that his parents would condescend to make at least one purchase before it was too late. It was too late, for the boy was told that the peddler had made an early start planning to make several calls along the way into the center of Providence. The disappointed child sat down to his breakfast of milk and hasty-pudding and he told of his fear in the night. He asked his mother if she had heard the wind howling in the night—he inquired if either his father or mother had heard any sound like a human groan or cry—he told how he had risen from his own bed and gone to the other only to find it unoccupied—he wanted to know if they had been disturbed by anything unusual. A strange silence pervaded that particular Colonial homestead for many an hour and day, but parental assurances that nothing had happened, no sound had been heard except the howl of the wind, satisfied the youngster, and soon the incident was forgotten, that is, by him.

Months went by, but the same, good-natured pack peddler with his enchanting roll of eye-catching treasures never stopped at the house again. Every time the wind blew, every time the rain pelted down at nightfall, the lad listened for the knock at the heavy door and the sound of the peddler's cheery greeting. He was never seen again in these parts. Meanwhile, this little family of three who lived on the outskirts of Providence seemed to have come upon better days. The house was repaired, new cows had been purchased, there was money to spend on luxuries, and the war debt was paid with good, hard cash. However, the neighbors no longer came to call, people seemed to avoid the family, and wide-eyed children would always run, never walk, past the house. The boy often wondered about all of this but questions put to his folks and to others brought no information.

Death came to both his father and mother after a few years, so the lad, old enough now to earn his own living, decided to journey far away to seek his fortune. A neighbor purchased the homestead, and the time soon came when he was to spend the last night under the roof

which had sheltered him since birth. He spent this evening alone, going from room to room, cupboard to cupboard, bidding fond farewell to each one of them, leaving the attic until the last. Once again a May storm was brewing—the rain lashed against the windows, the wind howled outside of the lonesome structure. He climbed the narrow stairs that led to the dark old attic and stood holding a flickering taper before the great stone chimney that extended up through the slanting, nail-studded rafters.

Either the rain that sifted down through the flue or the shaking of the huge chimney by the gale had unloosed one of the round field stones a few feet above the floor and it had fallen to the hearth. Jutting out from the aperture, in which this stone had been inserted, this young man observed something that appeared to be a piece of cloth or a strip of paper. Quickly placing the flickering candle on the floor, he reached for this curious object in the cavity and his fingers touched something soft and cob-webby. He drew out the object and beat the dust from it. Then he began to laugh a little to himself since he held in his hands a pair of old buckskin trousers. Thinking that the pockets might contain something of interest he returned to the center of the room and stooped down to pick up the candle seeking better light to examine the curious relic. All of a sudden, almost at his very side, he heard a sound, a sound of someone groaning and crying, the identical sound that had driven fear into his little heart several years before on the night when the kindly peddler spent the night under his father's roof. The wind blew again outside, the rain beat against the tiny window at the end of the garret—once more the blood-curdling sigh and gruesome moan of an invisible occupant of the lonely room transfixed him to the spot, bewildered, terrified, sick with fear.

To make matters worse the door at the foot of the attic stairs suddenly blew open with a bang, as though some imprisoned spirit had burst its chains and dashed to freedom. Tarrying no longer, the terror-stricken young man flung himself down the dark stairway and burst out of the house, not once stopping in his flight along

the storm-beaten highway until he reached Providence. He remained there for one sleepless night, and left the next day for parts unknown never to be seen again in Rhode Island. Whether or not reflection upon his fearful experience eventually revealed to him the truth concerning an unexplained incident in his younger days, was never known, but, when the workmen hired by the new owner of the house replaced a stone in the great stone chimney, in order to close up a hole through which the wind whistled and made a moaning, crying sound, they found a strange object on the attic floor. It was a pair of old buckskin trousers

with the pockets filled with beads, buttons, spools of thread, odds and ends of knick-knacks and a huge wad of old-time Continental paper money.

The outline and main details of the foregoing tale of strange happenings in Rhode Island, once upon a time, were furnished the author by the late Althea Louise Hall who died in Pawtucket, July 27, 1934. Miss Hall brought to light a valuable store of original Rhode Island historical matter during her lifetime, and her research in connection with the lives of Ann Hutchinson and Catherine Littlefield Greene will be forever helpful to writers and historians.

THE TURNPIKE ERA

AFTER the close of the War for Independence, Rhode Island witnessed a vast improvement in its facilities for transportation, both by water and by land. Vessels of greater tonnage were built, and lines of ships running to several coast ports were built. Besides, the various ferry crossings in the State were thereafter maintained with a greater degree of efficiency. Lines of stages were established to Taunton, New Bedford, Worcester, Plainfield, Springfield and to other places, while the main stage line between Boston and New York, via Providence, was so much improved that the time for the trip was reduced to three days, going in either direction. Facilities for transporting freight were also provided on these same routes. However, the great obstacle to fast communication and transportation by land in those days was the unimproved condition of the roads. The citizens who happened to live along these main lines of communication showed no interest in the upkeep and improvement of the roads because, in their opinion, only strangers and stage owners from other States derived any profit from this new and rapidly-growing industry of carrying passengers and goods. Likewise, the owners of stage and transportation lines did not care to spend money to put the roads in first-class condition when the residents

along the lines would receive the chief benefit from such expenditures.

This short-sighted attitude on the part of all concerned finally led to the introduction of what might be termed the “turnpike era” in Rhode Island. Under the system of turnpikes, a corporation assumed the care of a particular stretch of road and charged everyone, neighbor or stranger, a given fee for the use of it, every time such use was made. Fees were charged according to the extent of the use made; thus, a wagon or team with four cattle was charged less than one with more; a single horse and chaise less than a coach and more horses, etc. This strange schedule of rates seems to have been derived from the early system of charging bridge tolls, long the custom at that time. The original idea of the toll-bridge was that those who originally built a bridge were entitled to the use of it free, yet strangers were required to bear their fair share of the expenses of maintaining the structure. During the days of Roger Williams, the Wapweyset Bridge, one of the earliest erected in Providence, was free to all citizens of the Town, while all strangers were required to pay tolls.

The first turnpike of which there is any record in the statutes was on the line from Boston to New York; it was in existence previous to the year 1798 and was called

the Providence and Norwich turnpike. The Providence and Boston turnpike was in active use before the turn of the century, having been built under an act of the Massachusetts legislature; also, an act to incorporate the same was passed in Rhode Island on October 29, 1800. Turnpikes to East Greenwich, Gloucester, the Island of Rhode Island, Smithfield, Pawtucket, Wickford, Coventry, Cranston, Foster, Cumberland, Worcester and other places were incorporated during the first quarter of the nineteenth century, and until the introduction of railroads, the turnpike was regarded, naturally, as the highest development of land communication.

The development of industry in Rhode Island helped in no small measure to bring about action that gave the State its excellent system of turnpikes. When mills were established on the streams throughout the State, it was soon discovered by their owners that the existing roads were inadequate for industrial requirements, making it very difficult to transport raw material and the finished products. Consequently, through the influence of these early manufacturers, particularly the cotton spinners, pressure was constantly brought to bear upon the legislators and others who soon became "road conscious" and supported all efforts to better highway conditions. Perhaps Rhode Island's present preeminence as a "good roads" provider is due to the efficient propaganda of more than a century ago. Frequently, in those days, an old road or cart-path was taken, rebuilt and improved, but not until a franchise had been obtained from the State Legislature.

An illustration of the important influence the cotton industry exerted on road building is afforded by the work in this direction performed by the Wilkinson family of Pawtucket, justly recognized as the leaders in cotton manufacturing in Rhode Island for forty years after it was established. About 1804, Oziel Wilkinson built thirteen miles of a turnpike leading from Pawtucket in the direction of Boston, a highway that took the place of the old road previously used, and Oziel made all of the picks and shovels used in the construction work at his own

shop in Pawtucket. This improved road accommodated the stages that brought passengers from Boston to Providence on their way to New York by way of packet or steamboat. The Valley Falls turnpike was built by Isaac Wilkinson, the son of Oziel, about 1812. The Wilkinsons also aided in improving many other highways in the vicinity, and other pioneer manufacturers in Pawtucket were likewise interested in the matter of road building as members of the turnpike corporation, if not as actual road builders.

Referring again to turnpike toll rates, some of the established charges are interesting to review. On the Providence and Boston turnpike, that had the heaviest traffic of any road, the following rates were fixed when the charter was granted in 1800: "A wagon, cart, or ox sled not exceeding four cattle, $12\frac{1}{2}\text{¢}$; a team of more than four cattle, 15¢ ; a sleigh with more than one horse, $12\frac{1}{2}\text{¢}$; a one horse sleigh, $6\frac{1}{4}\text{¢}$; a coach, chariot or phaeton, 40¢ ; a chaise chair or sulky, $2\frac{1}{2}\text{¢}$; a horse and horse cart, $6\frac{1}{4}\text{¢}$; a person and horse, $6\frac{1}{4}\text{¢}$; draft horse, and neat cattle in droves, per head, 2¢ ; swine in droves for every fifteen, 10¢ ; for less number than fifteen, each, 1¢ ; sheep and store shoat, each $\frac{1}{2}\text{¢}$; mail stage, $6\frac{1}{4}\text{¢}$. And foot passengers shall not be liable to any toll, nor shall persons passing in said turnpike road for the purpose of attending public worship or funerals; nor any persons living within four miles of the place of the turnpike, passing on said turnpike road for the purpose of attending town meetings or other town business, or going to and from mills, or for the purpose of husbandry."

One of the most important of the old turnpikes was the New London road, built and operated by a Turnpike Company, chartered in 1816. It was intended that this road should be three rods wide, and it extended from Providence southwesterly to West Greenwich and thence through South County to Pawcatuck bridge, the old Indian fording place at Westerly on the western boundary of Rhode Island. The company that held the charter was empowered to maintain six toll gates, and by various amendments to the charter was given permission to absorb portions of existing highways.

This turnpike was not completed until 1820, when it became a popular stage route over which the coaches from Boston passed on their way to connect at New London with steamboats for New York. The company thought that this would provide a shorter route than the one which had been developed from the historic Pequot Trail, but the success of the new turnpike was not lasting because it failed to follow the easy grades and conform to the natural principles of early road evolution. Nowadays, with modern machinery and labor-savers, hills, valleys, swamps and protruding ledges are not regarded as serious obstacles; whereas, in pick and shovel times, topography directed the course of successful cross-country highways.

The Providence and Pawtucket Turnpike Company turned over its rights and property to the State of Rhode Island in 1833, and from that time until 1869 the State continued to collect tolls on the turnpike. In the latter year it was surrendered to Providence and to the Town of North Providence, and then the turnpike became a free road. Thomas Burgess was State agent for this turnpike from 1833 to 1850. The income from the successful highway between Providence and Pawtucket for twelve months beginning on October 24, 1835 was \$4044.02, and

the expense of maintenance during the same period was \$878.33; but after the railroads became well-established the revenue from this turnpike decreased sharply. The original charter of the Boston and Providence Railroad Company gave that corporation the right to acquire the turnpike, but the railroad officials finally declined to avail themselves of this privilege.

Comparable to the present rivalry among motor coach, airplane, steamship and railroad lines, turnpike and stage lines made common cause against the railroad when it first appeared, and attempted to run it out of existence by vigorous competition, but the railroad could make the trip to Boston from Providence, in the beginning, in two hours and a half, and no amount of speedy horses or frequent relays could drive a stage coach between those points as quickly as that. The stage lines then sought business by lowering prices, but here also the railroad could meet and discount them, and reluctantly the stage lines and turnpike corporations yielded to the inevitable and accepted their fate. The same destiny may overtake some of our present-day common carriers; certain people will have regrets, but sentiment and personal interests mean little in the face of progress.

TWO FAMOUS VOYAGES

COMPARATIVELY few persons, particularly in Rhode Island, are aware of the fact that there is a close bond between the northwest corner of the United States and the smallest state in the Union. Historical writings about Rhode Island contain little or no mention of the name of an intrepid, native sailor who was born in a delightful section of the state, and who spent the greater portion of his life there. However, Captain Robert Gray has not been entirely forgotten by those who, today, reside in the two great states of Washington and Oregon — there his fame as an explorer and discoverer is properly recognized, and there he is

acclaimed as an outstanding figure of early American history. Every Rhode Islander should learn of this distinguished son and join with those who reside in the far distant corner of the nation in paying just tribute to Robert Gray of Tiverton who sailed his ship “Columbia” on May 11, 1792 into, and explored for about fifteen miles, the great river to which he gave the name of his ship. This first entrance into the Columbia River gave the United States their principal claim to the territory drained by the river, and is thus a most important episode in the history of the Oregon region, which formerly comprised the

present states of Washington, Oregon and Idaho.

Robert Gray, a direct descendant of early Plymouth settlers, was born in Tiverton, Rhode Island, in 1755. There he spent his childhood and most of his life, for he did not move to Boston until 1794. The ship "Columbia" was built in 1773 on the shores of the North River, a stream that empties into the ocean near Marshfield, Massachusetts. She was quite a large vessel, being somewhat more than two hundred and forty tons, and was equipped with ten guns. As a consort to the "Columbia," the sloop "Lady Washington" was also built at the same time, both ships being owned by enterprising Bostonians. These owners, inspired by the successful voyages of the famed Captain Cook, had planned to send these ships around Cape Horn into the Pacific and along the west coast, where cargoes of cured skins might be secured from the natives. Then, it was their intention to have the voyage continued to China, where the skins could be exchanged for more valuable oriental goods. No expense was spared in preparations for the voyage and in the outfitting of the two ships. Picked crews for both the "Columbia" and the "Lady Washington" were selected for the expedition, and thousands of trinkets and attractive small articles were shipped for trading with the natives encountered.

Anchors were weighed in 1789, and the two ships sailed out of Boston on the first long lap of their journey down the Atlantic to the treacherous tip of South America. Captain John Kendrick was in command of the "Columbia," and Captain Robert Gray of Rhode Island commanded the sloop "Lady Washington." Gray had previously served his nation on the high seas during the War for Independence and was rated as an able seaman. He was also a close friend of Kendrick's, probably the chief reason why the Rhode Islander was elevated to the command of a ship. For many days two ships sailed on in sight of each other; they stopped at several island ports, but steadily continued on their way south. Cape Horn was rounded safely, but on the way north, in the waters of the Pacific, the ships became separated. Captain

Gray continued on his course for many days and saw nothing of his friend Kendrick in the "Columbia." Somewhere along the west coast the sloop was brought in close to the shore permitting the crew to barter with the natives. Unfortunately, a dispute arose between the crew and the natives resulting in the death of two of Gray's men, and a narrow escape for several others who had gone ashore in a longboat. It is interesting to note that the voyagers named the little bay where this disastrous encounter occurred, "Murderers' Cove."

Gray continued on his journey north to Nootka Sound where the sloop was anchored, and where it was to wait until the "Columbia" put in appearance. Kendrick finally appeared and he reported that his ship had been delayed along the South American coast by stormy weather causing his crew to undergo many privations. But, now that the two ship companies were united again, immediate attention was paid to the purpose of the expedition. All hands began to barter with the natives. This particular section of the west coast was not unknown to other countries for the Americans soon found themselves in somewhat friendly competition with British and Spanish companies that had been sent there for the same purpose. For a short time, everything proceeded harmoniously, but, after a period, a clash came in which the Americans and British joined against the Spaniards. Although the dispute was settled without serious results, Captain Kendrick decided to shift the commands of the two vessels. Gray was given the "Columbia" and ordered to proceed to China, and Kendrick decided to go on a short voyage of his own in the other ship, expecting to follow Gray within a few days.

Captain Gray later arrived in Canton, China, without mishap, having made a stop at the Hawaiian Islands on the way. He sold his cargo of skins in China at a slight loss, but immediately loaded a full cargo of tea. Then came the long trip home. Gray sailed from Canton, headed down the Pacific, proceeded around Cape of Good Hope, stopping only at St. Helena and the Ascension Islands before reaching Boston in 1790. He was the

first American to carry his nation's flag around the world, and the log of the "Columbia" recorded that fifty thousand miles had been covered in the long, epoch-making voyage. A great ovation was given the intrepid mariner and his crew when they arrived in Boston. A fete was given in their honor by Governor Hancock, and to this affair came Captain Gray of Rhode Island, arm-in-arm with a native chieftain from the Hawaiian Islands. From a business standpoint the trip was not very profitable for the owners, but they were not insensible to the great honor which their employee had brought to them and to the nation. Undiscouraged, they ordered the "Columbia" overhauled and refitted for a second expedition. The sister ship "Lady Washington" never returned. She was lost somewhere in the Pacific after leaving China, and Captain Kendrick was reported accidentally killed while stopping at the Hawaiian Islands.

Captain Gray sailed the second time under specific instructions. He was to proceed to the Pacific Coast and there build a sloop; carry special governmental correspondence to Americans in China, and engage in trade as before. In addition, he was to stop at Japan and Peking, China, but, on no condition whatsoever, to touch at any Spanish port or make a single trade with a Spanish subject. This last injunction was disobeyed, but justly so. The "Columbia" left Boston late in 1790 and reached the Pacific Coast speedily. There, in one fatal stop along the shore to trade with the natives, three of the crew were massacred. A little farther along the coast, a plan of the natives to capture the ship and kill the crew was frustrated. The natives all had to be watched carefully, for everywhere they were found to be hostile. The new sloop was built according to instructions and was named the "Adventurer."

In 1792, Captain Gray met Vancouver, the British explorer. Vancouver had seen the mouth of the Columbia River, but had not thought it worth exploring. But, Gray held a different opinion, for,

on May 11, 1792, he sailed through the breakers into the quiet channel of this great waterway. He spent about a week in the river, taking on water and bartering with the natives. Then he sent a longboat ahead to learn more about the interesting stream, while he went ashore to explore the surrounding territory. Finally, the Rhode Islander landed at the mouth of the river and took possession of it and the territory which it drained for the United States, naming the river after his ship the "Columbia." While others may have seen the river, as Vancouver did from the sea, Captain Robert Gray was the first white man to enter it, the first to make a map of the country, and the first to land. This important discovery was the basis for the later overland expedition by Lewis and Clarke in 1804, and, thus, Great Britain's mistake became America's opportunity.

Later, the "Columbia" was attacked many times by natives in war canoes, and was forced several times to use its guns. After a mishap in which the ship struck a rock, a stop was made at Nootka for repairs. The Spanish governor was so hospitable when that happened that Captain Gray later named a son, Robert Don Quadra, in his memory. Gray sold the "Adventurer" to the Spaniard and then proceeded home, again following the old route to China. He arrived in Boston July 1793 with a cargo of tea, china, sugar and curios. This was the last voyage of the "Columbia" but Gray lived to command several other ships and sail on many profitable expeditions. Captain Robert Gray died in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1806. His little home is still standing on the east side of the Great West Road between Stone Bridge and Little Compton in Tiverton. If ever there was a shrine worthy of preserving as an immortal monument to a great Rhode Islander, it is the little two-storied structure with the close-cropped eaves where Captain Robert Gray, explorer, navigator, adventurer and founder was born, and where he lived the greater part of his distinguished career.

BISCUIT CITY

IN the year 1657, a small group of immigrants, described in Rhode Island history as the Pettasquamscutt Purchasers, accumulated sufficient capital to approach the ruling sachems of the powerful Narragansett tribe of Indians and propose to them the purchase of a huge tract of land including a part of that area which is now known as Southern Rhode Island. After many tribal conclaves and after much bargaining, the disheartened Indians, hesitating to admit defeat in their struggle against the invasion of the white man, decided to sell a stated portion of their precious territory in return for the glittering gold and silver offered by the Colonists.

In the central portion of this fertile tract was an Indian watering place, known to thousands of wandering tribesmen as the "Great Spring." An unfailing supply of clear, sparkling water bubbled forth from this natural fountain near which was destined to be located the smallest community in America, and possibly in the world, which was to have the imposing designation of "city." There "Biscuit City" was located. As for the actual and highly interesting history of this so-called "city" we are deeply indebted to Mr. William Davis Miller, former President of the Rhode Island Historical Society, for his exhaustive research and colorful writings. From him we have learned the strange romance of Biscuit City, one of the most amusing and intriguing stories ever passed on by our forefathers.

Situated about three quarters of a mile to the southwest of the present village of Kingston, this pseudo-city, in the height of its urban greatness, numbered but one mill, six houses and a population of about two dozen souls. The name, "Biscuit City," has always provoked a smile on the part of those who are familiar with the traditional recordings of Shepard Tom in his quaint "Johnny Cake Papers" regarding the naming of this famous Rhode Island metropolis. The first settlers, perhaps a trifle proud and having a flair for originality, sought an appellation

which would divorce the individualistic community from the commonplace details of life, and vigorously protested against adopting such drab names as Millville, Farmington or others descriptive of the nature of toil engaged in by the residents. They sought something romantic, esthetic or poetic, something, perhaps, that might inspire some dreaming genius to turn to couplets or stanzas when he chanced upon and became infatuated with the delightful spot. Lengthy and heated discussions continued; suggestions were inspired all the way from mythology to Indian lore, and, finally, some degree of unanimity was reached by a majority of the village populace. It was decided to call the place "Laureldale," because there, as in many other sections of historic South County, the lovely laurel grew in abundance, and besides, the place was geographically located in a small valley, or dale. The choice was unanimous, and the ambitious citizens were well pleased with their selection. They cherished the hope that the name "Laureldale" would be sung by minstrels throughout the land, and that, someday, a government post-office would bear this carefully-chosen name.

Then, once upon a time in early Colonial history, an itinerant peddler with a heavily-laden pack upon his weary back came trudging into the tiny hamlet hoping to dispense, at attractive prices, some of the choice articles that he carried about the country for sale. Dusk was fast approaching as he came within sight of the quiet homesteads in Laureldale; wispy streams of white smoke lazily curled from the tops of the great rough-stone chimneys while the busy housewives rustled up their fires in preparation for the cooking of the evening meal. The footsore peddler approached the door of the first house, threw off his pack, rattled the knocker, and, with all the courtesy and sales presence he could muster after a long day of tramping dusty, stony roads, he graciously questioned the lady of the house in regard to the state of her supply of the particular utensils which he was

happy to have for sale. Much to the surprise and disappointment of the vendor, his first prospect in Laureldale refused bluntly to inspect his wares, or even listen to his well-rehearsed sales talk. She said “she was mixing biscuits for supper and had not a minute to spare.” Muttering a rather forced and none too cheery “Good Day, Madam,” the peddler readjusted his cumbersome pack and started for the next prospect just across the way. Again he knocked, again he braced himself for his surefire cheery introduction; the door was opened, and, it must have been a coincidence, the second housewife he met in Laureldale was also too busy to talk because *she* was engaged in preparing biscuit dough for the oven. Likewise, she declined to examine his wares.

From house to house the peddler plodded and to his great astonishment, so the story goes, he found every last housewife in the little community of Laureldale industriously engaged in the task of mixing biscuits — and all were far too busy to lend an ear to his convincing sales story or to see what he had to sell. Downcast, discouraged, and weary, this particular traveling salesman set out to spend the night in the nearby village of Kingston. Upon his arrival there, someone inquired from whence he came, and he replied with emphasis and with an outward show of disgust, “From Biscuit City.” He then related his experience of the last few hours to several of the town’s wags, and from that day to this, the thoughtfully, painstakingly-chosen name of Laureldale has been but a tradition, whereas “Biscuit City” — non-poetic, non-musical — but amusingly appropriate, has become the accepted name for the little Rhode Island settlement where, once upon a time, no one had any time for peddlers.

The lands included in Biscuit City were deeded to a William Knowles, in 1671, about fifteen years following the purchase from the Narragansetts. In addition to the Great Spring, heretofore mentioned, was a fast-running narrow stream that flowed into a small pond, later to be known as the Mill Pond. This location with an abundance of natural

water power was an ideal one for a mill and it was probably during the ownership of the spot by Colonel Elisha Reynolds, a prominent merchant of Little Rest, or Kingston, that the first mill was constructed there, thereby beginning the mercantile era of the so-called “city.” Records do show that a grist mill was operated there prior to 1800, and records also disclose that the title of the property passed through several hands. The natural advantages of Biscuit City eventually became known, and the place apparently reached the height of its prominence in the year 1808 when Jonathan Babcock put aside his title of “Schoolmaster alias Yoeman” and thereafter described himself as a “miller,” and sold a parcel of his Biscuit City lands to the “President, Directors and Company of South Kingston Cotton Manufactory.” This sale gave the place an individual distinction, for it is said that this was the very first company ever organized in the United States for the purpose of manufacturing cotton cloth. Previous to this date, crude domestic looms had provided a sufficient amount of homespun to meet the limited requirements of the day.

In Colonial times, or more precisely, prior to 1809, the old approach to Biscuit City and its historic mill was across the property owned by Elisha Reynolds Potter at the western foot of Little Rest Hill, leaving the present road from Kingston to West Kingston near the point where the road crosses Whitehorn Brook. In 1809, Potter wanted the cotton company to release its right of way to this particular portion of his property so he deeded “the copartners and proprietors of the Cotton Factory” a lot of land to be “used and occupied as a road or public highway across lands of the grantor.” This new road was laid out and is the present approach used by many of us, and by peddlers too, who journey to Biscuit City. The cotton company experienced several years of doubtful success and was finally sold to Mr. Rouse Clarke early in the year 1819, who believed that he could revive the business that had dwindled rapidly previous to his purchase. Mr. Clarke reopened the mill at Biscuit City, not for the manufacture of textiles but for

the construction and sale of pleasure carriages and farm wagons — vehicles which were then in great demand and which commanded fancy prices for the times. Clarke's carriage company, however, like the cotton factory, was doomed to failure, and we find him deeding "lock, stock, and barrel" including a list of many finished and unfinished carts and carriages, tools and gears to one Asa Potter. The next owners transformed the factory back into a grist mill and it was operated successfully for many years. Eventually the property came into the hands of a Judge Elisha Reynolds Potter, the great grandson of the Elisha Reynolds who had

purchased the place one hundred and thirty years before. Biscuit City remained in the possession of the Potter family until recently when it was purchased by the Kingston Water Works. The famous Great Spring has now been harnessed and is being used as an auxiliary source in the water system of Kingston village and surrounding territory. Gone are the Indians who once quenched their thirsts with the crystal clear waters; the old mill is in ruins; only two of the houses are standing today, but Biscuit City remains as a precious tradition, one of the many that give historic South County its immortal distinction.

COTTON AND RHODE ISLAND

IT was not until shortly before the Christian Era that the use of cotton cloth was known in Rome, when it was introduced by Caesar and other generals for tent coverings and awnings. Previous to that, cotton had been used and cultivated in India and the East Indies. Herodotus, the ancient Greek historian, writing about five hundred years B.C., described the cotton tree and the manufacture of the product into cloth. Although this is the earliest known historical mention, it is likely that the Hindoos had long before known the use of cotton. But it was not until the fifteenth century that cotton machinery was first invented and perfected and thereafter the increase in cotton importation was enormous. Until the time of King Henry VIII the distaff was the only cotton spinning instrument used in England, and the spinning wheel is said to have been invented in 1530, although some authorities claim that this device was originally brought from India, and then came into use supplying yarn for the handloom weavers.

The invention of the fly shuttle in 1733 gave such an impetus to domestic handloom weaving that the spinning wheel could not keep up with the demand for yarn, but the invention of the spinning Jenny, a development of the spinning wheel principle, supplied the need for

faster yarn production. The great inventor of cotton machinery was Richard Arkwright, born in Preston, England, in 1732, the year of George Washington's birth. Originally a barber and later a manufacturer of wigs and a dealer in hair, Arkwright finally turned his attention to mechanical pursuits. By 1769, he had perfected a machine with rollers for spinning cotton, secured a patent on his creation and moved to Nottingham, a manufacturing center. There he obtained capital from men of wealth, who perceived the merits of his invention, and he immediately proceeded to revamp the whole operations of manufacture in a small cotton mill which he started. The invention of roller spinning, as applied in the spinning frame by Arkwright, introduced an entirely new principle and was destined to revolutionize the industry wherever it was known.

The next event of importance in the manufacture of cotton was the invention, in 1779, of the mule or mule Jenny, a combination of Arkwright's roller spinning frame and the original spinning Jenny. Then came the power loom, invented in 1785 by the Rev. Edmund Cartwright, a clergyman. These and many other inventions and improvements stimulated the demand for cotton to a great extent. Until near the close of the

eighteenth century three fourths of all the cotton used in England came from the West Indies. Following the close of the Revolutionary War and the establishment of peace between England and this nation, the reports of all these inventions induced planters in the southern sections of the United States to attempt an extended cultivation of the cotton plant, which had previously been grown there only on a small scale for domestic use. But the difficulty of separating the seed from the fiber was so great that it was a day's work for one person to produce a pound of clean cotton staple. It can readily be seen that, under such circumstances, the extensive raising of cotton for market was heavily handicapped.

Now we shall see how Rhode Island had a hand in overcoming this serious obstacle. Following the sudden death of General Nathanael Greene, born and raised in Rhode Island and second in command of Washington's Continental Army, Greene's young widow continued to live on the estate presented to the distinguished Rhode Island Revolutionary hero by Georgia. This estate was called "Mulberry Grove" and was located on the Savannah River about fourteen miles above the City of Savannah, where the General's remains rest today. Catherine Littlefield was born on Block Island in 1754; she was married to Nathanael Greene in 1774, and the couple first lived in the lovely old homestead in Coventry that is still standing today.

Following a trip north, after her husband's death, Catherine Littlefield Greene made the journey back to the South accompanied by her children. It was on this return trip that she made the acquaintance of a young man, a graduate of Yale and a native of Massachusetts. His name was Eli Whitney and he was on his way to enter the employ of a Savannah gentleman as a tutor. After he reached his destination he was disappointed to learn that his salary was to be far less than he had anticipated and so, with no resources, he resolved to return North. Mrs. Greene had become interested in the young man (he had mended her children's toys and amused them on their long

journey together) and, learning of his predicament, extended him an invitation to visit the Greene plantation at Mulberry Grove. He accepted and while there overheard several former army officers discussing the need for some sort of mechanical device that would successfully clean cotton.

At the suggestion of Mrs. Greene, young Eli Whitney soon began to experiment in the basement of the house, the only persons in the secret being Mrs. Greene and Phineas Miller, who subsequently married the General's widow. When Whitney believed that he had a practical machine, he called Mrs. Greene to come and watch it in operation. Full of interest and enthusiasm she watched the crude contrivance pull the cotton from the seeds. Overjoyed the two eagerly observed the working of this original cotton-gin, and then disappointment banished their high hopes. The cotton fibers massed against the wires until the teeth of the machine were clogged. Whitney was completely discouraged, but the young widow rushed quickly to the fireplace and, so the story goes, snatched up a hearth brush and with it cleared the wires of the clogging fibers. Whitney then constructed another cylinder with a brush attachment and this device practically perfected the cotton-gin, an invention that stimulated cotton cultivation vastly, and rendered profitable the labor of slaves on the plantations. At the end of the last century cotton exports were two thousand times as great as they were in 1794, one year following the invention of the cotton-gin.

Cotton spinning machinery was not introduced into America for many years after Arkwright had obtained his first patent because England did everything during the Colonial period to discourage manufacturing on this side of the Atlantic. There were two objects in this policy: first, to keep the Colonists dependent upon the mother country, and second, to provide a market and insure profits to English merchants and manufacturers. Even after the Revolution, it was a serious offence to export machinery, tools, implements, etc. from England, and individuals were fined and imprisoned for attempts to

thwart the law of the Kingdom. The influx of foreign goods after the Revolution drove domestic products in a measure out of the market, discouraging and throwing into bankruptcy many of the pioneer manufacturers. To overcome this condition a knowledge of improved methods and machinery was essential and this great American want in the cotton industry was supplied by Samuel Slater, whose achievements mark the beginning of an industrial era on the American continent.

Samuel Slater was born in Belper, Derbyshire, England, June 6, 1768, and at the age of fourteen apprenticed himself to Jedediah Strutt of Milford, near Belper, to learn the art of cotton spinning. This apprenticeship expired in 1789 and it was about this time that his attention was attracted to the lack of efficient machinery in America and to the bounties which were offered to inventors and manufacturers. With his mind filled with facts and figures, but with no drawings, descriptions or models of cotton spinning or carding machinery, he sailed from London and arrived in New York on November 18, 1789. Thus a youth of 21 brought the first accurate knowledge of the world's finest automatic machinery, which his experience, skill and remarkable memory enabled him to reproduce in America and put into successful operation at a time when all other similar efforts had utterly failed.

He worked a short while in New York and shortly learned through a sea captain that Moses Brown was anxious to promote cotton spinning and the construction of machinery at Providence. Slater at once wrote to him offering his services as "a manager of cotton spinning" and stating that he could build machinery and make as good yarn as could be made in England, but he preferred to accomplish this on Arkwright type of machinery. Moses Brown replied at once and offered Slater all the profits above the interest of the money and the wear and tear of the machinery, for a period of six months, if he would perfect the machines that he had and operate them successfully. Slater accepted and went to Pawtucket, Rhode Island, with Moses Brown, but when he saw the American-made machines which

had already been procured he declared that they were useless, and that it would be necessary to alter them radically or construct new ones.

After a few weeks of hopeless attempts to utilize the machinery in operation, he went to work on the construction of Arkwright type machines, beginning the work behind closed doors in the shop of Sylvanus Brown, who made the wood patterns under Slater's direction. When the patterns were finished David Wilkinson forged the iron work and turned the rollers and spindles. Notwithstanding this efficient and enthusiastic help, the original machinery was constructed principally by Slater's own hands. Because of many delays his creation was not in full operation until December 20, 1790, eleven months after his arrival in America. The new mill equipment then consisted of three cards, drawing and roving frames, and two spinning frames, one of 24 and the other of 48 spindles. The motive power was obtained from an old fulling mill water wheel that had a habit of freezing up when it was most needed in the early days of experimentation. In the original mill and with this machinery, Slater and his partners carried on the manufacture for twenty months, and had produced so much yarn that local weavers could not consume it and no market could be found for several thousand pounds.

When the business was demonstrated to be a success, it was decided to erect a factory where all spinning and allied operations could be carried on under one roof. Accordingly, early in 1793, a building was erected on the west bank of the river near the Falls in Pawtucket; the first machinery was moved there, additional units were built and production soon started.

This famous old mill, much of the original structure remaining, stands today as a monument to Samuel Slater, his backers, business associates and employees who combined to revolutionize cotton manufacture in America. Slater rapidly extended his interests and acquired additional mills in Rhode Island and elsewhere. His success stimulated other men throughout the country to engage in cotton spinning. Mills were started,

especially after the beginning of the century on every stream in Southern New England. In 1812, within a radius of thirty miles from Providence, Rhode Island boasted of thirty-three mills with eighty-six thousand spindles. Thus, we see that Rhode Island played a most important role in two phases of the cotton industry — one, through Mrs. Nathanael

Greene's kindness and encouragement extended to Eli Whitney and her ingenuity displayed in helping to perfect the cotton-gin, and the other, Samuel Slater's invaluable achievements in Pawtucket made possible by Moses Brown's financial sponsorship, and by the inventive genius and clever craftsmanship of Rhode Island artisans.

THE SLAVE SHIP "COMMERCE"

DURING the years 1804 to 1807, the official records of the Charleston, South Carolina, custom house showed that slave ships entering that port from Africa included one from Connecticut; one from Boston; two from Norfolk; four from Baltimore; sixty-one from Charleston, and fifty-nine from Rhode Island. Of sixty-one ships then hailing from northern ports, Rhode Island had sent out all but two. Briefly, this was the way slave trading was carried on in Rhode Island. Owners of large distilleries, principally in Bristol and Newport, also owned many vessels. From Cuba, a cargo of molasses was procured, and quickly converted into New England rum. From the Narragansett Bay distilleries the huge rum casks went straight to the hold of a schooner or sloop moored at a nearby wharf. A store of cheap knick-knacks, highly prized by African natives, was also placed on board, and the vessel was cleared for the coast of Africa. The voyage was usually a long one, for the vessels were built to carry freight and not to make fast time. The stay upon the coast was tedious and dangerous. One by one the hogsheads of rum were bartered for captives brought to the ship by the chiefs of inland tribes. Then the captain would sail for Cuba, or some island in the West Indies, where he was always sure of a ready market for his human cargo. Then he would load with molasses for Bristol, or Newport, and the triangular voyage would be completed.

On Thursday, October 17, 1799, the year of George Washington's death, the schooner "Commerce," Captain John Willard Russell, master, sailed from

Bristol, Rhode Island, to secure slaves from Africa and sell them to ready buyers in the West Indies. After a stop in Boston to complete the cargo needed for profitable slave bartering, the "Commerce" was on her way by the first of November, running before a fresh breeze in a heavy sea — nearly every man more or less seasick. From then on, the ocean crossing was without any incident of note, except on November 25, when the ship crossed the Tropic of Cancer and three hands on board had to submit to the usual hazing ceremonies of shaving, ducking, etc. Cape Verde was sighted about December 1, and then the course was laid to the centers of slave trading along the African coast.

The chief source of supply for the hungry slave markets in America was then found along the Atlantic coast of Africa between Cape Verde at the north, and Benguela, or Cape St. Martha, at the south. Nowhere along that stretch of coastline was there a good bay or inlet to offer harbor protection for ships. The coastline there has been described as low, although hills and mountains could be seen in the distance, generally flooded with a low haze. The rivers coming down from the interior wound about through uncounted channels in low delta lands, covered with masses of mangrove and palm trees, and the whole area was infested with poisonous and vicious reptiles. River currents battled with pounding surf, leaving the low, tawny beaches strewn with yellowish sand of the sea, and the black slimy mud washed down from the uplands.

The "Commerce" went aground near Bunyan's Point in that vicinity, but was floated at high tide. She finally came to anchor off the town called Gillfrei, on the north side of the Gambia River, nearly opposite James Island. If one cares to check this geographical reference, look for Cape Verde on the map; this appears to be the easternmost point of the entire African Coast. The mouth of the Gambia River is just below Cape Verde, and the islands having the same name are just opposite, approximately 1500 miles south of the Azore Islands. Captain Russell then awaited the arrival of an official called in the log, the Alcade, who had to be seen before any slave trading could be carried on. In the meantime, the Bristol skipper went ashore and did a little sight-seeing. He found the country very pleasant, abounding with rice, yams, corn, pumpkins, plantains, and a variety of tropical fruit. A later trip to Albreda, a nearby town, impressed the captain with its luxurious beauty. Everywhere were beautiful gardens, filled with limes, sweet potatoes and great quantities of onions; even more of the latter than he had seen growing in Bristol, as he remarked in his log.

On Monday, December 9, the long awaited Alcade arrived and evidently all business negotiations were completed, since the trading of cargo for human beings started the following day. After trading was completed at Gillfrei, at the mouth of the river, the "Commerce" started on a long cruise up the Gambia River, stopping here and there to lighten the load of rum, and to increase the cargo of men, women and children who were stowed away for a long frightful journey, and, in the end, for the dismal, tragic, hopeless existence of human bondage.

Life on board a slave ship, many miles in from the coast on a crooked African river, was not so pleasant — swarms of mosquitoes descended upon the wandering Rhode-Islanders, causing great annoyance and pain. At night these giant insects joined their music with the chorus of screaming birds — while the hoarse croak of alligators, the howling of jungle beasts, and the roar of a lonesome lion, all helped to dispel any illusions our ancestors might

have had about nights under a tropical moon.

On Christmas Day, 1799, Captain Russell of Bristol dined with the only white man then living on the Gambia River, a Captain Tye, an Englishman. The master of another ship on the river at the time, a Captain Grandison, was also invited to this holiday feast. The Bristol mariner noted in his log that "he spent the day and evening pleasantly, casting, however, many an anxious thought to my native country and the friends whom this festival will bring together."

After the turn of the year, came the descent of the river, and this portion of the voyage was most disheartening because of a frightful epidemic that disabled all of the men, including the shipmaster. Heroic measures, bleeding and the administration of emetics were vividly described in the record of this expedition, and, at one time, only one man was able to come on deck. Fifty slaves were already chained below for the voyage that was never to come. At last, on Wednesday, January 15th, the "Commerce" came out of the river, and the anchor was dropped into the sea. More slaves were to come aboard and plans were made to sail within twenty days. But on January 28, a French privateer hailing from Goree, a settlement on a rocky island a mile southeast of Cape Verde, approached the anchored "Commerce," and sixteen men armed with muskets came aboard and took possession.

Captain Russell and his crew were too ill to offer any resistance. He was forced to go to Goree and there await the pleasure of the French in respect to the ship and its cargo. After days of weary waiting, word came from French headquarters at Senegal that the Bristol ship was condemned. She was put up at auction and sold for \$1140. Then, nothing remained for Captain Russell to do but to get away as soon as possible — but how, or when, he knew not.

Before he was able to find passage on some returning ship, a British fleet captured the island where he had been held prisoner for seventy days, — a prisoner on a barren rock, robbed of his property; his health ruined; his spirit broken. How-

ever, the new rulers of the former French settlement assisted him in his plight and did all possible to help the Bristol skipper find a means of getting home. Passage was finally secured on the Schooner “Greyhound,” of Charleston, Captain McCall, bound for Havana, with a cargo of about 180 slaves. Nassau was reached on May 17, and the next day, the Captain and one member of his crew, James Lawton, who remained with him, took passage on a small schooner bound for New London. A stop was made at Havana, and there he found Captain Manchester of Bristol who had just arrived from the slave coast. From him he learned that the “Fair Eliza,” Captain Littlefield, was ready to sail for Bristol. The following is quoted directly from the record of this adventurous and unprofitable journey:

“Sunday, June 8th, 1800 — at 6 P.M. made the lighthouse on Montauk Point (the east end of Long Island), light winds all night. Next day at 11 A.M. were abreast of Newport lighthouse — light breeze at S. W. Ran in at 4.00 P.M.

landed at Bristol — put up at the house of Mr. Aaron Brown, found my friends well and apparently glad to see me.”

As this account was being written under an ancient roof in the town of Bristol, just a few yards from the water’s edge, where many a slaver once waited for the huge hogsheads of rum that represented so much value in terms of human flesh, the author wondered just how our ancestors, whose claims to piety and admissions of faith distinguished their writings and their correspondence, justified their participation in a traffic that civilization certainly had outlawed a long time before. It appears hopeless to try and analyze why men and nations have turned to inhuman acts and beastly practices in the course of what is often termed the march of progress. If history can reveal to us the errors of our predecessors, and, if we apply those lessons learned from the past to our every day experiences, it may be that looking back may help make the present and future brighter, at least more understandable.

A MAN OF ACTION

THE name of a Rhode Island sailor stands pre-eminent among those immortalized on the pages of American history. Oliver Hazard Perry was born August 23, 1785, in Perryville, South Kingstown, just a short distance south of Wakefield, and the house there that is today referred to as his birthplace was constructed by him in later life from lumber and materials taken from the original Perry homestead. He was the son of Christopher Raymond and Sarah Alexander Perry, and, on his father’s side his first ancestor in this country was Edward Perry, a Quaker preacher who came from England and settled in Sandwich, Massachusetts. Two sons, Samuel and Benjamin, settled in South Kingstown, and Oliver was a descendant of the latter. It is interesting to note in tracing the ancestry of Oliver Hazard Perry that Nathanael Greene, the equally illustrious

Rhode Island soldier, was also a descendant of Edward Perry. The graven images of Perry and Greene surmount pedestals on either side of the south entrance to the State Capitol, but few realize that Rhode Island’s greatest sailor and Rhode Island’s greatest soldier were descended from a common ancestor. It is also remarkable to observe that these two great heroes of battles on land and on sea should have derived a direct strain of descent from the same source, a peaceful and peace-loving Quaker, Edward Perry.

After receiving an excellent training in the best schools of Newport, Oliver began his naval career as a midshipman on board the “General Green,” a ship commanded by his own father, Captain Christopher R. Perry. His father had received a long fighting experience during the War for Independence and was, therefore, well-qualified to instruct his son in the arts of

war. Later, in 1801, a small American squadron was ordered to the Mediterranean to protect our commerce from plundering by Tripolitan pirates, and young Perry was ordered to serve under a Captain Campbell who commanded one of three frigates in the squadron. This duty kept him in active fighting service until 1805 when, as a reward for valor and ability, he was promoted to an active lieutenancy.

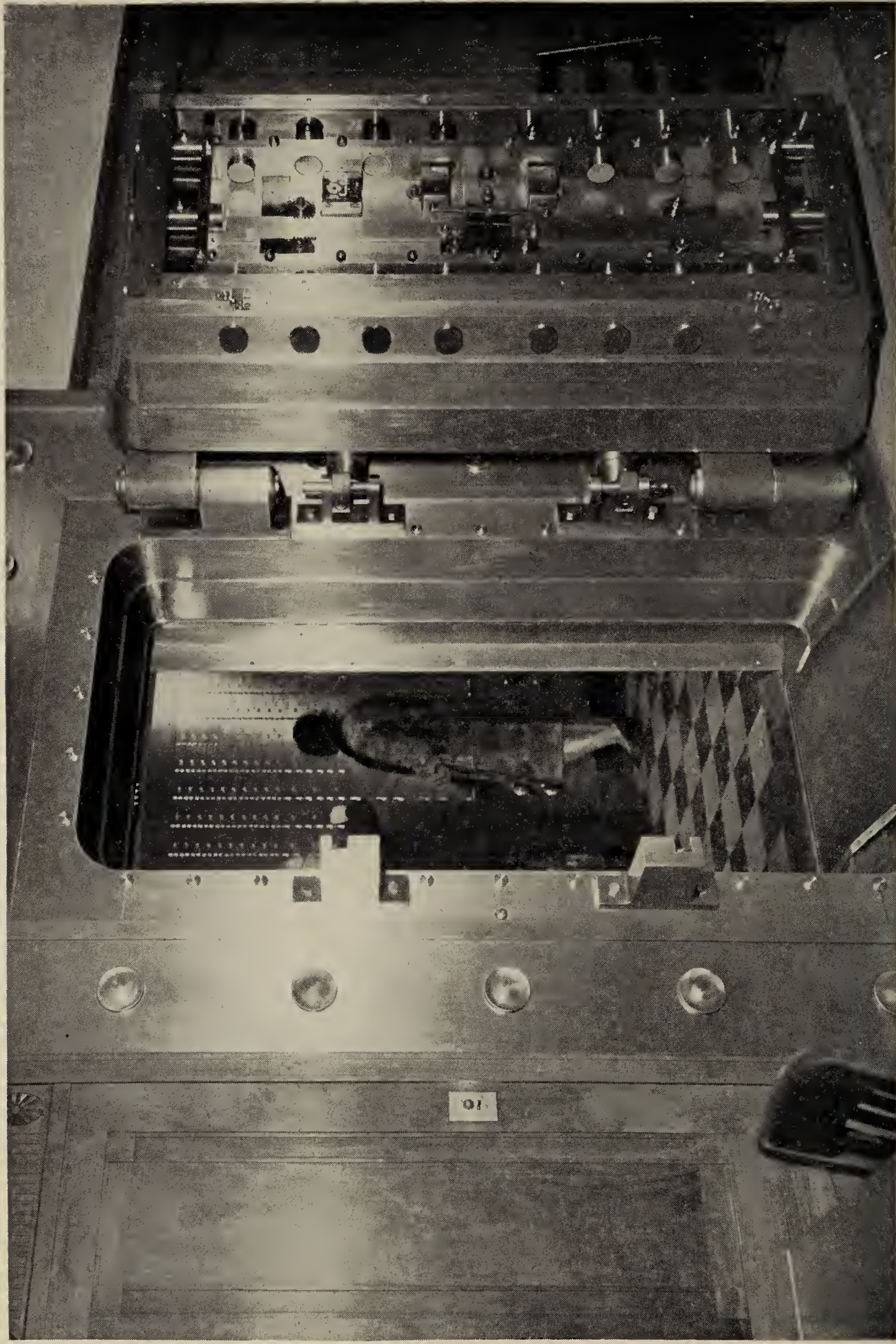
Oliver Hazard Perry rose rapidly in the service of his country. In 1807 Congress passed a law establishing an embargo as the only means calculated to save our commerce from seizure by British and French vessels. As one measure to enforce that law, the youthful Rhode Island sailor was placed in command of a flotilla of seventeen gunboats at Newport. There he remained until he was placed in command of the "Revenge," a naval schooner. In this command, he was attached to the squadron of his uncle, Commodore Rogers, at New London. Congressional action in the form of an embargo did not have the desired results, and, when other measures failed to induce the British to cease hostilities, war was declared in 1812. Previous to this, Perry had become weary of the life of an inactive sailor. In addition, the American Navy was an unpopular service, and considerable public hostility was displayed toward the arm of the nation's protecting forces that was destined to sustain its integrity and uphold its honor among the other nations of the world. Many times Perry was on the point of quitting the Navy, but, on every occasion, when he was about to retire in disgust from a profession that held forth no flattering inducements or hopes to cheer an aspirant for honest fame, circumstances prevailed that caused him to abandon this intention.

Soon after the beginning of the War of 1812, Oliver Hazard Perry was promoted to the rank of Master Commandant in command of a flotilla of gunboats stationed in New York. He soon became disgusted with the inactivity of this assignment and he applied to the Navy Department for permission to join the forces of Commodore Chauncey who was then directing American naval preparations on

Lake Erie. This request was granted and he repaired to the station assigned to him. So warmly attached to him were the seamen who had heretofore served under him that they unanimously applied for permission to accompany him to the scene of action, and it was the service of these loyal subordinates that laid the foundations of his future renown. On his arrival at Great Lakes he was ordered to proceed to Lake Erie, to assume command of the fleet that was stationed there; and it was at this juncture that the fruitful energies of his mind developed themselves and were put into active operation.

The fleet on Lake Erie consisted of a few vessels, small and scarcely seaworthy, while the fleet of the enemy was large, well-manned, and ably commanded by that venerable and experienced British naval hero, Commodore Barclay. Commodore Perry readily saw that his equipment was inadequate for a contest with his antagonist, and he determined to augment his forces in order to meet the enemy on equal ground. Throwing aside the duties of officer and sailor, he assumed the character of a master ship-builder and soon succeeded in possessing a fleet of vessels adequate to meet all future emergencies. The familiar details of Perry's triumphant victory over the veteran Barclay are not to be included in this account, for they should be known to every American. However, it is sufficient to say, that on September 10, 1813, Commodore Oliver Perry, the gallant son of Rhode Island, met the enemy — he conquered — and he triumphed. A victory more signal and complete was never won — and although the forces engaged were comparatively few, when compared with those that clashed at Trafalgar, and at Cape St. Vincent, the defeat at the Battle of Lake Erie spread a panic throughout England, for the British realized that they had men to contend with, men who knew not how to quail, and who fought for victory or for death.

Commodore Perry knew that he had done his duty, but he modestly attributed his victory to causes other than his own gallantry and nautical forecast. The following letter, written by him to the Navy Department immediately after the close



THE PROVIDENCE INSTITUTION FOR SAVINGS MAINTAINS SAFE DEPOSIT FACILITIES
AT THE EMPIRE-ABORN BRANCH, WHERE ALL SIZES OF BOXES ARE
AVAILABLE ON THE MAIN BANKING FLOOR.

of the battle clearly indicates his positive unselfishness:

{ United States' brig Niagara, off }
 { the Western Sister, head of }
 { Lake Erie, Sept. 10, 1813. }

Sir: — It has pleased the Almighty, to give to the arms of the United States, a signal victory over their enemies on this Lake. The British squadron, consisting of two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop, have this moment surrendered to the force under my command, after a short conflict.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

O. H. Perry.

{ Hon. William Jones, Secretary }
 { of the U. S. Navy }

The news of this victory produced general rejoicing throughout the country, and great celebrations were held in all the large cities. Perry was advanced to the rank of Captain and Congress adopted resolutions tendering the nation's gratitude to him and through him to the officers, seamen and marines attached to the squadron under his command.

In the summer of 1819, the year when the Providence Institution for Savings was founded, Captain Perry was ordered on an expedition to Angostura, the capital

of the Venezuelan Republic. He was received there with much attention, and after he had completed the duties of his mission he proceeded down the Orinoco River on his way to Port Spain, where his ship was stationed. On this shore journey he fell ill from yellow fever and died shortly after he arrived on board his ship, the "John Adams." He was buried at Port Spain, where the combined military and civil authorities paid reverent tribute to the youthful hero who had met an untimely death. In 1826, the United States sloop of war "Lexington," commanded by Captain Shubrick, brought the remains of the gallant hero of Lake Erie to Newport, and a final interment was made in that city on Monday, December 4, when the entire state paused in its activities to participate in the solemn rites for an immortal son.

At the unveiling of the statue erected to his memory in Newport in 1886, the Hon. William P. Sheffield said in an address: "Oliver Hazard Perry needs no monument of bronze or tablet to commemorate his name or to illustrate his glory. History has taken these into its keeping and will preserve them for posterity, while genius in battle and heroic valor and unfaltering energy in the performance of high duty receives the homage of the American people."

GREAT GALES

THE author finds himself more and more impressed by the theory that history repeats itself, that things have happened before — that all we believe to be new, unheard of, unprecedented, has heretofore been known to humans of other ages, of other eras. If this world is the stage-setting for repeat performances of human experience, then indulgence in historical retrospect must be valuable, essential to the present, indispensable as to the future. Knowing history, understanding history, surely must be safe guideposts for the paths ahead, that is, if you accept this theory that there is nothing new under the sun; and it takes but little study,

nothing more than a little observation, to convince the average person that the general theory of looking backward to prophesy what is to come, has its basis upon truth.

We are particularly concerned with Rhode Island history, with the lives of men and women who have lived upon this soil. We are especially interested in the social and political development of our own State; how what we do and have, came to be what it is today, and, thereby limiting our research and story-telling to a comparatively small area of the earth's surface, we may fail to reveal many convincing evidences of history repeating

itself. But, the theory stands, nevertheless, in respect to the whole world, and here and there we have found ourselves confronted with the amazing revelation of a flashback to something important, significant, that happened before, generations ago, right here in Rhode Island.

Continuing with this thought, it may be noteworthy to announce that Wilfred J. Funk has published an interesting book entitled "So You Think It's New." In his two-hundred page, illustrated volume, Mr. Funk has very cleverly attempted to dispel all faith in the "progress" of the twentieth century, and he has done so by telling us that "hot-dog stands were common 1900 years ago, that permanent waves and face-lifting operations were obtainable in all ancient Mediterranean countries," that "Rome, under the Caesars, had apartment houses twelve stories high," that "in the depression of 333 A.D., money was so debased in Egypt that a \$500.00 home required a \$1,000,000 mortgage for security."

In Mr. Funk's book we learn that one grand old king of Babylon had his own New Deal with a complicated system of codes for business; and we also learn that unbreakable glass was invented during the reign of the Emperor Tiberius, 34 A.D., and that glass eyes were worn by the sightless at least two thousand years before the Christian era. Hundreds of other startling instances of what the Ancients knew about what we believe to be up-to-date are described in this well-written, and amazing, honest attempt to debunk this generation of ours, but Mr. Funk does not explore far into the evolution of human relationships. If he had, undoubtedly he would have discovered the causes and effects of much that is troubling the world today. He could have told us about long-forgotten dictators, about their hopes, plans, demands, disappointments, victories and defeats. He could have told us about civilizations that became too complex, too civilized, so to speak, for them to enjoy life, peace and contentment. This writer, like many others with the facts of history at hand, could have easily put down countless philosophies, theories, convictions, systems and methods of the present, and

beside them placed exact counterparts, or parallels, known once to humans who happened to live sometime before we put in our appearance. With much of the world at this writing in turmoil, turn to your old school history textbooks and find the causes — look a little deeper and you will find the results — not the end of the world by any means, — just the same old story.

The Great Hurricane of 1938 has already become as much a mile-post of history as have the Great Gale of 1815 and the Blizzard of '88. Storms like battles and birthdays, often become such high points of time — important events are often placed in their proper chronological order by reference to them as happening before or after some particularly disastrous gale, an earthquake, a tidal wave, or a cyclone. Luckily for Rhode Island, thus far, volcanic eruptions, earth upheavals and the like are unknown experiences, therefore, in this locality, spectacular carnivals of wind, rain and snow have occasionally served as turning points in the passing of decades. The recent tragic visitation of unbridled waters and death-dealing winds has given Rhode Island another mile-post of time — Rhode Islanders saw history made, but was it an unheard-of experience, had something like unto it happened to people on these shores before?

Business was good in Rhode Island; things seemed to be on the upgrade along the shores of Narragansett Bay. The sound of flying chips and rumbling drays spelled activity at the shipyards, in the workshops, and on the wharves. Ships' keels were being laid by the score; the warehouses were filled to the rafters; and no threatening cloud appeared on the bright horizon of world-wide business and prosperity.

On the 22nd day of September, 1815, the old so-called "line storm" appeared for its annual Fall mischief. When Rhode Islanders went to bed that night they anticipated the usual results; the wind was in the northeast corner and rain fell heavily. During the night the wind increased in force, and dawn found the blow coming from the east. Increasing with frightful force, the wind gradually worked around to the southeast, from which

quarter it blew with hurricane force, now possible for those of this generation to describe with accuracy.

At noon, after two hours of lashing devastation, the wind suddenly changed to the southwest, calmed rapidly, and the sun shone upon now believable ruin and destruction. During the height of the Great Gale of 1815, the water had climbed approximately twelve feet above the average limit of flood tide. Swirling, rushing, irresistible waters had extended well up toward Benefit Street to the East, and nearly as far as Aborn Street to the West. When this hurricane lunged up Narragansett Bay, a great East India ship, the "Ganges," owned by Brown & Ives, a craft of more than 520 tons, parted from her moorings and crashed into the bridge at Market Square. Through the bridge she hurtled in mad flight, followed by a panicky procession of small boats and wreckage. The bowsprit of the "Ganges" pierced the upper story of the Washington Insurance Company building on the Square, and she finally ended her sudden voyage on the shores of the old Cove, a hopeless wreck, never again to raise her sails.

Smith Hill, just back of the Cove, and the banks of the Moshassuck River, were littered with wreckage carried inland by the flood. Twenty-seven ships of various types and sizes also went through the bridge, little of which remained after the waters had receded, and the wind had abated. One sloop went as far as North Providence, and another made its way up Eddy Street somewhere between Westminster and Weybosset Streets, and remained there when the waters receded like a ship in a drydock, its proud mast towering above a three-story building.

The entire Rhode Island coastline suffered untold destruction, but the fury of the 1815 catastrophe inflicted most dam-

age upon the wharves which then lined Narragansett Bay's busy waterfront. Valuable cargoes, loading gear and ships' stores were swept into oblivion. In Providence, very few of the business establishments that lined the shores escaped the deadly force of the wind and the power of the waves. All downtown streets were blocked with an impassable accumulation of casks, lumber, spars and scows. Many homes were carried from the foundations, while from other dwellings, every article of furniture, clothing and food was lost. In all the towns and hamlets of Rhode Island the wreckage of roofs, chimneys and fences cluttered the streets, strewn with fallen trees and tangled foliage.

Here and there, tall steeples were dashed to the ground under the force of the express-like gale, but, in Providence, the tall graceful spire of the First Baptist Church wavered, bent to the blast, but did not fall. This noble landmark is today standing nobly erect, the survivor of two devastating hurricanes and of the gale of slightly lesser intensity that pounded upon these shores in September, 1869. Fortunately, the loss of life, in 1815, was comparatively small, but that may be accounted for by the fact that, in those days, few people resided along the unprotected shores of Rhode Island where so many met their fate during the disaster in 1938.

It has been observed that, in spite of the terrific loss sustained by the enterprising citizens, in 1815, active steps were taken immediately to clear away the wreckage, repair damage and start afresh. New business organizations were founded, manufacturing took on a new lease of life, and stunned communities entered another era with hope and with courage. Now we know of at least one instance where history has certainly repeated itself.

THOMAS POYNTON IVES

THOMAS POYNTON IVES was born in the town of Beverly, Essex County, Massachusetts, on April 9, 1769. When he was only four years old, his father died, leaving him to the care of his mother. She did not long survive and the son was committed to the care of relatives, who resided in Boston, and these kindly people gave the lad a comfortable and pleasant home. In one of the public schools of Boston, Thomas acquired the rudiments of an English education, but it was only through a persistent struggle for knowledge in his earlier years that he became, in maturity, a striking example of self-cultivation and an unusually well-informed man. Despite the fact that he enjoyed far from perfect opportunities for the acquisition of an education in his youth, Thomas Poynton Ives became a master of the English language. Few practised writers, disciplined by the strict rules of rhetoric, clothed their thoughts in language more pure and terse, or arranged them in a clearer order. In writing upon the most complicated subjects of business, he was seldom obliged to alter or amend the wording of his original draft.

His style, both of conversation and writing, seemed to be the natural expression of a clear and direct mind, of a mind never confused by imperfect conceptions, and never diverted from its track by what is either subsidiary or irrelevant. He fully exemplified the spirit of Quintilian's injunction: "We must study not only that every hearer may understand us, but that it shall be impossible for him not to understand us."

In the year 1782, and when only thirteen years of age, Thomas Poynton Ives was withdrawn from school and placed by his friends as a clerk in the counting-house of Nicholas Brown, Esq., then an enterprising and wealthy merchant in the town of Providence. So free was he from what were then, and are today, the pardonable levities of youth, and so faithful and intelligent was the young clerk in the discharge of his duties, that he soon won the complete confidence of Mr. Brown, and the

latter assigned to him the most responsible trusts and ultimately gave him practically an exclusive direction of the mercantile affairs of the firm. Mr. Brown died in 1791 and the following year, Mr. Ives married the only surviving daughter, Hope, and became associated in business with the only surviving son, Nicholas Brown. It was about then that John Brown, who laid foundations for the great shipping firm of Brown & Ives, took John Francis of Philadelphia as a first partner, and he continued as a member of the firm until his death in 1796. A Mr. Benson who was also a member of the firm retired the same year and then his place was taken by Thomas Poynton Ives. Thus was formed the powerful commercial firm which was destined to push its enterprises to every quarter of the globe and to spread afar the fame of Providence as a center of world commerce and ship building.

Early accounts contain high praise for Mr. Ives for he was regarded as a benevolent, courteous and cultured citizen besides enjoying the reputation for shrewdness, good judgment and fair-dealing in his many business ventures. His entire life was remarkable for his patient, untiring industry. He performed, year after year, an amount of labor which would have been far beyond the powers of an ordinary individual, but he did it all without the flutter of haste or the weakness of indecision. It was said that he could be hospitable without display, and that, around his liberal board, he loved to gather, not only his family and friends — but the intelligent, the learned and the pious — the fellow-citizen whom he had long known, and the stranger from far off lands. And, upon such occasions he knew well how to shape his discourse, so as to draw forth the intellectual resources of those around him. The story was told of him that as several friends whom he had invited to dine at his house were sitting at their meal, he received news of a very great loss to his firm through failure of a correspondent, but that he sat with them in his usual mood of equanimity and none

of the guests saw the least shade of anxiety on his countenance or suspected that he had received unfavorable tidings.

When Mr. Ives associated himself with the shipping firm there began a still further enlargement of the sphere of operation of the house, for the new member soon became the leading spirit. He directed the course of the house during the hey-day of the ever-widening East India trade, and the success of the ventures then projected was the result, in a great measure, of the methods he put in practice. The following extract from an old account well describes a few of these methods:

"The mode of transacting business of this firm was different from that of previous times and entirely different from any now in use. A vessel would be fitted out with a cargo to the East Indies and placed in charge of a supercargo (sometimes two), who sailed on the vessel and was sent out with a 'roving commission,' namely, to any port he saw fit to enter in that part of the world. The supercargo would go in the vessel to a given East Indian port, and, if he deemed advisable, sell the cargo there. If he judged, from advices there obtained, that some other port or ports would furnish a more desirable market, he would proceed to such port or ports, and sell there the cargo, or so much of it as he deemed expedient, replacing it with merchandise there obtainable, with which he would proceed to still other ports, selling the rest of the original cargo or portions of it, as he deemed best, till he obtained a cargo suitable for some other portion of the globe, to which he would then sail, there re-exchanging cargoes, and start thence for the home port. The selling of cargoes and purchasing new ones was subject to general instructions, left entirely to the supercargo. It was no unusual thing for a vessel to go to Batavia, in that neighborhood sell out its cargo, take a new one for the Russian North Pacific ports, there take on a third cargo for Copenhagen or St. Petersburg in Europe; then at these ports take a fourth cargo of European products for Provi-

dence, and arrive home after a voyage of two years, during which time the supercargo and the owners would have no communication with each other except at long intervals. It will be seen that an immense power and responsibility rested on the supercargo; and it was largely on their skill in the discernment of human nature and the choice of men for such posts that the firm of Brown & Ives depended for success."

This firm also extended its business by having fleets of smaller vessels in foreign countries, whose business it was to take lesser cargoes from some central port to smaller markets, exchange these for the merchandise in such markets, and return therewith to the central ports, at which the larger vessels of the firm would call at stated periods to receive the gathered cargoes and transport them to other parts of the world. Brown & Ives was the first Providence house to introduce this system, and it is to Mr. Ives that the inception of the plan was due.

Mr. Ives remained active in business and in the life of the growing community until his death in 1835, and the pages of Rhode Island history contain ample references to his official relations to several public institutions. For twenty-four years he was the president of the Providence Bank and he had the distinction of being the first president of the Providence Institution for Savings, "The Old Stone Bank," which office he held from the time of the bank's founding, in 1819, until his decease. An early newspaper reference to Mr. Ives' association with this savings bank reads: "In the prosperity of the Providence Institution for Savings, of which, from the period of its organization, he had for fifteen years been the president, he felt a peculiar interest; and its unquestioned stability and extensive usefulness may, in no small degree, be ascribed to his vigilant and wise supervision."

Thomas Poynton Ives left to Providence, with which he was so long identified, a splendid example of unblemished honor and of faithful service for the good of others.

ZACHARIAH ALLEN

ON the first Monday in October, the officers, trustees and members of the corporation of the publisher of this volume meet in the banking rooms on South Main Street and perform their respective duties prescribed in the bylaws for the holding of an annual meeting. Reports are read and approved; new officers elected for the forthcoming year and the president presents his annual message. For nearly a century and a quarter the familiar scene in "The Old Stone Bank" has been repeated annually. Its occurrence once a year brings to mind the original meeting of public-spirited Rhode Island citizens who decided, in the year 1819, that the proper time had arrived to formulate plans for the establishment, in Providence, of a bank which, acting as a community servant, would afford the people a plan for the safekeeping of their savings, with the added advantage of accumulating interest.

Among the founders, emulated in these days by a large group of public-spirited citizens who have been elected as members of the corporation, were many whose names are revered in local history for their accomplishments in the interests of public service. There was one among that original Board of Trustees, that first met in the office of the Washington Insurance Company on November 4, 1819, who deserves to be classed among the immortals of Rhode Island. His talents were so varied; his interests so widespread; his contributions to human progress so unique, that present and future generations should know of him, and of the public benefits conceived, developed and made practical by him.

When the first founders of the Providence Institution for Savings met to organize a savings bank, one of their number was but twenty-four years old; his name was Zachariah Allen. He was born in Providence, September 15, 1795, the son of Zachariah Allen, a prominent ship owner and land holder who had the distinction of being the first printer of calico in New England — this original

cotton print coming, in 1790, from Mr. Allen's mill somewhere in the town of East Greenwich.

Zachariah Allen, Jr., or the one whom we are to describe more fully, graduated from Brown in 1813, after completing his early education, at first in a private school at Medford, and later in Phillips Academy at Exeter. Mr. Allen attended the medical school at Brown following his graduation, but shortly thereafter he entered the law office of Senator James Burrill, and was admitted to the bar in 1815.

There is no accurate picture of this young man who, barely reaching his majority, had completed a full course in early nineteenth century intellectual, cultural and professional training, but, from a later-in-life portrait we can deduce that he was tall, erect, deliberate, methodical, reliable, agreeable and versatile. The record of his accomplishments bears out the accurate selection of the foregoing adjectives describing the characteristics of Zachariah Allen.

Too young to serve his nation in the fighting forces on land or sea during the War of 1812, Mr. Allen contributed his share by assisting a committee consisting of James B. Mason, John Carlisle and William Blodgett, appointed to fortify Field's Point, Kettle Point, Fox Point, Fort Hill, and other places around the head of the Bay where breastworks could be thrown up and guns mounted. This so-called "Committee of Defense," of which Mr. Allen was secretary, met almost daily from September 19, 1814, to January 16, 1815, and a considerable amount of work was accomplished. Mr. Allen's record of the amount of labor expended in constructing fortifications in the vicinity of Providence, during September and October of 1814, is an interesting memorandum. Out of a grand total of 3100 days of labor contributed for this phase of preparedness for war, "the United Train of Artillery performed about 145 days; the students of Brown University, 140 days; the local Freemasons, 200 days; the inhabitants of Johnston, 190 days;

the Gentlemen of the Bar, 28 days; and the Free people of color, 96 days.” To prevent an invasion by water, a line of hulks was anchored off Pawtuxet, ready to be scuttled at a moment’s notice to block the harbor channel, and communications were established down the Bay to spread the alarm throughout the State if any hostile movements of the enemy should be discovered. Happily though, no British ships entered these waters. On the 12th of February, 1815, Providence church bells were tolled, and the artillery fired salutes of victory; the news of peace reached Rhode Island on that day.

Apparently, Zachariah Allen devoted but little of his life to the practice of law, but he did become an active public servant, holding various offices in the Town Council, in the city government as Judge of Probate, and as a representative in the General Assembly. Providence first learned of his advanced ideas and progressive ambitions when, in 1821, he proposed at a town meeting that a fire engine be purchased for the better protection of the citizens and their property. He proposed that the Town acquire, as he termed it, “a forcing hose engine for the extinguishment of fires,” and he promptly found himself a member of a special committee instructed to report on the project. The following year the town purchased an “Hydraulion” engine from a Philadelphia concern, thus introducing to Providence its first fire engine and hose equipment, replacing the hand buckets previously used. This new engine was so powerful that it required thirty-six firemen to man and operate it, and with it were secured 1000 feet of copper-riveted hose. Mr. Allen designed a copper suction pipe with folding joints which was put into use, thereby making it practical to draw water from the river at any point, and throw a stream upon a blaze hundreds of feet away. The first fire, where the new equipment was given a practical test, was in a large stable on Westminster Street, near or on the present site of the new Industrial Trust Building. The hose was laid to the cove, north of the present railroad station, which cove, of course, is no longer there, and little time was lost in throwing a strong stream upon the raging fire. The

blaze was quickly quenched; no bucket brigade was required; and Mr. Allen’s idea was universally approved, completely establishing the new, and abolishing the old system of fighting fires. Incidentally, at “Hydraulion No. 1’s” first bath of fire, smoke and water, a Mr. James, described as a venerable citizen, became so excited that he fell dead at the scene.

At about the same time, Zachariah Allen made another important proposal, that of platting the Town. Under his able direction, the first scientific survey of Providence was made; besides, he exerted a leading influence in the movement which resulted in a geological survey of the State. In 1825, he formed a company and built the Powder Mill Turnpike, a toll road now called Smith Street. This early highway was surfaced with gravel taken from the quarry on Mr. Allen’s farm in Centerdale, in which village the Revolutionary War powder house was erected, the source of the original name of the Allen company’s turnpike.

When General Lafayette returned to the United States, in 1824, for his triumphal tour of the nation which he helped to establish and preserve, Zachariah Allen was elected as a representative of the Town Council to meet the distinguished French military leader at the Connecticut border and escort him to Providence. Mr. Allen was only twenty-nine at the time, but he was then regarded as an outstanding and representative citizen, and, too, he could converse in French. Ephraim Bowen, the only survivor of the “Gaspee” expedition then living, also had the honor of accompanying Lafayette who had a pleasant stay here, renewing all acquaintances and recalling exciting days in Rhode Island when he was an important factor in the struggle for liberty a half century before.

There is a lot more to tell about Zachariah Allen and his many-sided career, but here is just a brief outline of some of the other things he did. He was the father of evening schools for the working people in New England, organizing two of them, in 1840, and placing them in operation in Providence, thus establishing the first system of its kind in the country. He

built a mill in Allendale on the Woonasquatucket River, and, when he saw that the water supply for his mill wheels became scanty in the summer, he proposed a system of reservoirs to protect manufacturers and employees during seasons of drought. For this plan he procured a charter, the first act of incorporation for making reservoirs in New England. He devised revolutionary methods of dyeing and finishing cloth; and he changed the old system of slowly transmitting power, by discarding the massive shafts, with cog wheels of rough and heavy castings of wood, and substituting light shafts with balanced belt-driven pulleys traveling at high-speed.

Zachariah Allen shared honors with George Corliss, and received a medal for an important improvement in steam boiler design, and, most interesting of all, he introduced hot-air furnaces in the basements of houses when he was only twenty-five years old. At his own home, then located at what is now 118 North Main Street, Mr. Allen constructed a metal jacket around a furnace in the basement, drawing the fresh air from a flue at one of the basement windows.

The fresh air was then heated and conducted to registers in the floors of the rooms above. Up to that time, the nearest approach to central heating was a crude system whereby heat was carried into the upstairs rooms through stove-pipes that connected the furnace and the chimney on the upper floor by the roundabout way of stairways and halls. Zachariah Allen was one of the first men in the country to practice systematic forestry, and, in 1841, he undertook and carried out the first scientific measurement of the flow of Niagara Falls and the power to be derived therefrom. Besides, he wrote many books, gave many scholarly lectures and sponsored many progressive movements in this community.

He was the founder of the widely-known system of Factory Mutual Insurance; he was one of the original incorporators and president of the Rhode Island Historical Society; one of the founders of the Providence Athenaeum and he was a life long member of the Board of Trustees of Brown University. He married Eliza Harriet Arnold, and had three daughters. He died on March 17, 1882, at the age of eighty-six.

HORACE MANN

ONE of the children of Thomas and Rebecca Mann, respected and cultured residents of Franklin, Massachusetts, was named Horace, the third and most distinguished son. He was born May 4, 1796, about half a mile from the center of Franklin on what was known as Mann's Plain, the site of the family homestead where, years before, Thomas Mann, the great-grandfather of Horace, had cut down the forest trees to make a clearing for the construction of a home. The parents of Horace were people of simple tastes, but they were well educated and responsive to all the influences of those exciting after-the-war times; and they were active in the support of church and town affairs. In short, the Mann family was cultured, loved and respected, and thus created the proper home surround-

ings and influences for the advent of one who was destined to direct the course of public education in America and in many other countries throughout the world.

This boy grew up in an atmosphere of learning, although he admitted in later life that, until the age of fifteen, he had never been to school more than eight or ten weeks in a year. Influences other than the classroom, however, helped him to lay the foundations of a well-balanced education. His brothers and sisters helped him with his elementary lessons, and soon he was reading books far beyond his years. Besides, the village store and other community establishments were fountains of knowledge for him; the tavern and the post-office resounded with talks about politics; public and private affairs were

freely discussed in his hearing by both men and women; all angles of town gossip helped him to understand men and their ways. And, so it happened that Franklin, Horace Mann's birthplace, but twenty-seven miles from Boston, only twenty from Providence, and the same distance from the home of Samuel, John and John Quincy Adams, produced a population of earnest thinkers and vigorous debaters. It became a remarkable community, distinguished for its exchanges of opinions and its appreciation of the finer things of life. Young Horace Mann was a good listener and his mind, like the minds of many of his playmates, was kindled by the torch of genius.

Furthermore, the church had great influence in shaping the life of Horace Mann. The minister of the church, attended and enthusiastically supported by the Manns, was Dr. Nathaniel Emmons, a figure of outstanding importance in the life of the community, a keen student, a great thinker, and a convincing speaker. He read widely, thought with vigor and thundered the doctrines of Calvinism into the minds of his hearers. Dr. Emmons' methodical habits, his disposition to master every subject to which he turned and his tendency to study one book thoroughly before he should lay it aside, made him so effective a teacher that Horace, at the age of ten, knew considerable of the many theological arguments of the times, pro and con. However, it was this same Dr. Emmons who, following a tragic episode in Mann's young life, disillusioned the latter from strict adherence to Calvinistic dogma. His spiritual teacher had revealed the high values of discipline in learning but he also had freed him from the bonds imposed by ecclesiastical authority. Thereafter, this youthful student of men and books was free, free to think and feel.

His intellectual life was fed in no small degree from the little library in the town, the recipient of a gift of books, valued at £25 and presented by Benjamin Franklin, in whose honor the place had been named, in 1778. Thomas Mann, father of Horace, was a subscribing member of this library association and the son acquired from this little collection of books the founda-

tion of his acquaintance with history, government and economics. The Mann family received a set-back when the father died and the mother was forced to gather her little family about her and devote herself to their support. Thereafter, there was work in the home and on the farm for all, and most of the funds available for home expenses were secured from braiding straw for the nearby hat factories. In spite of financial difficulties, Mrs. Mann struggled to give her children the benefits of schooling. Every winter Horace and his brothers and sisters were sent to the neighboring school, only a few weeks, perhaps, but it served to keep them in touch with the life of the community and to keep alive the sacred fires of knowledge. The school was taught by some traveling teacher who paused to spend a few months in the winter to increase his scanty income. These teachers were generally honest, well-meaning persons, but few of them had either the background or the knowledge to fit them for their adopted profession. However, once in a while a gifted journeyman teacher would find his way into Franklin, and one of these rare individuals was Samuel Barrett, weak in temperance but strong in the classics. Horace Mann's mind struck fire when he met Master Barrett.

In six months, Mann was actively preparing to enter Brown University, largely through the inspiration of his new teacher, but that does not mean that he was influenced in his selection of a college by Master Barrett. At that time the current of travel was from Franklin toward Providence, rather than toward Boston. Besides, Mann's friends were in Brown. Of the twenty-four young men of his community named as college students in the few years preceding, more than half had gone to Brown. In the words of Professor George Allen Hubbell, biographer of Horace Mann, "Brown was the school for the self-respecting and self-independent young man. Such was Horace Mann and he sprang to his opportunity as do only those who have undertaken a work by the laying of hands and the prayers of the saints. To him this opportunity came like the blessing of a sacrament."

Dr. Asa Messer had been called to the presidency of the college, in 1802. Under his strong and economic hand, the institution steadily grew in resources. He gave the best education that he could, and he made it as inexpensive as possible. To Brown University, a great school with its fine moral purposes, its determination to make the most of its opportunities, and with its priceless fellowship of strong and earnest young men, came Horace Mann, eager to rush along the paths of knowledge shortly before revealed to him by his inspiring teacher, Master Barrett.

He lived in University Hall, room 30, and his roommate was Ira Barton who later became a judge in Worcester; and it was said that this particular room became a popular gathering place for the students. Mirth was dispensed, cheer was sent forth and questions of moment for the growth of liberty and for the advancement of the country were discussed with a seriousness and an insight that promised well for the future.

Since this account was compiled for the especial purpose of outlining the relationships of Horace Mann with Rhode Island, without attempting to cover the wide subjects suggested by the life of this man and his immortal works, material herein will be limited to his early life and to his training for the active career which lay ahead of him. At Brown he became a member of a literary society, the United Society of Brothers, and entered the study and discussion of the great questions of history, government and philanthropy. His life in college differed but little from that of scores of other men, the ambitious type, thorough-going, earnest, who must secure an education at their own expense. He was popular, and had considerable influence with his companions.

Among many Horace Mann anecdotes, Professor Hubbell relates the one about the students who wished to celebrate the fourth of July in the college chapel, but the administration forbade such a celebration. A majority of the students decided to resist the decision and to have the celebration in spite of the ban. Horace Mann had been chosen the orator of the occasion, and when the students assembled in a body, marched to the chapel and

forced the door, he went in and delivered his oration amid great applause. He was fined for insubordination, but he seemed to lose standing neither with the students nor with the college heads. He graduated in 1819, and delivered a commencement address on the progressive character of the human race bearing the title "The Gradual Advancement of the Human Species in Dignity and Happiness."

Following a period of occupation at Brown as a tutor, Mann turned to the profession of law and was admitted to the Massachusetts bar, in 1823. He established himself in Dedham and soon became a leader among the active citizens, continually striving in the cause of good government. In 1830, his college debts were paid, and shortly he married Charlotte Messer, daughter of his friend and counselor, President Messer of Brown. Unfortunately, she died not long after the marriage, and, crushed with grief and disappointment, it was a long while before he could turn his mind back to thoughts of life and duty.

In 1827, he was elected as representative for the town of Dedham to the General Court of Massachusetts; and, later, he was appointed as Secretary of the Board of Public Education. He served as Representative in Congress from the ninth district following the death of John Quincy Adams. He was married the second time to Mary Peabody of Boston. In 1853, he went to Ohio to establish a college with the foundation principles of the co-education of the sexes and non-sectarianism in religion.

Writing briefly of the things contributed by Horace Mann, things that may be recognized and measured, we find that his idea of state support of hospitals for the insane has spread from commonwealth to commonwealth, until no state in the Union fails to make such provision for the mentally ill. Then there was his service to the cause of education in Massachusetts, a plan of liberal public school education that first established the type of schools which have become the national ideal. In this respect, one writer said in part, "In the annals of American educators, the name of Horace Mann leads all the rest . . . no one has equalled him in

touching the heart of the common people of the state, and in awakening in their minds an enthusiasm in behalf of popular education."

Last, but not least, the sacred remains of Horace Mann, educator, are interred in Rhode Island soil. Near the corner of Eastern and Linden Avenues, in North Burial Ground, stands an imposing shaft erected in memory of Horace Mann and

dedicated by his second wife, Mary. He died in Yellow Springs, Ohio, on August 2, 1859, at the age of sixty-three. It is hoped that the foregoing account will suggest further reflection upon the life and works of a great American who found inspiration, knowledge, and happiness in a State that has since adopted, supported and honored his noble contributions to the cause of mankind's welfare.

THE CHEPACHET ELEPHANT

LADIES and gentlemen — right this way to see the most curious creature on the face of the globe, weighing nearly six thousand pounds, yet is as gentle as a little lamb. Brought from her jungle home on the other side of the earth to America, at a terrific expense, my good friends here in Chepachet are now invited to pass inside the tent and behold a living, breathing monster, the like of which has never before been seen by mortal man in this part of the world. Step lively my friends and purchase your tickets to see the elephant on exhibition inside the tent — show going on all the time. This remarkable beast stands nearly eight feet high, and she measures nineteen feet from the end of her trunk to the tip of her tail. Each and every spectator will not only have an opportunity to view this splendid specimen of the largest member of the animal kingdom, but will also have the added privilege of seeing the elephant perform many astounding feats. She will remove the cork from a filled bottle, drink the contents before your very eyes — then present the cork and the bottle to her keeper. She will lie down, sit up, and rise at command. And, among other tricks, she will pick up a coin from the floor and return it to her keeper. Don't miss the elephant that takes food and drink with its trunk and whose hide is so thick that it positively cannot be pierced by a bullet." That might have been a small portion of the circus ballyhoo that spellbound the folks in Chepachet more than a century ago when the first elephant ever seen in Rhode Island traveled in

these parts, attracting young and old from far and near who came to see "the learned elephant which, for sagacity and docility, exceeds any one ever imported into this country." The sight of an elephant alone in those days was exciting enough, but it was the showman's positive statement concerning the toughness of the creature's bullet-proof hide that caused considerably more excitement in the quiet hamlet of Chepachet.

A century ago, Chepachet was the commercial, cultural and agricultural center of the northern section of Rhode Island. People came from all the surrounding countryside to patronize the dozen or more stores that lined the main street of the village. Exhibitors of wild animals and other traveling showmen often included the town on their itineraries, for it was generally found to be a good "show town." The circus, in its modern form, was unknown early in the last century, but animals from foreign lands were still a great curiosity, and exhibitions of wild animals invariably attracted great throngs of people who lived in the neighborhood of Chepachet. Therefore, it was with no small amount of enthusiasm that the good people of that town looked forward to an exhibition of an elephant advertised in advance for July 31, 1822.

It takes but little imagination to picture the small boy state of mind throughout the town previous to the arrival of the pachyderm. Mothers had little difficulty with the daily problems of errands, supplies from the wood pile, and other house-

hold chores. A ticket to see the elephant was probably the most highly prized reward for any sacrifice or any household task during that particular July; and, it is quite likely that the general average of behavior among the youth of Chepachet went higher than usual with the approach of the day when the "show was coming to town." Then too, the bizarre posters that heralded the forthcoming exhibition were undoubtedly read and reread by the thrilled townspeople who may have been a bit skeptical over the high-sounding words of the announcement but who, nevertheless, intended to take a look at the beast, even though it turned out to be "just another fake." Without any question, many of the folks who lived back in the country arranged their weekly trading trip to town on the day of the exhibition which, as usual, was to be held on the lot adjoining Cyrus Cooke's inn on Chepachet Street in the center of the town.

Early Wednesday morning, July 31, 1822, the "largest and most sagacious animal in the world" arrived in Chepachet, from which the beast was never destined to leave alive. The weather was typically July, and typically "circus." A great crowd had assembled from far and near, and the box-office began to do a brisk business immediately after the tent was opened for spectators. The admission price for adults was 12½ cents, and children were allowed to see the show for half price. The elephant was on display from nine o'clock in the morning until five in the afternoon, and the performances were given continuously throughout the day. It was said that the curious animal "excited the admiration of every beholder," and that no one complained that the show was not all that was promised in the advance advertising. Many people took advantage of the opportunity to mount the elephant's back by standing upon its extended right foot, while others, less venturesome, were content with a minute examination of the huge beast that could "lie down, sit up, and rise at command."

During each performance the owner gave a lecture on the characteristics and peculiarities of the elephant. In addition

to being the largest animal ever brought to America, the lecturer stated for the edification of his interested audience that "from the peculiar manner in which the pachyderm takes its food and drink of every kind with its trunk, it is acknowledged to be the greatest natural curiosity ever offered to the public." During his lecture he laid particular emphasis upon the thickness of the elephant's hide. "This," he said, "could not be pierced by a bullet, and it was, therefore, practically impossible to kill the beast." The final performance brought out the largest audience of the day. At the conclusion, many persons gathered to congratulate the owner and thank him for the opportunity to witness the surprising spectacle. The tent was taken down, and preparations were completed for the journey to the next town.

About midnight, the caravan set out from Chepachet with the elephant and its owner leading the way. In those days it was necessary to cross a little wooden bridge that spanned the Chepachet River, a much smaller stream than it is at present. At the northern end of the bridge there was an old grist mill, in front of which stood an ancient elm. This great tree was so close to the mill building that its trunk touched the platform which was used for loading and unloading grain. A brilliant summer moon shed its silver glow upon the narrow, deserted bridge, but the nearby mill, shaded by the towering elm, faded away into the darkness in sombre contrast to its clearly revealed surroundings.

Reaching the southern end of the bridge, the elephant cautiously extended its right foot, as if to test the structure before trusting its six thousand pounds to the wooden beams and planks. Apparently satisfied, the huge beast took a step forward when — crack — the sound of a shot rang out in the still of the night. The elephant faltered, swayed and crumpled to the earth — dead. A bullet had entered its brain through one of the tiny, bead-like eyes — a chance shot, but a fatal one for the animal which was "practically impossible to kill." Neighbors awakened by the startling shot, rushed to the bridge, beheld the tragedy, and then

made a hasty search for the culprits who had ended the life of the little troupe's one and only attraction. They were quickly apprehended behind the grist mill elm, on the very spot from which the fatal shot had been fired. They were boys, five of them, who had doubted the claims that the elephant could not be killed by shooting. It was their intention to test the bullet-proof hide; so they procured a rifle, hid behind the elm tree, and fired when the huge moving bulk appeared before them in the moonlight.

It was purely a matter of chance that the bullet entered one of the animal's vulnerable spots. The youngsters who had a part in the planning and execution of this amateur elephant hunt were arrested, found guilty, and forced to pay equal shares of the court's award for damages. It was several years before the

full amount of the bill, \$1500, was paid, and then a receipt was given releasing “all parties of their responsibility.” In regard to the disposition of the dead elephant, some said that the flesh was taken to a nearby tannery where the fat was tried out, and that the hide was removed to a Boston museum. Others claimed that the beast was stuffed and taken to a Buffalo museum. Several original papers and documents pertaining to this Chepachet elephant affair are today cherished historical treasures in the possession of local collectors, and not a few present or former residents of that quaint old village in the northern end of the state are proud to lay claim to direct descendancy from those Chepachet boys who made up their minds to find out for sure whether or not “the hide of an elephant was so thick that it could not be pierced by a bullet.”

DR. JOHN WILKES RICHMOND

THIS is a monument erected on Connecticut soil, having definite Rhode Island association. It stands in memory of Dr. John W. Richmond, his wife Henrietta, and his son, John H. Richmond, and, on one side of the stone is the following inscription: “When Rhode Island, by her legislature from 1844 to 1850, repudiated her Revolutionary debt, Dr. Richmond removed from that state to this Borough and selected this as his family burial place, unwilling that the remains of himself and family should be disgraced by being a part of the common soil of a repudiating state.” Elsewhere is the following: “A trust fund is given the town of Stonington to keep this ground, walls, etc., in good repair forever.” “See town records 1850 & 1851.” What biting sarcasm there is in that sentence, what disgraceful implications against a State that has been noted for its patriotism and for its justice to all throughout its history. Who was this Dr. Richmond; what was his grievance; and why did he choose to immortalize his personal prejudices against his native State by having such a vicious denunciation of Rhode Island indelibly

transcribed, so that future generations could read and draw their own conclusions? Why was Dr. Richmond “unwilling that the remains of himself and family should be disgraced by being a part of the common soil of,” as he called it, “a repudiating state”? This is the story.

Dr. John Wilkes Richmond was born in Little Compton, Rhode Island, on September 25, 1775, and his father, Benjamin Richmond, was, like himself, a successful and highly respected physician. He graduated from Rhode Island College (now Brown University) with the class of 1794, and he practised medicine in Providence from 1826 to 1852. One of his classmates on the hill was Samuel W. Bridgman, the first mayor of Providence. He also practised his profession in Newport, and was one of the original members of the Rhode Island Medical Society. According to the story, Dr. Richmond did not limit his activities to the curing of bodily ills, since he became very successful in various business activities, important among which was his building of a steamship for the transportation of passengers

and freight between Providence and New York. Prominent in his profession, well-known through his profitable business enterprises, Dr. Richmond then elected to become the champion of certain claims made upon the treasury of his native state for services rendered in the Revolutionary War. Right or wrong in his contentions, Dr. Richmond evidently labored long, tirelessly, ingeniously, but vainly, to secure the official recognition that he sought, and he lived to sign his name to a statement published in the Boston Courier of March 1852 that "The State of Rhode Island is a Repudiating State." Dr. Richmond died in Philadelphia on March 4, 1857, on the day when President Buchanan was inaugurated, and he lies buried in Stonington, Connecticut, his long-forgotten and discarded claim against Rhode Island still proclaimed to the world in letters graven in granite.

From the first shot at Lexington to the surrender at Yorktown, Rhode Island was kept very busy with the other original Colonies attempting to throw off the tyranny of Great Britain. To help pay for this war, the Colony of Rhode Island not only raised subscriptions among her citizens, but also offered to pay for the loss of wages suffered by any Rhode Islanders who volunteered to serve under the colors. In return for such war-time subscriptions and other public contributions for military purposes, the Colony issued notes. It was over the non-payment of these Revolutionary notes by Rhode Island that Dr. Richmond distinguished himself in life, and after death. After the close of the War, and when Rhode Island finally entered into the Union of the other Colonies, in 1790, the last of the thirteen to become a State faced the prospect of having to pay these war notes which totalled, it was estimated, more than \$200,000, quite a substantial amount of money at that period in history. Partial payments were made with the State's paper money which was none too valuable, and more notes were issued for the unpaid balances. The years dragged by and no more payments were made; the holders of the notes could gain no satisfaction through demands and inquiries, and the notes appeared to be just so

many pieces of paper, until Dr. Richmond came forth as the defender of the rights of Revolutionary soldiers and their heirs. Tactful, skilful, a good speaker, and a man of forceful presence, Dr. Richmond demanded, in the name of justice, that the State honor what he declared were just debts owed to those who had sacrificed blood and substance for the successful conduct of the war. Some veterans and descendants of soldiers promptly welcomed him as their friend and champion. He won others by expressions of sympathy and promises of aid. It is said that he secured the cooperation of some other persons who were presumed to exert a controlling influence in the counsels of the State by means that were whispered, rather than spoken aloud. Not only did Dr. Richmond become an agent for some of the note-holders, but he also found time to write two books, "The History of the Registered Debt of Rhode Island," in three chapters, published in Providence, in 1848, and "Rhode Island Repudiation or the History of the Revolutionary Debt of Rhode Island," also in three chapters, and published in 1855.

Feeling ran high over the issue for ten years after 1840. The notes had been issued originally to those who had owned slaves and who had entered the military; to those whose livestock had been taken for the army; to those who had suffered a depreciation of wages while in the service; and to those who had lost their relatives in the war. Many of the notes had been bought up by wealthy men in the State who believed that the obligations should be met. Before long, Dr. Richmond represented most of the people who held the notes at the time.

By numerous petitions, the soldiers' champion sought to have the General Assembly honor the notes, but the contention of the majority of that body was that the nation had waged the war, not Rhode Island, hence the United States should pay, and not Rhode Island. He attempted to get the matter into the courts but the General Assembly frustrated this move. In support of the legislators' attitude in the matter it might be well to note that Rhode Island performed more military service and furnished more money and

supplies in the course of the Revolutionary War than any other of the thirteen Colonies, in proportion to her limits and population. This, in a great measure, arose from the fact that the enemy took and held possession of a large proportion of Rhode Island territory for three years. Throughout this long and trying period, Rhode Island had to defend herself against the enemy with very little adequate aid from other Colonies. Because Rhode Island, for very good reasons, was late in joining the Union, and because the General Assembly instructed the first two Senators to oppose the assumption of State debts by the United States, it turned out that Rhode Island had less than half of its debt assumed by the United States. All of the States that were represented in Congress by able speakers in favor of national debt assumption received their full proportion, and some of them were allowed considerably more. For instance, Georgia had more than the State ever owed, and the representatives from that southern State were obliged to go home and create a claim to receive it, while the little State of Rhode Island was left with a vast sum unassumed. This may explain why the General Assembly opposed Dr. Richmond in his attempt to have money raised by taxes, or otherwise, at a late date to pay off a debt which should have been assumed by the United States, especially when the national government had settled accounts with all the states.

At any rate, Dr. Richmond was not discouraged, and he played a final card. In October 1850, the physician called at the office of the warden of the State prison and bought a case of shoes, made in those days by the prisoners. The Doctor told the warden that he would return in a day or two to pay for his purchase. True to his word, he returned and offered the warden some Revolutionary War notes issued by the State to the amount owed for the

shoes. The warden refused to take the notes in payment for the goods purchased. Later, the prison inspectors ordered the warden to start suit against Dr. Richmond to secure payment, and the warden followed instructions. Naturally, the Doctor promptly started a counter-suit against the State of Rhode Island. At last it seemed that Dr. Richmond, through a clever piece of strategy, had opened the way for a judicial investigation into the prolonged war-note controversy.

But, the General Assembly hurriedly met and passed a special act directing the Attorney General to discontinue the suit on the grounds that it had been commenced without authority in the name of the State. The suit against the Doctor was discontinued. That, apparently, was the last straw. Claiming that “the State abandoned a JUST and ACKNOWLEDGED demand held against a citizen, fearing that a judicial investigation would result in sustaining another just claim held by a citizen against the State,” and referring to the matter as “no case so fraught with iniquity,” Dr. Richmond stated that “he was through with Rhode Island forever.” He moved beyond her borders; paid \$25 for a corner of the family burying ground of Samuel Denison just outside the borough of Stonington; left a trust fund to the town for the upkeep of the plot; and died at the age of eighty-two.

For generations, historians and writers have proclaimed the virtues and generousities of Rhode Island; the pages of local history are crammed with the testimonies of great men and women who praise justice, honor and integrity as exemplified in Rhode Island from the very beginning, but the lonesome monument, squarely placed upon Connecticut soil, an everlasting memorial to Dr. John Wilkes Richmond, native of Rhode Island, stigmatizes his homeland as a repudiator of her just debts.

THE BLACKSTONE CANAL

ON THE morning of July 1, 1828, the pages of the *Rhode Island American*, a local newspaper, carried the following story:

"At about 10 o'clock in the morning, the 'Lady Carrington' started from the first lock above tide water (opposite the jail), on Canal Street. A salute of artillery announced her departure, seconded by the cheers of those on board, and the shouts of hundreds of spectators who crowded the banks and surrounding eminences to witness this novel spectacle. The boat is of the largest size that can be admitted into the locks, being about seventy feet long, nineteen and a half wide, and as high as will admit of a safe passage under the bridges crossing the canal. She is covered on the top, having below a cabin nearly the whole extent of the boat, conveniently and neatly arranged. Her draft, when filled with passengers, does not exceed eight or nine inches. Among the passengers were His Excellency the Governor, two of the Rhode Island Canal Commissioners, and about fifty citizens. The boat was drawn up the Canal by a tow-line attached to two horses that travelled with rapidity on the straight levels (of which there are some very beautiful ones before you come to the Blackstone River). She might be conveyed with ease at the rate of four or five miles per hour.

"Between the water and the Albion Factory, nine granite locks, of the most substantial masonry, were passed. Just before entering Scott's Pond, a beautiful basin of deep water, there are three continuous locks, by which you ascend an elevation of twenty-four feet. The novelty of ascending and descending from the different levels was particularly gratifying to those who had never before witnessed the operation. The boat glides into a solid iron box (so to speak) in which she is enclosed by the shutting of the folding gates. The water is then admitted through wickets in the upper gates, and the boat is rapidly raised to the level she is to ascend; the upper gates are then opened and she passes on.

"In descending, the lock is filled and the boat glides in on the level, and the upper gates are closed, and the water drawn from the lower gates until the water is depressed to the level below. This operation occupied, in passing up, about four minutes, and in descending about three minutes. The average height of the lock is about ten feet. There were men hired for lock tenders, whose duty was, for boats ascending, to see the lower gates opened, and after the boat glided into the lock, to close the lower gates, and draw the water from the upper level until the lock was full, and then open the upper gates and let the boat pass out upon the level; and when the boats were descending, locks were to be filled and upper gates opened so that the boat would glide in. On the 4th of July the 'Lady Carrington' carried excursion parties to Scott's Pond, six miles, amid great rejoicings."

The paper then added the following amusing incident:

"A Mr. Arnold, who keeps a store opposite Smith Street, in company with a Mr. Olney, was sitting on a box or railing of the Boat 'Lady Carrington' and was very earnest telling a story when the Boat struck the bank of the Canal, and overboard he went. After pulling him in all wet through, he sat down and said 'as I was saying' and went on with his story as though nothing had happened."

If you had been a resident of Providence in early 1800's, all the foregoing would have been perfectly familiar to you, for you probably would have been one of the citizens on the "Lady Carrington" or, at least, one of the spectators on the bank or some housetop. The completion and opening of the Blackstone Canal in 1828 was a great event in Providence history and one that deserved acclaim. The year itself was doubly significant to the business interests of the town, for, before it was out, the Arcade, a pioneer building in the present business section of the city, had been finished. Yet the canal served only for twenty years and then was abandoned, while the Arcade still pros-

pers, though encircled by modern business edifices. How easily the situation might have been reversed is a story that evolves out of the story of the canal itself.

John Brown, with characteristic enterprise, began in 1796 to make the first plans for a canal from Providence to Worcester. He had the enthusiastic support of many influential citizens in both Rhode Island and Massachusetts, but, due to some legislative difficulties with the latter state, his plans never matured.

Twenty-six years passed before the subject was brought up again — this time with success. Citizens in both Worcester and Providence held meetings, discussed the need of a canal, and ended by forming commissions and engaging engineers to investigate every detail which such an enterprise would involve. Benjamin Wright, the chief engineer of the middle section of the Erie Canal, headed the party of surveyors and assayers who laid out the proposed route. The results of the survey were very encouraging. The soil was found easy to excavate. There were large ponds all along the route from which a supply of water could be obtained. The difference in elevation between tide water in Providence and Thomas Street in Worcester was found to be $451\frac{1}{2}$ feet, not a great difference considering that the canal was to be 45 miles in length.

After the favorable report of the engineers, promoters of the enterprise went to work to stimulate the enthusiasm of the people with a view to raising the necessary money for the project. The estimated expense was \$323,319, and the sum set to be raised was \$400,000. Here a first great mistake was made. So successfully did the promoters present the canal proposition that they could have raised \$1,000,000 as easily as the \$400,000 they asked for. Later on, when the actual cost of the canal proved to be \$750,000 and they needed more money, the public had lost its faith in the enterprise and was unresponsive. It was a marked contrast to the mad scrambling for stock when the Blackstone Canal Company was first formed. Then, people in Providence bought all that was offered and hurried to Worcester to buy up any more shares that might have been left over.

Excavation of the canal was begun in 1824 in Rhode Island, and two years later in Massachusetts at the Thomas Street end. This gave a lot of employment to Rhode Islanders and stimulated Providence business to a very considerable extent. About 500 men from Providence were engaged in the work at one time, and North Water Street (later called Canal Street) was transformed into a busy business center. New warehouses were built along it with wharves facing on the canal. And general business throughout the city increased proportionately.

There were forty-nine locks in all between Worcester and Providence, all of them heavily constructed out of granite at a cost of \$4000 each. As for the canal itself, it was 32 feet wide at the top with sloping banks that made it only 18 feet wide at the bottom. Water was kept at a depth of $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet. But the canal was actually only dug nine-tenths of the way between the two towns. For the rest the engineers depended upon slack water navigation, making use of the ponds along the way. They did not figure on such things as drought in the summer and ice in the winter, and consequently the loaded canal boats frequently became stranded for days and weeks at a time for lack of navigable water. This was of course ruinous, both to the canal company operating the boats and to the merchants who used them for shipping goods.

As a matter of fact the Blackstone Canal was always of more value to the public than to its stockholders. The latter received only decreasing dividends from the start of the project, but the former had the advantages resulting from the reservoirs which had been built along the route to hold back spring flood water in the ponds. More water flowed in the Blackstone River and there was enough increased hydraulic power to encourage the building of many manufacturing plants along the canal.

The final trouble that the canal involved came in constant quarrels between the boatmen and the various mill owners over the water itself. The latter were drawing just enough water for their manufacturing to ruin the boatmen's business, and there was many a near riot over the matter.

Mill owners even went so far as to tip loads of rocks into the locks so that the barges could not pass through and the boatmen threatened to set fire to the mills. All this trouble might have been avoided had enough money been raised in the first place so that the canal company could have controlled all the water rights.

But matters went from bad to worse, and in 1848 the last toll was collected on barges. Before that time portions of the canal had been closed to passage. Providence auctioned off the boathouse terminal, and the following year the locks and land as far as Woonsocket were sold.

Taking the place of the canal was the

new railroad, connecting the same two towns and giving rise to the remark that of "the two unions between Worcester and Providence, the first was weak as water — the last strong as iron."

One can still trace the route of the old canal as it follows along Canal Street, by the American Screw Company's works, and under Randall Street. Farther out in the country it becomes distinct for various intervals, disappearing entirely where it has been filled in. It was a noble experiment, one which could easily have been more fruitful in its results, and we might have seen the picturesque barges moving slowly along today through the Lower Blackstone River Valley.

SAM PATCH

How often have you heard the observation, "Some people have a queer way of making money." Perhaps that thought occurred to you at the circus or country fair when, as a grand finale to a program of hair-raising stunts and dare-devil exhibitions, you beheld one or two human beings catapulted from the mouth of a smoke-belching cannon and tossed yards away across the arena into a bouncing net. Flag-pole-sitting and voluntary interment come under the category of peculiar professions, and, so does glass-eating and snake-charming. Some people seem to get along, for the time being, as fire-eaters, sword-swallowers and balloon-jumpers, while others earn room and board by showing people how well they can fraternize with snarling tigers and blood-thirsty lions. Ocean-flying and movie-stunting are modern and quite common forms of death defiance — auto and motorcycle racing are far from being safe occupations, and professional wrestling, present style, appears to be no pleasant way of earning a livelihood. The more one thinks about it, the more one is impressed by the diversity of human occupations and professions that threaten life and limb. The author once had an intimate acquaintance with a self-styled "human fly" who scaled the exteriors of tall buildings, and, when

the roof had finally been reached, he would select some dizzy ledge, or lofty perch, and proceed to stand on his head high above the "oh-ing" and "ah-ing" crowds below. Either he enjoyed this extremely dangerous practice, or he found some satisfaction in the plaudits of the sadistically-minded audience, because he received no pay for his sensational wall-scaling exhibitions. Evidently, he just "loved the work."

This leads to a discussion of a Rhode Island dare-devil who made a name for himself many years ago. The first the author heard of this remarkable individual was many years ago, too, and he would now give a great deal to own a copy of the nursery picture book that gave him, as a very small child, his first knowledge of Sam Patch, the world's most daring jumper of Pawtucket, Rhode Island. Sam Patch was neither a broad jumper nor a high jumper; he was a down jumper from high places. This nursery book was titled "The Sam Patch Picture Book," and two of the highly colored illustrations showed Sam as an infant leaping to the floor from the lap of his startled mother, and Sam, at the height of his surprising career, poised on a tiny ledge for a sickening plunge into the Niagara River.

History books about Pawtucket all

have references to the leaping mule-spinner who won fame by hurtling his body through mid air from some crazy height, but it remained for the late J. Earle Clauson, whose writings were published for a long period in the Providence Evening Bulletin, and more recently in the splendid volume of Rhode Island folklore and history "These Plantations," to seek out the highlights of the Sam Patch tale. From Mr. Clauson's account and from some original sources here is the story of Sam.

Sam Patch was born in Pawtucket, in 1807. For some years he lived with his mother on Main Street in a dwelling that was long known as the Jones Schoolhouse because of the fact that a family by the name of Jones once conducted a private school there. The original part of the house was said to have been built by Col. Eleazar Jenks and to have passed from the hands of the Jenks family to the Wilkinsons.

Sam's boyhood was during the period of cotton mill growth and expansion in Pawtucket when most of the young men of the village started in early to learn some trade in the textile industry. Evidently, Sam went to work in a mill as a young man because his first bid to fame came while he was a youthful mule-spinner. The sports and pastimes of the boys who worked in the first mills were few; hours were long; the work confining and laborious. Such fun as could be snatched during the day and the short evening was their chief occupation. In the summer, swimming in the river at the noon hour, or after working hours, was a great source of amusement. Some of the more venturesome, both men and boys, were in the habit of jumping from the rocks or the bridge into the deep waters below the falls, and this became a popular pastime, since spectators came to look on and cheer. It was the same old story — daring, vanity and the intoxication of applause. Higher and higher jumps were made; louder and louder became the cheers and handclaps; greater and greater the crowds. The boldest and most daring jumper was Sam Patch, who finally amazed the villagers by a thrilling leap from the peak of the old, so-called "Yel-

low Mill" on the east bank of the river at the falls. That was the turning point in his career, although the story book described this feat as just one higher step in a long series of jumps that began in the Patch kitchen when baby Sam instinctively leaped to the floor rather than submit to a prosaic bath in the family wash-tub. Natural ability as a swimmer and diver, plus good luck in the record jump from the "Yellow Mill," very likely explains why Sam Patch suddenly decided to seek some more attractive and easier way of making a living than by working at a loom from daylight to dark, as was the custom of the times. One day, they say, he left Pawtucket saying very brief farewells — as a matter of fact, he rarely had much to say.

His next appearance seems to have been at Passaic, New Jersey. It was the Fall of 1827 and a great span, Chasm Bridge, was being constructed across the Passaic River. Sam Patch, with or without any practice leaps since his Pawtucket spellbinder, somehow made it public that on the day when the final span was dropped into place, he would dive from the rail into the pool below the falls, ninety feet down. A great throng gathered on the day set, as many to see the Pawtucket dare-devil as to see the new bridge. Of course, the police were on hand to prevent his advertised plunge and Sam was unable to make his way to the promised jumping-off place. However, he soon appeared on a nearby precipice, where he delivered a short speech, setting forth that the bridge engineer had performed a great feat, but that he would show the people another. With no show of fear he plunged to the swirling waters, far below, bobbed to the surface, and struck out for the shore. Later he succeeded in jumping from the bridge itself, keeping his promise and gaining national notoriety as a fearless hero.

As a result of the publicity which followed the Passaic stunt, Sam started touring the country, going from town to town wherever the jumping was good. Crowds flocked to see his amazing performances. Having no means of charging admission, he hired helpers to pass the hat.

The cash response was satisfactory most everywhere he appeared for a leap; a dime or a quarter was never too much to see Sam Patch take a flying lunge from a towering bridge or a slender top-mast. In the course of his travels he acquired a fox and a small bear. Sometimes he would take the bear with him on a jump, although the bear never seemed to like the idea of accompanying his master.

By October 1829, having been jumping for two years, during which time he had acquired an almost fabulous fame, Sam was ready for the leap of leaps, the ultimate in daring, the masterpiece, Niagara Falls. After looking at the cataract he decided to postpone its complete conquest for some other time; this may have been caution or just good showmanship. However, he contented himself on this occasion with jumping into the river from a shelving rock on Goat Island, about half the height of the falls. His headquarters by now had been established at Rochester, New York, where he promptly announced that he would leap from a scaffold on the brink of the Genesee River Falls. The jump he proposed was about 175 feet, nearly the height of the First Baptist Meeting House steeple. As usual Sam took great care in his preparations and that probably explains why he survived as long as he did. He made soundings of

the pool below the Genesee Falls, constructed his platform and made a practice jump. It was a thriller, and successful. On Friday, November 13, 1829, he prepared for his formal demonstration. Crowds flocked from all parts of western New York State. Excursions were run from Oswego, from Canada, from far and near.

At last the long-awaited moment arrived — Sam made a brief speech — a hush fell over the vast throng grouped above, below, anywhere a vantage point could be found. He poised; he jumped. In midair Sam's body turned, striking the water on his side. He disappeared in a great splash, and did not come up. On March 27, 1830, the broken body was found in a cake of ice. His mother went from Pawtucket to view the remains, and some sympathetic people provided her with transportation home. Sam Patch was buried at Charlotte, New York.

Some people have a queer way of earning money, perhaps fame, or both. Sam said little, was a born showman, and rests in the hall of American daredevil fame as a pioneer among those who have risked life and limb to appease the appetites of those who like that sort of thing. It was three quarters of a century before America had another jumping hero. Then, Steve Brodie leaped from the Brooklyn Bridge.

THOMAS WILSON DORR

WHEN a man has been dead for over three quarters of a century and disinterested persons, who have no direct knowledge of either the man himself or of his times, can appraise him coolly and estimate the true value and purport of his life, he will either be dismissed briefly as an unimportant individual or he will be recognized at last as having been a man of prophetic vision, a great personality which lived in advance of its time. There was too much emotion surrounding the life and times of Thomas Wilson Dorris for him to have been judged impartially by his contemporaries. He is an especially fine ex-

ample of a man who must lie for many decades in his grave while waiting to be exonerated and honored as he deserves.

What a confused affair the constitution issue in Rhode Island was! A few men on either side saw the facts clearly. But it is doubtful whether the bulk of adherents to either party understood the fundamental purposes and beliefs of their leaders. In addition, too many individuals were trying to reconcile cross purposes and conflicting opinions within their own minds to make their actions anything else but muddled. The result was much as might have been expected. The people's party

of 1841 and 1842 was upon too insecure a footing, being an infant organization, to allow for any vacillation among its members. And it was its wavering which lost its righteous cause and brought bitter humiliation upon its uncompromising leader. There was a great deal of the same vacillation inherent among the supporters of the freehold government, but in that instance it did not matter as much. The long reign and the simple fact that, after all, it was the existing government gave it the necessary ounces of power which carried it through the crisis. If Dorr's followers could have seen his cause as we see it now, calmly and without excitement, they would have stood by him to a man, and their issue would have been easily realized.

Thomas Wilson Dorr was born in Providence, November 3, 1805. He was a son of Sullivan Dorr, a prominent manufacturer, and Lydia (Allen) Dorr. He could trace his ancestry back to Joseph Dorr, a Massachusetts Bay settler of 1660. His grandfather, Ebenezer Dorr, had been captured with Paul Revere upon the latter's famous ride. Thomas Dorr went to Phillips' Exeter Academy and thence to Harvard, graduating from the latter institution in 1823 and carrying off second honors in his class. After that he went to New York and studied law under Kent and McCoun, both recognized as great equity judges and jurists. He made considerable of a reputation for himself as a profound student of law, and was shortly admitted to the bar in New York. Kent, himself, recognized Dorr's abilities and valued his convictions highly, and in later editions of his noted "Commentaries" incorporated various suggestions and changes which his young disciple had made.

In about 1830, Dorr returned to Providence to take up the practice of law. His progress in this city was slow, as is typical with all young lawyers, but particularly so in his case inasmuch as he was generally recognized as a student and not a practitioner in the profession. In 1833, he was elected a member of the lower house of the General Assembly from Providence. Thus was he started upon his tempestuous public career.

He had been a Federalist by birth and

had grown up in a Federalist environment, but his principles quickly made of him an ardent Democrat. This was the first thing to throw him into disfavor among the ruling class of freeholders. In 1837, his career in the General Assembly came to an end for he had further estranged himself from the ruling faction by bringing to an end the "bank process" then established, which provided that a debtor's real estate should be attached, levied and sold on the same day that he failed to meet a note, thus excluding the claims of his other creditors in favor of the bank. But these were small milestones along this man's checkered course. His sympathy with those who were beginning to rise up against the existing government, which called itself republican but was nothing more than an oligarchy, threw him into everlasting disgrace with its "landed" adherents.

Yet he was not the first to assume the leadership of the suffrage party or espouse its principles. Rhode Island's General Assembly had passed an act way back in 1724 limiting the suffrage to landowners and their oldest sons. This continued as a part of the charter after the Revolution. Most of the other States, in fact all except Connecticut and Rhode Island, had drawn up constitutions approved by their people and giving full suffrage. The two New England States believed that their charters were as liberal and as useful articles of government as constitutions and did not bother to change. But the status of the people had been changing with the years. The growing industries in Providence, such as cotton spinning, were creating a new class of people, non-landowners who made up the bulk of the population. Thus those actually in power, according to the old land act, were really the small minority. And, even in 1797, some saw the upheaval that lay ahead. George R. Burrill, in that year, made a Fourth-of-July oration in which he spoke of the necessity of a State constitution. He said that, unless a change was brought about, Rhode Island would display the paradox of a "free, sovereign and independent people desirous of changing their form of government without the power to do it." He believed there was no remedy but in

ignoring the General Assembly completely and proceeding to form a new constitution independently.

In 1821, 1822, and 1824, attempts were made to call a convention to draw up a constitution but they all failed. The land holders were still too powerful. In 1829, petitions for an extension of the suffrage were met with contempt by the privileged class in the General Assembly. Five years later a convention to consider ways and means of establishing a constitution was held in Providence, being attended by delegates from all the Rhode Island towns. Dorr was a delegate from Providence. When he made his report on the assembly, he attacked the existing charter vigorously, although stoutly maintaining his allegiance to the State and its founders. He believed (and he was right in so doing) that at the close of the Revolution the charter was dissolved as an article of government, that the sovereignty of the King of England did not pass to the Governor and Assembly but rather to the people who had fought the battles of the Revolution and their descendants, and that the people of Rhode Island had the inherent right to establish a constitution (in their original capacity). His report showed that all other States, even Connecticut, had adopted constitutions. This report showed Dorr to be one of the ablest men in the State, a man to be feared by the landowners.

What happened in the swift years that followed is widely known. The General Assembly passed an act in 1834 requesting the freemen of the State to vote for general officers to choose delegates for a constitutional convention. But inasmuch as any extension of the franchise would be vetoed by this body, such a step had no importance, and the convention amounted to nothing. The Rhode Island Suffrage Association was organized in 1840 to agitate for a constitution. Petitions kept coming in for an enlargement of the suffrage. The General Assembly, in 1841,

proposed a re-apportionment of delegates to its numbers on the basis of population, but this did not alleviate the approaching crisis.

A great parade, in April of 1841, inaugurated the Dorr movement, and many banners carried by the marchers had inscriptions which forecast the ominous future. Affairs moved swiftly from then on, and we find a People's Constitution drawn up by the Dorrites in December, 1841. A short three months later, the General Assembly authorized a similar constitution and drew up a constitution which granted suffrage. It was defeated because many of the landowners voted against it and because Dorr had not urged his followers to vote for it and they were under the impression that they could not do so. Had they done so they would have come into power and been able to set up a new order of government, and the Dorr War would have been avoided. As it was the General Assembly, waking up to the danger of the moment, passed an act making the officers in the Dorr movement guilty of treason and all their meetings illegal. But the act was not enforced, and the Dorrites increased in power. When the regular elections came under the charter, the two governments were at bay, and the consequent failures of the Dorrites at the arsenal and their fort in Chepachet, the collapse of the whole movement, and Dorr's trial and imprisonment were soon over.

Dorr was a great benefactor and reformer of Rhode Island. His principles were absolutely right, but his failure to seize the psychological moments of action and his too-great sense of logic caused his downfall. Though he erred in judgment and seemed to fail entirely, dying, in 1854, a broken man, his firm stand for the right had its influence and resulted in many of the privileges which Rhode Island citizens have today; and he, himself, must be listed high among Rhode Island's honored great.

THE BATTLE OF CHEPACHET

IN 1840, the population of Rhode Island had grown considerably, and by the latter part of that year, the question of a State Constitution to replace the King Charles Charter, still in force, began to assume a serious nature. It was contended by many that something was needed to establish a new and fair basis for representation in the General Assembly. Under the existing franchise, which allowed voting privileges to freeholders alone, many of the most capable men in the State were debarred from office holding or voting. In fact, only about ninety-five hundred out of the total population were voters. The first opposition to this state of affairs came in the organization of suffrage societies in the cities and towns. Thus, began a long bitter struggle, that found, in May 1842, little Rhode Island supplied with two organized political governments each claiming the exclusive right to the exercise of legislative functions.

The People's Party composed of those who wanted to change the existing order of things declared their constitution was the supreme law of the State and proceeded to nominate their own State officers for election, naming for Governor, Thomas W. Dorr, the militant leader of the movement to liberalize voting rights. An election was held, peaceably enough; and shortly afterwards, the regular election of the Landholders under the old charter also took place. Governor King was reelected. Then the question of which party was to rule was brought to the boiling, or should one say, the bursting point. The People's Party, or Dorr's forces, held their inauguration at the old Hoyle Tavern and directed their officers to take possession of the State House and all public property. With the danger of violence imminent, the Landholders twice applied to the President of the United States for military and finally received assurance of support from the national government.

Governor Dorr then prepared to realize his long hoped for ambition. Knowing the seriousness of the matter resting in his

hands, he traveled in other States for a time, securing promises of military aid in case he needed it to establish suffrage in Rhode Island. Then he came back to Providence in much the same manner that some leaders of the people have marched into tottering European capitals.

After a short period of organizing and planning, the conqueror assembled enough armed supporters and sympathizers to make an attack upon the old arsenal on Benefit Street, but this historic coup d'état proved to be a flat failure. After the mobs had dispersed, and Thomas Dorr had returned to his headquarters on Federal Hill, following the collapse of the arsenal expedition that took place during the night of May 17, 1842, there was a brief period of comparative quiet, both in proceedings and excitement, although the Law and Order Party continued to drill and prepare for war. Dorr soon fled the State after an attempt to arrest him had failed, and on June 8, Governor King offered a reward of \$1000 for the arrest and return of the rebellious leader. Then rumors spread that out-of-state pro-Dorr groups were planning to invade Rhode Island. Cannons were stolen, or secreted in several places, by friends of Dorr. A powder house was broken open and a large quantity of ammunition carried away and hidden. Guns were taken from ships, wharves and warehouses, and, on one dark and stormy night, a band of about fifty mounted marauders appeared in Warren intending to steal the field pieces belonging to the local militia company. But, they broke open the wrong building, and before they succeeded in locating the objects of their search, the alarm was sounded and the horsemen were compelled to flee. Incidents such as these left no doubt in the minds of the citizens that, sooner or later, a renewed attempt would be made by Dorr and his men to take over the State.

Finally, Dorr returned and established his headquarters at Chepachet, where his friends began to assemble from all parts of Rhode Island. A fort was con-

structed on Acote Hill, and, within this barricade, the Commander-in-Chief entrenched himself and there organized his forces numbering about six hundred men. At the same time, the other side prepared well for hostilities. Brigades were called out and the General Assembly declared the State under martial law. Approximately 1500 Law and Order troops paraded the streets of Providence, on June 25, and, the following day, Governor King issued a proclamation warning all persons "against any intercourse or connection with the traitor, Thomas W. Dorr, or his deluded adherents, and commanding Dorr and his followers to disperse." Can you picture the excitement of those days?

Providence looked like a military camp. Banks and most places of business were closed; college, schools and churches were thrown open for the use of the soldiers; steamboats and trains were speeding here and there carrying troops; patrols were stationed on all principal streets; heated arguments often ended in bloodshed; valuables were being hastily hidden; no one trusted his neighbors, families were suddenly divided over the issues; some hoped for a rebel victory; others prayed for peace—it was civil war, the most tragic form of armed conflict.

On June 26th, Sunday, the crisis appeared to be approaching rapidly. About 3000 soldiers had then been mobilized in Providence, and, on that day, the military leaders began to move the companies in the direction of Chepachet. Many prominent Suffrage sympathizers visited Dorr in his stronghold and urged him to disperse his men and call the whole thing off, but this he refused to do. On Monday, the militia companies stationed in Pawtucket had considerable trouble with a mob that gathered on the Massachusetts side of the bridge, and one report of the whole affair states that one man was killed and two wounded during the rioting at that point.

It was first planned by the government military leaders to surround the camp of the insurgents, at a distance of five miles, and have regiments numbering about 500 men each approach by four different roads. A thirty-two pounder was brought

up to rout the rebels from their fort. Not knowing, however, how many of the citizens might be held prisoners in the camp, and realizing that such captives would be exposed to any kind of a bombardment, plans were changed and orders were issued to rush the camp and capture as many prisoners as possible.

Descriptions of the actual capture of Dorr's encampment are rather conflicting, principally because the State had more historians than did the rebel cause, and historians have a habit of describing things in the light of their own sentiments and allegiances. But from a wealth of rare Dorr War papers and trial records now in the possession of the author, it seems fair to state that the taking of the Dorr fort was an unnecessary gesture, an anti-climax to the whole affair, because Mr. Dorr on the 27th of June issued an order to his followers abandoning the cause and disbanding his troops. The copy of this order, dispatched to Providence for publication, was intercepted and held by the authorities, while several military squadrons were sent out to Chepachet in order to capture as many men as possible before they could get home to their families.

The attack took place the next day. Many hours before Dorr had decided not to fight it out and spill innocent blood in what he then knew was a hopeless attempt, spies brought the news of the great numbers of government troops surrounding his fort on all sides, and he realized that he had little chance for victory, outnumbered as he was. Dorr left with his bodyguard in the evening. The Law and Order troops arrived the next morning. As the leading columns approached the rebel position, located upon an elevation facing down the main road, six artillery pieces could be seen with muzzles pointed down the road. The advancing troops were ordered to halt; a scouting party sent out to reconnoitre was promptly faced with muskets from behind the barricade. Then the whole force advanced, entered the enclosure, and captured the position with little resistance. The artillery loaded with ball and scraps of iron was found undisturbed, no one apparently having the

courage to apply the match when the troops were within range. About one hundred prisoners were captured, only two men were killed, the leader was far away by that time — the war was over.

Closely following one account of what happened thereafter, we find that, while all this was going on, great anxiety prevailed throughout Providence, a death-like stillness pervaded every household. At last, an express rider rushed into towns gasping "Dorr's fort has been taken and

but two men killed." The same as on November 11, 1918, "the glad news swept through the city with lightning rapidity, and delight and joy seized upon the hearts of the people; the young leaped and laughed in exultation; and the aged wept in their excessive joy." Few days had elapsed when it was announced that the troops from Chepachet would return with their trophies and prisoners. Thousands of ladies, as the account reads, "assembled in the streets through which the returning heroes passed."

THE VOYAGE OF THE BARK "EMIGRANT"

WHILE the glory of leadership and success in the American whaling industry rightfully belongs to Nantucket and New Bedford, the little seaport towns of Warren and Bristol, Rhode Island, have been recorded in whaling history as centers of great activity during the second quarter of the last century. From these two ports a great number of crudely-built yet sturdy whaling vessels have weighed anchor, swung into a northeast wind, sailed down the sheltered waters of Narragansett Bay and headed for the open sea and ports unknown. Cruising to all parts of the world, being tossed about in raging seas, battling for hours with elusive leviathans of the deep, knowing that one false move would invite the throes of defeat and disaster, these hardy Rhode Island seamen risked their lives in the quest of a few precious barrels of sperm or whale oil that their loved ones at home might be spared poverty and privation. It is a common error of the present generation to look back on whaling as a bully sport, surrounded with glamor and romance, — far from that; whale hunting was an endless round of danger, toil and horrible suffering. Sailing uncharted seas, encountering both arctic blizzards and scorching tropical heat, starving, thirsting, — even the most humble of these hardy mariners could narrate truths that would put fiction to shame.

Awkward scribblings on musty pages, splattered with whale oil, and loosely bound in a striped canvas cover cut from a discarded straw mattress, reveal a most fascinating story of the last successful voyage of the little bark "Emigrant" owned by one Samuel Church. The earliest records of the "Emigrant" appear in the year 1841 when we find her on a year's whaling cruise in the South Atlantic. On returning to Bristol she was again fitted out and departed the following year for the Pacific Ocean via the treacherous waters of Cape Horn. This was a short and most successful voyage, being gone but nine months and returning with 500 barrels of oil and some 2000 pounds of precious whale bone. Having exploited both the Atlantic and the Pacific, the bark "Emigrant," carrying but 180 tons, turned to new worlds to conquer and set out for the Indian Ocean November 10, 1844, and it is this thrilling voyage to the other side of the earth that we are able to trace from day to day by the recordings on the now fading pages of her original log.

After several months of preparation, filling the hold with empty oil barrels and food supplies, replacing torn sails, signing on a capable crew, — some being veritable old sea-dogs and others mere stripling lads not yet out of their teens, the bark "Emigrant" was pronounced "fit and seaworthy" by her captain, James Sherman,

about the first of November, 1844. On the tenth day of the same month practically the entire population of Bristol gathered at the wharf to wave a last good-bye and shout a final "bon voyage" to the departing crew. Mothers and sweethearts wept, old mariners who knew the hazards of whale hunting, especially in the swirling waters of the Indian Ocean, shook their heads in fear. They would be gone at least two years, perhaps more, — and as the "Emigrant" hoisted her sails, swung into a light breeze and disappeared down Narragansett Bay, the loved ones on shore shuddered and offered inward prayers to the Almighty, while even the most daring members of the crew bit their lips in silence, all trying to fight a common thought, — "we may never meet again."

Getting under way about eight o'clock in the morning, it took the bark nearly six hours to reach Newport. While sailing across Newport harbor there was a booming thud, the ship creaked at every joint and lurched heavily to one side, — orders were given to reef the sails at top speed. Everyone on board realized what had happened, they had charged upon a hidden rock. Captain Sherman rushed down the ladder into the forward hold expecting to see the water spurting through a jagged gash in the bow, but, to his surprise, the rugged plank siding had withstood the sudden shock. After being cleared in two hours by a rising tide the "Emigrant" was once again ready for the open sea.

The first two months of sailing were quite uneventful, and the end of the year found the whaler at her first port of call, Cape Verde Islands off the coast of French West Africa, where she stopped to sign on several recruits since Captain Sherman found his present crew insufficient in numbers to perform the countless duties on board. The "Emigrant" now headed southwest through the tropical waters of the equator and across the South Atlantic Ocean to the broad mouth of the Plata River in Argentina. Here for the first time during the voyage the lookout at the masthead shouted the long-awaited, "Thar she blows, boys, — thar she white-waters." All hands jumped to their posts. Boats were lowered and swiftly rowed over the heaving waves in the direction

of the unsuspecting whale. After several hours of maneuvering one of the dories slid up cautiously to the rear of the beast, the men being extremely careful to escape the whale's limited vision. Coming closer and closer to the huge splashing, thrashing mass of black blubber, the excitement grew more tense. The order was shouted to "give it to him," and the anxious harpooner standing in the bow of the dory hurled his long harpoon like a shot and buried it deep in the side of the surprised whale. The battle was on. The men pulled for their lives as the monstrous animal rose in the water, lashed fiercely several times with his powerful tail and dove out of sight in the seething waves. The harpoon rope ran swiftly out of the dory; the whale was sounding at such a pace that the rope had almost reached its limit before the dory crew could toss out the attached running buoy. In a few minutes the whale reappeared, — the chase was on. Gradually one of the dories gained on the tiring beast, and the lancer prepared his long sword-like spear, marked his time, then plunged it viciously into the side of the angered whale. Withdrawing his weapon by the attached "monkey line," he again hurled it at the weakening victim, and again, and again, until at last the black monster went into his "flurry" and rolled over dead, or "fin out" as they called it.

Greatly elated over their success, the men brought the "Emigrant" alongside the dead whale, and began the tedious process of "cutting in" and "trying out." This job lasted for several days and consisted of first cutting the thick blubber in chunks; boiling it in huge iron pots on the deck, and then pouring the oil in barrels and storing them away in the hold of the ship. "Trying out" was a most disagreeable task, and before it was completed the entire crew was soaked in sticky oil from head to foot, not to mention the sickening odor given off by the boiling blubber. The men had no sooner left the floating remains of their first whale to the squealing gulls than another was sighted and captured after a terrific battle. This one was much larger than the first, and netted the "Emigrant" more than a hundred barrels of rich oil.

Leaving the coast of South America the pilot pointed the bowsprit toward Africa and the Cape of Good Hope. Soon after crossing the meridian the "Emigrant" encountered a severe storm, — the giant waves sweeping the deck and tossing the bark about mercilessly; the lashing gale snapping the main top mast, the gallant mast, and tearing the rigging loose in many places. Crippling along its course into the Indian Ocean the disabled bark finally made a port on the Isle of France, west of Madagascar, on May 17th, where she was refitted and supplied with fresh water and supplies. This was the first time since they had left their home port of Bristol that the crew had the liberty of spending some time ashore and the inevitable happened, — four of the men, unable to bear the hardships and dangers of the irksome voyage, deserted. Captain Sherman was very fortunate, however, and succeeded in recruiting four new seamen to carry on their duties. After a week in port the "Emigrant" sailed for the famous whaling grounds of Mozambique Channel, which lie between the Island of Madagascar and the East African mainland. After missing several whales, following thrilling chases, the men finally captured the first sperm whale of their voyage. While cruising in the upper channel, west of Zanzibar, the "Emigrant" was caught in another ravaging storm, and Mr. Charles F. Tucker of Fall River, who kept the log, amusingly records that "the old ship's a jumping and pitching into it like a sick porpoise, — a continual gale the last seven days, . . . so ends this day of our Lord and Master."

There was now no doubt but what the "Emigrant" had finally located fertile whaling grounds. Hardly a day passed without at least one whale being sighted, and sometimes as many as half a dozen. They were all sperm whales, however, and were much more difficult to capture than the common variety known as "right"

whales. In the second week of September, the "Emigrant" log relates the unusual capture of five handsome specimens. Such good fortune was short-lived, for the next successful encounter was not recorded until some three months later, on December 5, 1845.

For nearly a full year the "Emigrant" continued its wearisome cruise throughout the vast expanse of the Eastern Indian Ocean, trying in vain to capture more of the valuable "kings of the sea," but only the winds of ill-fortune filled her cumbersome sails and, bitterly disappointed, Captain Sherman ordered the ship homeward-bound in the early fall of the year 1846. Circling the Cape of Good Hope, ever on the watch for stray whales to fill out their lean cargo, the men became more and more cheerful as each day brought them nearer to home and the loved ones they had left behind. After sailing off the coast of West Africa for several months the "Emigrant" headed for the shores of North America, and, early in the morning of January 29, 1847, the joyous shout came from the crow's-nest, "Thar's old Block Island, boys, arisin' to the larboard." Two days later the little bark sailed into Bristol harbor, and a welcoming cheer of both joy and thankfulness arose from the crowded wharves as one of the seamen yelled the good news at the top of his voice, "All safe, none lost."

Thus ended the last successful voyage of the whaling bark "Emigrant," for the next year she again set out for the Indian Ocean, this time from the busy port of New Bedford. She was found tossing about in a hungry sea, bottom up, with all hands, in the words of Irving, "gone down amidst the roar of the tempest; their bones lie whitening among the caverns of the deep. Silence, oblivion, like the waves, have closed over them and no one can tell the story of their end."

JOB DURFEE

IN the field of historical research one will often come upon an old forgotten manuscript, a musty volume, a sheaf of time worn papers, or a pile of discarded writings. More often than not the discovery of one of these leads to nothing that will add to the already-known facts of past history. The contents may be valuable in a sentimental sense to the descendants of the original owner, or, especially in the case of old books and pamphlets, such specimens of antiquity may be of value in the archives of a library and in the files of a collector. The great interest in matters historical during the past two decades has brought to light much that is of exceptional value in the study of American history, and the greater part of it has found its way into public and private libraries and into other safe depositories where the student may, with very little effort, have before him the original works and rare published copies of most anything of importance that has been written since the beginnings of literary composition. House-cleanings, rummage sales, auctions and other means of disposing of articles of antiquity occasionally make it possible for a person to find himself in possession of something that another has found valueless and has discarded, and it was one of the foregoing that brought into the hands of the author, at a very small price, a certain book that has been the source of highly inspirational reading, and the source of many facts pertaining to Rhode Island history. Furthermore, this volume, and there may be many copies still in existence, revealed the identity of a great Rhode Island student, poet, philosopher, author and lecturer concerning whom little or nothing is said today. But his writings and observations upon the familiar subjects of local history, Roger Williams and religious liberty, the extermination of the Narragansetts, the idea of the supernatural among the Indians, and the influence of scientific discovery and invention in art on social and political progress, furnish

priceless thoughts and opinions for writing and observing today.

The full title of this book is "The Complete Works of the Hon. Job Durfee, LL.D., Late Chief Justice of Rhode Island with a Memoir of the Author" and it was published at Providence, in 1849. Job Durfee was born in Tiverton, Rhode Island, in September, 1790, just a few days after the visit of President Washington to Rhode Island, the Colony that had become a State in the Union just a few weeks before. Job's father, the Hon. Thomas Durfee, was Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas before his death and had fought under Generals Greene and Sullivan during the action on Quaker Hill. Job's earliest years were spent in the Durfee homestead in Tiverton located on a height that overlooked Narragansett Bay, and, in later years, he referred to that period as "the happiest in my life" when to outstrip his comrade in the race, or to possess the swiftest shingle-boat was a triumph, and the frown of his schoolmaster was his only fear.

As a mere youth he showed great talent for composition, and he was soon far ahead of his age in his knowledge of subjects of literature and politics. Once he surprised and delighted his playmates by an attempt at authorship when he produced a sort of "Gulliver's Travels" satire wherein was described a pigmy race that founded an empire. The materials for his first poem were found in his own neighborhood. When a local group of cracker-barrel politicians and hot-stove philosophers, that met nightly in a nearby shop, ended a heated discussion of some topic of the day, with flying fists and torn clothes, the young poet took note of these exciting proceedings and celebrated the affray in rhyme. The portraitures and caricatures of the well-known Tiverton folks were posted on the door of the shop, to the great amusement of all except the victims, but the identity of the author was never disclosed.

In the neighborhood was a man who had spent his life dreaming of buried treasure. For three successive nights a spirit had directed this man to a definite spot but he dared not visit the lonely place alone, so he enlisted the assistance of young Job Durfee who knew Latin and could therefore act the part of a magician. They met at midnight and proceeded to the haunted spot. The magician described his circle; pronounced the awful spells to drive out the spirit who kept the hidden gold in charge; and then they commenced digging. Of course, several practical jokers were in on the fun. They had hidden themselves behind nearby rocks and trees clothed in white sheets ready to appear at the psychological moment. A few previously planted coins were uncovered by the diggers and the old man deemed his hopes realized. He cheered on the digging — when suddenly, a blood-curdling shriek, and the apparition of a sheeted spectre, sent a shudder through his heart. The magician boldly faced it, thundered out his Latin “prestos” and “changos,” and waved the magic wand. More ghosts and goblins appeared, more and louder Latin curses were hurled by the youthful and impromptu Merlin; the circle was broken; in rushed the dancing, fire-spitting spectres; and home rushed the terrified money-digger. The visionary, uncured by this midnight ordeal, lived on to dream again of hidden gold; the neighborhood found his adventures the source of ample merriment; his assistant, young Durfee of Tiverton, made them the foundation of a poem. . . .

“Before, behind, on every side,
They yelled and pressed, and pressing
tried
To break the mystic spell;
Strained to its utmost height
The stern magician’s magic might
Could scarce the demons quell.”

In 1809, after a brief schooling in Bristol, he entered Brown University which was then under the presidency of Dr. Asa Messer. There he showed unusual proficiency in mathematics and Greek; he was a diligent student of ancient history, and in Latin he acquired an excellent knowledge of the works of Cicero and

Vergil, the reading of which became one of the pleasures of his maturer years. He graduated with high honors, respected among his classmates for his vigorous powers of reasoning and imagination. From college he returned to study law under the direction of his father, but he still found time to devote to literature, producing at this stage of his career an allegorical poem entitled “The Vision of Petrarch,” a piece distinguished by fine passages, melodious versification, and a luxuriant indulgence in imagination.

In 1814, Job Durfee was elected representative to the State Legislature, and, in a short time raised himself to the level of the best debaters in the House. Six years later he was elected to Congress and there his course was marked by an honest concern for the welfare of the country, a devotion to the interests of his constituents and a desire to attain wide information and sound statesmanlike views upon the questions of national policy that were before lawmakers at the time. In spite of his ability as an orator, and although he was a thoroughly informed and competent statesman, he was defeated for a second term in Congress and thereafter devoted himself more unreservedly to literature and philosophy. In 1826, he was again returned to the State Legislature and was later elected Speaker of the House. Later he declined re-election, retired to private life, and mingled with professional and agricultural labors the more delightful pursuits of literature. To complete the biography of this man — in 1833, Mr. Durfee was appointed Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the State; and two years later, upon the death of Judge Brayton and the resignation of Judge Eddy, was made Chief Justice. He married Miss Judith Borden, a daughter of Simeon Borden, and was the father of seven children. He died July 26, 1847.

Mr. Durfee’s “Whatcheer,” a narrative poem, in nine cantos, traces in detail the experiences of Roger Williams from the moment the great apostle of soul liberty left the fireside at Salem to the important event in world history when the founder of a great state and city stood by the bubbling spring on the banks of the

Mooshassuck and there established a haven for men of all races, colors, creeds, and men without creeds, to come and live in peace. "Whatcheer" brings out the magnanimity, benevolence and piety of Williams, and it tells of his solitary wanderings and adventurous sojourn among the inhabitants of the forest — it describes his heart-thrilling experiences — and his hardships, toils and disappointments are so vividly set forth and mingled with such glowing descriptions of New England scenery, Indian customs and manners, and accounts so instructive of their traditions, as to render the piece one of the most valuable and enchanting productions available to students of Rhode Island history.

His lecture "History of the Subjection and Extermination of the Narragansetts" delivered before members of the Rhode Island Historical Society, in 1836, is by far the most complete and most accurate tale of a race that fell before the coming of the white man that has ever been written. Mr. Durfee was one of the few writers who have turned to this subject,

who have treated the matter fairly, with due respect to the red man's loyalty and genuine patriotism in a hopeless cause. Another lecture delivered by Mr. Durfee on an aboriginal subject treated of the Indian's idea of the supernatural. His interpretation of the Manitto or supreme spirit and the relationship of the subordinate Manitto is unquestionably the most enlightening discussion of a little-known subject ever composed and presented.

Poems, narratives, orations, lectures, satires, historical accounts, charges to juries, philosophical discourses — all were in the realm of this Tiverton sage who, fortunately, has left behind many of his writings in printed form. Little is said of Job Durfee today, few of the present generation have ever heard of him and his works. No doubt, there are many more such as he who thought deeply during the course of life and who penned their thoughts, opinions and deductions for some searcher for truth to stumble upon in the far dim future and eventually reveal to others.

FIGHTING FIRES

WHY is it that everyday occurrences such as the shriek of a siren, the headlong dash of a fire-truck, an ominous red glow in the sky or black smoke clouds ascending, invariably send young and old alike to the nearest window, or into the street to join the helter-skelter rush to the scene of conflagration? From time immemorial the cry of "Fire" has electrified all ages with a sense of personal responsibility or duty, and if cities did not make provision for quickly and professionally fighting what has been called "man's precious assistant and servant, and also his terrible and ruthless tyrant," and if regulations did not prevent, there would always be plenty of volunteers to man the ladders, hoses, buckets, extinguishers, wrenches, pikes, lifenets and axes (especially the axes). The answer to the foregoing question and the explanation of this universal interest in all that goes

with a fire, rests in an inherited human weakness traced directly to the early days when the protection of life and property was everyone's concern, an exciting duty that our ancestors willingly and efficiently performed.

This universal hold that firefighting has upon most people is more apparent, however, in the smaller towns and villages where much of a community's social life often centers around the firehouse. The annual inspections, the parades, the card parties, strawberry festivals, dances and oyster stews are as important in the lives of small town folks as the rare but memorable occasions when the whistle on the local mill, or the doleful toned bell in the town hall tower, sends everyone scurrying to fight a fire. But the days when an adventurous youngster could ride the bar on the upstroke of a handpumper are gone forever; red shirts, white leggings,

and silver trumpets filled with sweet peas on inspection day, are practically forgotten, and the thrill of tugging at a hand rope is unknown to the boys of this generation. Modern pumpers and speedy ladder trucks are fast replacing the old hand drawn hose reels and top-heavy hook and ladder wagons. Even the picturesque horse-drawn machines have been displaced, but the spirit remains, in the towns and in the cities where established firelines, guarded by efficient police officers, hold back the surging mobs that would like nothing better than an opportunity to hold the nozzle of a twisting hose, or to climb a ladder where the smoke is thickest and the fire the hottest.

Rhode Island, like the other eastern states, has a long and interesting record of fire-fighting, going back to Colonial days when every citizen was required to hang one or more leather fire buckets in his "front entry," to be used only for fighting fires. In those days, if the man of the house happened to be away when the alarm for fire was heard, the buckets were immediately placed outside by those at home, and were used by the first passerby. That explains the reason for the painting of family names on the buckets that are so highly prized as antiques today; it was not for the purpose of beautifying personal property with fancy scrolls and lettering but was a practical means of unscrambling and identifying the buckets when the flames had been quenched and the ancient recall had been sounded. These early crude water containers were inspected annually by town officials and all delinquents were promptly fined for failure to keep them in first-class condition.

Many, many stories could be told of fires, fireman and fire-fighting experiences in the early days throughout Rhode Island. But, this account deals principally with old-time, local fire-fighting equipment, also a subject that offers unlimited opportunities for research and story telling. And, many of the facts you are about to learn were secured from an authority on the subject, Mr. G. Frederick Aiken, a Rhode Islander who has pursued a thorough study of every phase of Rhode Island fire-fighting history for many years. He is said to have the most com-

plete collection of original pictures, records, rosters and muster score cards in existence, and this collection has been exhibited at the famous Ford museum at Dearborn, Michigan.

According to Mr. Aiken, the oldest hand fire-fighting engine in America is preserved in the rooms of the Narragansett Engine Company in Warren, R. I., and it boasts the romantic name of "Hero." Built, in 1802, by E. Thayer, the "Hero" was in active service for one hundred years, and it can still throw a stream of 100 feet, for it was taken out and tested not long ago. This early American pioneer machine is known as a bucket tub, and during a fire was filled from the buckets which citizens were supposed to keep in their homes. In this connection there is a quaint and rather humorous story. It seems that it was once the practice of some citizens to use these buckets for depositories for everything but what they were designed to hold, and the story is related of one man who had long been in the habit of storing dried beans, peas and corn in his bucket. Late one night a fire broke out and this particular volunteer, suddenly aroused from his slumber and of course sleepy-eyed, rushed out into the street, and before he had time to think, dumped at least three quarts of dried corn into the "Hero's" reservoir, with the result that the engine was disabled and the fire completed its destruction before aid could be summoned from a neighboring village. The "Hero" is unique in that it is only 86 inches long, and 33 inches high from the ground to the top of the tank. The wheels are fastened to the axles with linch pins and the hand-wrought iron tires, made in sections, $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, are held on the rims with large headed, hand-made nails. The two pumps have a diameter of six inches — the stroke is only 7 inches — and a heavy, copper-riveted leather hose is reeled at the top of the machine. The Warren veterans are proud of this "grand-daddy of them all" and proudly show the machine and explain its operation to all visitors who call at the quarters on Spring Street.

The Providence Veteran Firemen have in their possession today a most unusual

engine called the "Waterwitch," long known as "Ira Winsor's Pet," built by James Smith of New York, in 1833. This machine was once housed at the corner of College and Benefit Streets in Providence and is now kept in the quarters of the Providence Veteran Firemen on South Main Street. Long ago it was a common sight in Providence to see this engine being dragged along the street by dignified men of the East Side, dressed in tall silk hats and wearing the popular side burn whiskers that were all the rage following the Civil War. It can be imagined that the return from the conflagration was less auspicious than the run from the fire house. For several years the captain of the company that operated the "Waterwitch" was Mr. Joseph W. Taylor, the first man to be named chief engineer, an office that corresponds to our present fire chief, and Mr. Taylor assumed office in 1853.

Pawtucket stands out notably in the history of Rhode Island fire-fighting since some of the country's most famous hand engines were built in that community by Mr. William Jeffers. Mr. Jeffers, a young mechanic, was engaged in 1847 to rebuild an engine called the "Hay Cart" for use in his own community. This engine was originally built, in 1844, by Joel Bates of Philadelphia, but the Pawtucket firemen were not satisfied with its performance and therefore hired this young man to look it over. He practically rebuilt the machine from top to bottom, and his work was so satisfactory, that he was deluged with orders from other companies, resulting in his entrance into the business, in 1848, on a large scale. His shop stood on the river bank below the site of the present Capitol Theatre in Pawtucket, and probably the most famous engine to leave his shop was the "Protector" of Brockton, Mass. This engine was turned out in 1856 for Mobile, Alabama, but made its remarkable record while located in the Montello section of Brockton, Mass., where it has won more than \$18,000 in prize monies at countless musters.

The "Gaspee" of Providence, very nearly an exact replica of the "Hay Cart" of Pawtucket, was the first hand engine built by Mr. Jeffers and was delivered to the Providence firemen in 1849. After

twelve years of active service it was sold to New London, Conn., and was in service in that town until 1868, passing then to Putnam, where it remained until 1886, when the Providence Veteran Firemen borrowed it for a muster. It was repurchased from the Putnam Organization in the late eighties, and has won a considerable amount of money in competition with other hand engines.

Considerable rivalry existed between various fire companies in the good old days and it was the goal of all companies to be the first on the scene following the sounding of an alarm. The first arrival was the engine that got all the credit for putting out a fire as the water pumped from this machine did the actual work. The late comers were assigned positions in relays pumping water from one engine to another and it was often the sole ambition of the tardy arrivals to pump more water into the lead engine than it, in turn, could pump on the fire. If successful in "washing out" the first engine, as the questionable or, rather, ridiculous sport was called, that tub was often disabled and forced to withdraw to make repairs. Then the next engine in line would take the coveted place. This often ended in disastrous results, the flames doing their damage before new connections could be made; and, such rivalry and strife among local fire companies actually caused the disbanding of all volunteer organizations and the establishing of the first organized paid fire department in Providence.

At a fire in the old Arnold Block on North Main Street in Providence on October 11, 1853, members of Niagara No. 2 and Gaspee No. 9 became involved in a fist fight and during the scuffle, Mr. Neil Dougherty was struck over the head with a spanner wrench and died as a result of his injuries. The sentiment for a paid department became stronger following the tragedy and an organization was effected March 1, 1854. It may be interesting for some to know that at the time of the dissolution of volunteer fire companies in this city there were eleven hand engine companies, with a force of 480 men, and one hook and ladder with thirteen men.

Perhaps people of this generation

wonder how these ancient, awkward contraptions could have coped successfully with a raging fire, but it is a fact that these little engines, forerunners of the masterpieces of today, attained a high degree of efficiency. Then again it must be borne in mind that, in the days when these engines were the sole protection of homes, the average dwelling was only one or one and a half stories high, and the smallest of these tubs or hand engines could throw a strong horizontal or perpendicular stream of water for more than 150 feet, which was more than it was ever called upon to do.

It is also interesting to note that the bitter rivalry of the old days has changed to friendly, but very keen competition. Every summer the old vets drag out the ancient machines, polish them up, put them in working order in preparation of the musters that are held in all parts of New England especially at the country fairs. As much as \$1600 has been offered as prize money for hand engine competition at these musters and from twenty to forty engines from every New England

state and New York regularly compete during the season. Rhode Island engines have stood up well on the list with "Hay Cart" and "Defiance" of Pawtucket, "Volunteer" of East Greenwich, "Nonantum" and "Gaspee" of Providence, being in the championship class.

As tricks were enjoyed in the old days, so in the present they are indulged in by the veterans who perpetuate this colorful era of fire-fighting in America. Not so long ago at one of these musters, one of the tubs failed to make much of a showing. The members were puzzled since the machine had performed exceptionally well at the practice squirts, and when the old engine was brought home an expert was called in and he decided to take the engine apart. Lo and behold, he discovered a fireman's red shirt stuffed into the tank where it seriously interfered with the flow of water. It was said that the faces of the veterans of this organization turned redder than their own shirts at this discovery and, by request, names, places and the identity of the engine have been left out of this account.

COMMODORE PERRY

MATTHEW CALBRAITH PERRY was born in Newport April 10, 1794, the brother of Oliver Hazard Perry, hero of one of the most thrilling stories in the annals of the American Navy. A student, fond of books, and inclined to research, Matthew might have become an educator, but instead, he followed in the footsteps of his famous brother, and in 1809, entered the naval service as a midshipman. His early naval career was varied and adventurous. He fought pirates in the West Indies and the Mediterranean. He took fighting ships to all the seas and into many faraway foreign ports; he became an important factor in the raising of American naval standards; and, most fortunately, he trained himself to be a resourceful and clever diplomat. At the age of 47 he had attained a high rank in the American Navy, and was then well prepared to

assume a diplomatic role few men in history have been called upon to fill.

From the same source from which most writers have secured many of the facts for books about Commodore Perry, a report published by Congress in 1856 entitled "Narrative of the Expedition of an American Squadron to the China Seas and Japan, performed in the years 1852, 1853, and 1854, under the command of Commodore M. C. Perry," we find just why this native son of Rhode Island has at last been called "The Great Commodore," but before reviewing some of these facts, let us outline briefly the reasons why Commodore Perry was requested to perform the difficult task to which he was assigned.

Japan is said to possess a written history extending over 2500 years; its sovereigns to have formed an unbroken

dynasty since 660 B.C., but its authentic history begins about 400 A.D. Until the middle of the nineteenth century, the islands of Japan, stretching nearly 900 miles along the Pacific water front, enjoyed, by their own desire, little or no intercourse with the rest of the world. Long had the nations of the world looked with longing eyes upon this apparently limitless repository of resources and treasure, but all efforts to trade or treat with the unfriendly, disinterested, suspicious, warlike, but cultured, talented, and wealthy inhabitants of these strange, mysterious, incomprehensible islands, had failed. After Pope Alexander VI, to avoid a disastrous war between Spain and Portugal, donated the entire Orient to these rival nations, three Portuguese were shipwrecked, in 1542, at the southwest tip of Japan, and these castaways were surprised to find the Japanese an orderly, prosperous, peace-loving and intricately-governed people whose culture had much in common with the Chinese. They lived under an elaborate caste system at the top of which was the Mikado. Although the Mikado was revered as a sort of materialized God, he could not be approached by ordinary mortals, and could never leave his palace. At the time the Portuguese landed in Japan, by accident, the real power in Japan had been acquired by hereditary nobles, one of whom ruled as regent for the Mikado, with the title of Shogun. The early Portuguese, however, were not concerned with methods of government. Trade for their own enrichment and conversion to Christianity were their sole objectives. More Portuguese followed the first arrivals, and a trading post and a mission were established at Nagasaki. A world-wide missionary order took control of spiritual affairs, and conversions were made by the thousands. The Japanese showed themselves eager for Western goods and Western ideas, and for a while outsiders had no cause for discontent in Japan.

But soon a rival missionary order began to cast jealous eyes at their brothers in religion on the Yellow Sea. A shipload of their missionaries landed at Nagasaki. Then both missionary Orders began to compete for favor, and, as a result, the

natives began to find themselves arrayed in competing Christian groups. The Japanese looked on with puzzled suspicion; they could not understand how squabbles, intrigues, and jealousy could exist — all in the name of Christianity. In 1600, about the time when Roger Williams was born in London, the Dutch arrived in Japan, and set up a trading port at Hirado. The Japanese welcomed them as they had the Portuguese, but the work of conversion to Christianity developed into a three-cornered fight.

In the struggle for supremacy which followed, traders and religious cults lost all sense of self-respect. They degraded their religion and shamed the culture of Europe to Oriental eyes. The reigning Shogun finally forbade further efforts of missionaries in Japan and decreed that all religious Orders be expelled from the land. The discredited missionaries began to foment trouble among the people, and the Shogun retorted with wholesale persecutions and massacres of the Christians. The climax came in 1638, two years after the founding of Providence, when several thousand helpless Christian converts took refuge in an old castle near the sea. The Shogun's forces tried to dislodge them, without success. The Shogun then insolently ordered the leader of the Dutch colony to send a Dutch ship out to bombard the Christians from the harbor. For fifteen days the Dutchmen fired upon the Christians, until the besiegers were able to take the castle by assault and massacre the survivors. This incident put the finishing touch to the Japanese regard for white civilization: and all that it stood for. Late in the year 1638 came this edict, and consider carefully the words, "For the future, let none, so long as the Sun illuminates the world, presume to sail to Japan, not even in the quality of Ambassador, and this declaration is never to be revoked on pain of death."

For their treachery to white civilization, the Dutch claimed exception to this edict, and begged the right of exclusive monopoly on European trade. Contemptuously, they were ordered to Nagasaki, where they were cooped up on a tiny island at the harbor's mouth, and forbidden to

communicate with anyone except selected members of the despised merchant class. To their barricaded island one Dutch ship was permitted a yearly visit. It would land only specified articles under heavy guard. The captain had to bring extravagant presents for the provincial rulers, and he was compelled to commence negotiations by doing homage to the governor of the province on his hands and knees.

Beyond the Dutch, with these humiliating conditions and restrictions, Japan again passed out of the family of nations. Japan again receded back into the shadows of mystery and virtual isolation. No ship could approach its shores except the lone Dutch vessel that came once a year. No one could leave Japan; an effort to do so meant instant death. Castaways on Japanese shores were either imprisoned or put to death. So far as human endeavor could accomplish it, Japan's isolation was complete. And so it remained all the years when the American continent was being colonized; and so it remained during the eighteenth century when the American colonies were compelled to take to arms to preserve their liberties. Japan was still a strange, unknown land during all those years when American ships sailed to the four quarters of the globe, extending commerce and creating friendly relations with far flung nations. The renowned Yankee clippers had boldly matched their speed with the tall ships of England for the tea trade of China. They returned to their home ports laden with silks, spices, Chinese lacquer, brass and metal work, far beyond Yankee skill. New Bedford, Warren and Bristol whalers ranged to the distant ends of the earth — 685 whalers were registered under the Stars and Stripes in 1845 — and on their long cruises they often found it necessary to touch at foreign ports for repairs or supplies. In these emergencies they always found a welcome in any inhabited port, with one exception — Japan.

The United States long desired to open relations with these islands of mystery, and a first attempt was made in 1846, when Commodore Biddle sailed two vessels into Japanese waters and was promptly ordered to leave. Three years

later Commodore J. H. Aulick attempted the same mission, but he likewise failed, being suddenly relieved from command at the American Naval base in China. Then Commodore Matthew C. Perry of Newport had his opportunity, and well did he lay his plans.

After receiving his formal orders of appointment on March 24, 1852, Commodore Perry interviewed whaling captains and sailors who had been castaways in Japan. He availed himself of all the literature dealing with Japan then extant, and this reading convinced him that diplomatic errors had been made in previous negotiations. The Japanese had their own court customs, and it behooved uninvited guests to respect them. Perry perceived the unalterable caste foundations of the Japanese social order. The Mikado, descendant of the Sun, could not deign to take notice of any one whose rank was not next to his own; all intercourse with the lower ranks must be conducted through high-born subordinates. To deal with the Japanese diplomats on equal terms, Perry created a facsimile caste system among his officers, reserving for himself a special superior caste with the title “Lord of the Forbidden Interior.”

This ruse he carefully kept from the ears of public officials who might make a laughing stock of him and ruin his plans. There must have been plenty of amusement in the ward-rooms when lieutenants and ensigns rehearsed their roles as Shoguns and Poobahs, but it was serious business with the “Lord of the Forbidden Interior,” and it was a clever piece of stratagem, as we shall see.

Perry also determined to take as presents to the Mikado specimens of the finest products of American civilization — among them a small scale locomotive and train, telescopes, and scientific instruments, a complete telegraph outfit to show the Japanese the wonders they were missing by barring themselves from the outside world. For the ultimate in magic grandeur, he relied on the huge machinery of his paddle wheel, steam-driven ships.

After nearly a year of baffling delays in preparing and outfitting, Perry's flagship “Mississippi” was ready. Other ships assigned to the expedition were still either

in dockyards or scattered over the ocean, with the Navy Department's promise to hurry them to the naval base in China as rapidly as possible. Finally, on Nov. 27, 1852, the historic Japanese Expedi-

tion, commanded by Commodore Matthew C. Perry of Rhode Island, and at that stage, consisting of one ship, sailed quietly from Norfolk and headed for the Orient.

THE WINNING OF JAPAN

IN the previous chapter the reasons were given why Japan had been a closed country to the rest of the world after a disastrous and wholly unsuccessful attempt had been made by white civilization, in the sixteenth century, to establish trade with the Japanese, and to convert them to Christianity. Historians have no other choice than to believe that the inhabitants of the strange, unknown islands were justified in supporting the edict of 1638 which warned: "For the future, let none, so long as the Sun illuminates the world, presume to sail to Japan, not even in the quality of Ambassadors, and this declaration is never to be revoked on pain of death." By that edict, Japan disappeared from the world of civilization. No one could thereafter approach its shores. Japanese ship construction was rigorously restricted to a type of boat that would swamp if it attempted the high seas. An effort to leave Japan meant death. Even fishermen swept away by storms were not allowed to return. Castaways on Japanese shores were either imprisoned or put to death. So far as human endeavor could accomplish it, Japan's isolation was complete. And so it remained until the arrival, in the middle of the last century, of a native born Rhode Island naval officer, Matthew C. Perry of Newport, who was selected by the American Government to lead an expedition into the Orient with instructions to break down the age-old Japanese barriers. In the previous account we also described how Perry prepared for this mission, and how he organized his officers and men into a facsimile caste system, comparable to the castes rigidly maintained by the Japanese. Perry's flagship, the "Mississippi," sailed from Norfolk on November 27, 1852, and arrived in Hong Kong harbor

on April 6, 1853, where other ships of the expedition, the "Plymouth," the "Saratoga," and the store-ship "Supply" had already arrived. While the final work of outfitting went forward at the American naval base in China, Commodore Perry was entertained by the representatives of several European nations who probably wished him a pleasant voyage and a disastrous outcome, because no country wanted to see another the first to reap the rewards of open commerce and intercourse with the Japanese. After arranging with Mr. Wells Williams, a missionary and authority on Oriental affairs, to join the expedition as interpreter, the squadron sailed for the Lin Chin Islands off the southernmost tip of Japan, where Perry established a base and coaling station. There the natives were found to be suspicious and evasive but willing to exchange supplies for gold and Chinese cash.

On July 2, 1853, the little fleet of four ships left the base called Napha and boldly sailed in the direction of the bay of Yeddo, or as we call it now, Tokyo. From such authentic sources as Commodore Perry's official report to Congress, published in 1856, and from a condensed version of the book "The Great Commodore" by Edward M. Barrows, this is, briefly, what happened.

At four o'clock in the morning of July 8, 1853, the American ships steamed into Yeddo, or Tokyo Bay, and they were soon surrounded by a great flotilla of junks, several of which approached with the evident intention of communicating with the strange ships that miraculously breathed fire and smoke and moved directly against the current with all sails furled. At this point the Commodore tried out the first of the policies he had

decided on for dealing with the supercilious Japanese. He ignored the junks, and moved forward up the Bay until opposite the fortified town of Uruga, where observation indicated that the native soldiers were preparing for action. No guns were fired from ship or shore but a ring of small boats was soon formed around the ships, and an officer of some rank in one of these boats held up a scroll of paper which he attempted to deliver on board the "Susquehanna," but the deck officers refused to receive it. The "Saratoga" barely escaped a real hand-to-hand engagement. The native boats approached her, and lines were thrown aboard, and some of the natives attempted to climb up the chains. Under orders, the American sailors stood off the natives with pikes and other handy ship weapons, and just as a good old-fashioned pirate style deck fight seemed unavoidable, some one in the small boats called out, "I can speak Dutch." The boat was allowed to come alongside, and the volunteer interpreter demanded to see the head of the squadron.

This, of course, was refused. The Lord of the Forbidden Interior, or Commodore Matthew C. Perry, U. S. N., of Newport, Rhode Island, was of such high rank that he could be approached only by the highest dignitaries in Japan. But the ingenious Japanese got around this difficulty. The interpreter announced that the Vice-Governor of Uruga was in the boat; he suggested that the American Lord of the Forbidden Interior delegate a subordinate of equal rank to confer with him. After a long, intentional delay, a messenger emerged from the cabin, or sacred temple, of the supreme dignitary, with an announcement that the Vice-Governor of Uruga and his Dutch interpreter could come aboard for a conference. Through this procedure Perry had put an end to the insolence with which foreign emissaries always had been received, and he had given the Japanese, for the first time, a basis for negotiation which they could understand. The caste plan seemed to be working.

In the conference, the Vice-Governor of Uruga was informed that the Lord of the Forbidden Interior bore a letter from the President of the United States to the

Emperor of Japan, and he desired that a day be appointed for the American official to deliver it personally to the Emperor. After some discussion about the Americans going to Nagasaki to deliver their request, which Perry refused to do, the conference ended. Early the next morning, two barges approached bringing a Dutch interpreter and Kayama Yezaimen, Governor of Uruga, and the highest dignitary in the countryside. Adhering to his plan to observe caste, the Commodore withdrew to his cabin, and two American captains were delegated to receive the visitors.

After a studied delay, the visiting dignitary was allowed to open the conference, at the outset of which he announced that it would be necessary for the Americans to deliver their message to the Dutch at Nagasaki, and an answer would be transmitted through the officials there. This demand was refused, and Perry, through his spokesman, of course, insisted that the President's letter would be delivered by him on the shores of Tokyo Bay, to a court official with credentials direct from the Nipponese Emperor. At this point the Japanese Governor was shown a magnificent gold and rosewood box prepared in Washington, containing Perry's credentials. This changed matters somewhat. Yezaimen became cordial and made an offer for the first time of water and refreshments if the fleet stood in any need. Then the conference ended; the Governor went ashore for further instructions.

Several days later three impressive looking barges came out to the fleet bringing Yezaimen, richly clad in silks. After being received on the deck of the "Susquehanna," with awed reverence he presented a ponderous document wrapped in velvet and enclosed in a box of sandalwood. It was the credential of the Imperial messenger, sent aboard for inspection, by the American Lord of the Forbidden Interior. To it was affixed the royal seal of the Son of Heaven himself. The Emperor's messenger proved to be an officer of high rank, the famous Prince Toda of Idsu, First Counsellor of the Empire. The shore meeting of the two dignitaries was set for the following day, and all that night the curious American

sailors listened to the sound of hammering as the work of Japanese stage setting went on in haste. Sunrise revealed the results of this hurried preparation. The shore was lined with ornamental silk screens, decorated with huge scarlet flowers and blazons of the imperial arms. In the midst of the screens could be seen the roofs of three cone-shaped tents or buildings in which the meeting was to take place. Several thousand Japanese soldiers were drawn up in orderly divisions along the shore, and before them more than a hundred patrol boats were arranged in parallel lines. Every vantage point on the nearby hill was crowded with natives, and report shows that they were gathered there by the tens of thousands to see the Lord of the Forbidden Interior and his strange barbarians. The landing signal was hoisted from the "Susquehanna," and fifteen boats with the American colors at the stern, and sailors at the oars, put off from two of the ships. The crews disembarked and, armed with muskets and sidearms, formed along the shores. One hundred marines wheeled into line on either side of the wharf facing the sea. A brigade of nearly two hundred sailors followed, and two bands brought up the rear. The Japanese marveled at the size and military carriage of both the sailors and marines. As the order "Present Arms" rang out, the barge with the broad pennant swept up to the wharf. The oarsmen held their sweeps erect; the solitary figure in brilliant dress uniform with sword and epaulets, stepped ashore. Matthew C. Perry of Newport, brother of the equally famous Oliver Hazard Perry, had landed in Japan.

From this point on, it is a long and most interesting story, but briefly, the meeting on the shores of Tokyo Bay consumed but a few minutes of comic-opera formality. Commodore Perry presented a letter from Millard Fillmore, President of the United States, his own letter of credence, and two letters from the Commodore to the Japanese Emperor. The letters were all directed to one purpose — the opening of business relations between Japan and the United States. Perry announced that he was leaving soon for his naval base in China, and that he would return in the

Spring for an answer to the President's letter. The Japanese asked if all four vessels would return. "Probably more" answered the Commodore, "as these are only a small portion of the American naval fleet." After waiting a few days the expedition left Japanese waters and returned to Napha, where several foreign nations immediately attempted, using a common but expressive term, to "horn-in" on what the Americans appeared likely to accomplish.

Fearful that one or more of these foreign nations might upset his plans, and suspicious particularly of what the Dutch were scheming to do, Perry altered his plans and sailed back to Tokyo Bay in January, 1854, arriving at an anchorage twelve miles above Uruga on February 11th. A lot went on in Japan during Perry's absence; there were many differences of opinion in respect to American overtures; there were many political changes, and several changes of official attitude, but support for the long frowned upon relations with outsiders finally prevailed, and Perry's return, although in advance of schedule, proved to be well-timed. After some delay occasioned by Perry's refusal to move his ships back down the Bay to Uruga, a shore meeting was arranged for March 8, 1854. Once more the shore was lined with screens and decorations; once more the populace crowded the shoreline to see the strangers; once more Perry went ashore with all the fanfare and display that a naval squadron could present. The first meeting brought no results since the reply to the American President's letter proved to be a meaningless communication of good wishes and friendly expressions. Nothing was said about trade and commerce. Then followed three weeks of conversations with little or no results, but the next feature of the negotiations caused considerable excitement. This was the presentation of gifts long before promised by Perry, but held back for the proper occasion.

On the day selected, the Americans erected a miniature railroad with locomotive, passenger cars, and track, and while the terrified natives kept at safe distance, the nobles took their turn sitting astride the roof of the tiny passenger car, holding

on desperately with half-shut eyes, as the puffing engine whirled around the circular track at 20 miles an hour. Included in the wonders of the civilized world brought to Japan as gifts from a progressive free country were a complete telegraph sending and receiving set, plows and other agricultural implements, vegetable seeds, rifles, books, telescopes, dressing cases, clocks, perfumery and many articles of household and scientific use.

The Shogun also brought forth his gifts for the Americans — magnificent brocades and silk, beautiful porcelains, tables, trays and goblets finished in the secret lacquer of Japan. Finally the long days of negotiation drew to a close. Details of

the treatment of shipwrecked sailors were settled; reluctant permission was obtained for consulates at the treaty ports of Simoda and Hakodate; terms on which American traders could deal with Japanese merchants were roughly outlined. On March 31, 1854, the Commodore and the Japanese High Commissioners ceremoniously affixed their signatures to the document which admitted Japan to the world family of nations. For 2500 years of known history Japan had remained an isolated, unknown land. Commodore Matthew C. Perry of Rhode Island opened the door and introduced to the world a nation that was soon destined to become a power in its own right.

BARNUM AND AVERY

THIS amusing anecdote has to do with two celebrated figures — one, the greatest showman of all times, and, the other, a murder suspect whose name was as well known in American households a century ago as any name since connected with a major crime important enough to arouse nation-wide interest. Concerning the murder case — the body of Sarah Maria Cornell, a poor factory girl, was found hanging by the neck in a Tiverton, Rhode Island stackyard, or wood yard, late in the year 1832. All suspicion pointed to the Reverend Ephraim K. Avery, a Bristol clergyman, who was believed to have had reasons for wanting the young girl put out of the way.

The trial at Newport was a national event, and it proved to be a sensational battle of wits between the prosecutors and the defenders of the accused. Feeling ran high because of the profession and the standing in the community of the clergyman on trial for his life, and few believed that he would escape the same fate that befell the unfortunate Sarah. However, the jury finally rendered a verdict of not guilty, although the Reverend was forced to leave Rhode Island and go somewhere beyond the reach of those who openly threatened to take the law into their own hands. Few places in America were safe

for the Rev. E. K. Avery a century ago, but somehow he managed to find a spot where his identity was not discovered.

So much for the murder suspect. It was about this time that Phineas T. Barnum, dean of deans of the American circus, began his active career as an exhibitor of the strange, curious, stupendous and astounding. Already he had had a rather full life of adventure and interest in showmanship, and he made up his mind to seek his fortune under the billowing canvas, the pavilions as they called the big tops in those days.

In April, 1836, P. T. Barnum, who had already gained some promise as a showman, made arrangements with Aron Turner, a circus proprietor, father of two celebrated riders, to engage one Signor Vivalla as a featured performer for the following summer season. Barnum had previously discovered Vivalla in an Albany museum where, as Signor Antonio, he presented such remarkable feats as walking on stilts, whirling and spinning crockery, and balancing guns with bayonets resting on his nose. When Barnum took over the Signor's services at \$12.00 a week, plus board and traveling expenses, the showman demanded two things, first, that the plate whirling, gun juggling Antonio should submit to a thorough wash-

ing, and second, that he should agree to a change in his name. He agreed to both, hence the more romantic and foreign-sounding "Vivalla."

Barnum made a good trade in assigning Signor Vivalla to the Turner show, and he also succeeded in finding a place for himself in the troupe as ticket-seller, secretary and treasurer. This turned out to be fortunate for Barnum, since Vivalla's road tour, early that same year, proved to be a losing venture. On Tuesday, April 26, 1836, the circus with all its paraphernalia of wagons, horses, carriages, tents, ponies, with about thirty-five men and boys, started over the road from Danbury, Connecticut, to give the first performance on the following Thursday in West Springfield, Massachusetts. Barnum tells the story that on the first day, instead of halting on the road to dine, Mr. Turner stopped at a country farmhouse, bought three loaves of rye bread and a pound of butter; then, borrowing a knife from the farmer's wife, he proceeded to slice off pieces of bread. Spreading the slices lightly with butter, he handed one to each man. The bread and butter were soon consumed; Turner paid the woman fifty cents, ordered the men to water the horses, and the journey was resumed. Vivalla thought this was pretty scanty fare and so did the rest, but a little grumbling apparently failed to bother Mr. Turner. It is interesting to note that a band from Providence was expected to join the show at West Springfield, but it failed to arrive for the opening performance so ticket-seller, secretary and treasurer Barnum was requested to make a brief speech apologizing for the absence of the Rhode Island musicians. At first the audiences were small, but soon they grew larger and, as the season advanced, the riding Turners, Joe Pentland the clown, the astounding Signor Vivalla, and others, made a handsome profit for Mr. Turner and his new associate Phineas T. Barnum. The circus performed all over New England, very likely in several Rhode Island communities, and then moved on to New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia and North Carolina. Barnum's diary includes many

notes of exciting experiences on this, his first road tour with a traveling circus, but the anecdote of most interest to Rhode Islanders is the one that the greatest showman of all times never forgot.

The Turner show was booked to play in Annapolis, Maryland, and the caravan arrived there late on a Saturday evening. Business had been good for many weeks and Barnum felt quite prosperous, so he did a little shopping that evening, purchasing, among other luxuries, a fine suit of black clothes. On the following morning, Sunday, feeling pretty proud of his purchase, he put on the fine new sable suit and jauntily sauntered out for a stroll, passing through the barroom as he left the hotel. About twenty men were gathered around the bar that sunny Sunday morning, among whom was Mr. Turner, who had a reputation for being an inveterate practical joker. Without disclosing his own identity, Turner pointed to the strutting Barnum and quietly whispered to the crowd gathered around him, "I think it's very singular you permit that rascal to march your streets in open day. It would not be allowed in Rhode Island, and I suppose that is the reason the black-coated scoundrel has come down this way."

"Why, who is he?" ejaculated half a dozen at once.

"Don't you know? Why, that is the Reverend E. K. Avery, the murderer of Miss Cornell," answered Turner.

"Is it possible!" they exclaimed, all starting for the door, eager to get a look at Barnum, and several swearing vengeance against the hypocritical clergyman.

That was all that was needed. Turner quietly took a seat, while everyone present started down the street in pursuit of the unsuspecting black-habited Barnum. He had just turned a corner, and was very innocently, though rather pompously, strutting down the sidewalk when he was overtaken by a dozen or more people. He observed, as they passed by, that each person looked back and stared with apparent wonder. At first he thought that it was the new suit that was attracting all the special attention; but he soon awoke from that happy illusion. The mob grew rapidly and he heard such remarks as

"the lecherous old hypocrite" — "the sanctified murderer," "the black-coated villain" — "let's tar and feather him" — "lynch the scoundrel," etc., etc. On Barnum strutted, totally unconscious that such remarks could possibly have any reference to him. He soon realized that something was up when one of the crowd seized him by the collar while five or six others approached carrying a lone fence rail.

"Come," said the chap who had grabbed the collar of that lovely new black suit, "old chap, you can't walk any farther. We know you, and as we always make gentlemen ride in these parts, you may just prepare to straddle that rail!" What a predicament for one who was destined to provide amusement of all sorts for unwonted millions! His protests, his attempts to run, his questions seemed to make the fast-gathering mob all the more threatening. "Oh we know you," exclaimed half a dozen nearest him — "you needn't roll your sanctimonious eyes; that game don't take in this country. Come straddle the rail, and remember the stack-yard!"

Poor Barnum grew more and more bewildered; it seemed like a bad dream. He couldn't imagine what possible offense he was to suffer for, so he continued to shout "Gentlemen, what have I done? Don't kill me, gentlemen, but tell me what I have done."

"Alright, make him straddle the rail, we'll show him how to hang poor factory girls," shouted one of the crowd.

The man who had him by the collar then remarked: "Come, Mr. Avery, it's no use, you see we know you, and we'll give you a touch of lynch law and start you for home again."

"My name is not Avery, gentlemen; you are mistaken in your man," Barnum protested.

"Come, come, none of your gammon, straddle the rail, Ephraim," the spokesman continued.

The rail was then lowered to allow Barnum to be straddled on it without difficulties and he was about to be placed

according to orders, when the truth flashed upon him.

"Gentlemen," hoarsely shouted Barnum, "I am not Avery; I despise that villain as much as you can, my name is Barnum. I belong to the circus which arrived here last night, and I am sure Old Turner, my partner, has hoaxed you with this ridiculous story."

"If he has we'll lynch him," said one of the mob.

"Well he has, I'll assure you," Barnum replied, "so just walk to the hotel with me, and I'll convince you of the fact."

This arrangement they reluctantly agreed to, keeping, however, a close hand upon the intended victim. As they all marched up the main street, more reinforcements arrived, and finally, like a prisoner headed for the guillotine, Barnum was dragged up to the hotel.

Old Turner stood on the piazza ready to burst with laughter. Barnum humbly appealed to his partner to explain the mistake, so that he might be liberated. The sly old trickster had a good laugh and then admitted to the crowd that there was some misunderstanding about the whole affair. "In fact," he said, "my friend Barnum has a new suit of black clothes on, and it makes him look so much like a parson, I concluded it must be Avery."

The mob saw the joke. Some apologized for the rough manner in which they had handled Barnum, while others swore that Turner deserved the same fate. But the majority of the people roared with laughter, declared it was a good joke, and hoped the tables would sometime be turned, and Turner be made the butt of a practical prank.

After it was all over, Turner confessed to his partner that he hoped to secure some good publicity out of the episode, and that is the way it turned out. The joke was on everyone's lips. Turner and Barnum got to know the whole town — immense audiences jammed the big top to see the astounding feats of strength, agility and daring presented by circus men who played clever tricks upon each other.

THE BIG SHOW

THE world's most terrifying living creature, Gargantua the Great, largest gorilla ever seen on this continent, — over one hundred specimens including the rhinoceros or the Unicorn of Holy Writ, — the great difficulty in capturing this huge and savage creature, together with the almost impossibility of keeping him alive in a climate so uncongenial to his habits and constitution, renders the exhibition of a living rhinoceros the greatest curiosity in the animal world. — Bring 'em back alive Frank Buck with his caravan of recently captured beasts from distant wilds, including the world's first and only group of subjugated black leopards, phantom outlaws hitherto unconquerable and untamable — Herr Driesbach the most celebrated of all animal performers will give an exhibition in a den of wild animals, performing with a terrific group of lions, tigers, leopards, cougars and panthers — the undisputed king of all wild animal trainers — Terrell Jacobs, daring death with the earth's greatest group of ferocious jungle-bred performing lions, direct from the African veldt, with instinctive hate for man and insatiable thirst for blood. Hideralgo, the Lion Tamer, will give a performance in a den of wild animals — colossal, stupendous, gigantic, amazing, inconceivable, sensational, etc, etc, — the same words, the same appeal to imaginations, the same play upon human gullibility, the same invitation to satisfy curiosity, today and a century ago. For, you have just read word for word alternating quotations from two circus advertisements, one published in Rhode Island years before the Civil War, and the other published not so long ago.

Although the familiar claim "excelling by far anything and everything ever achieved in the history of gigantic amusements" is proclaimed annually, what may be found in any file of early nineteenth century newspapers, clearly proves that circus showmen haven't changed much in their methods of attracting customers, or, that the ticket buyers have learned to

demand anything fundamentally different for their amusement on the tanbark ring under the billowing canvas. Wild animals, educated horses, feats of physical skill, human monstrosities, jesters, buffoons and clowns, still remain the mainstays of the open air circus, and it is interesting to observe in this one important phase of public entertainment, the circus, how little times have changed.

On the other hand, we are inclined to believe that the rapid development of stage, screen and radio entertainment has brought about entirely new conceptions in show publicity. We are often impressed, and amused, by the efforts of press agents to exploit stars who happen to bask in the current limelight or spot light. Intimate detail life stories of theatrical or movie favorites in newsstand publications are something new, but Shirley Temple dresses, Deanna Durbin hats, and Judy Garland sweaters have had their counterparts in early show advertising history. A decade before the firing upon Fort Sumter the Bristol Phoenix was advertising Jenny Lind shoes, because the Swedish nightingale was then as popular in America, comparatively speaking, as Robert Taylor, Greta Garbo, or Joan Bennett when this was written.

And, speaking of popular idols nearly a century ago, have you ever heard of the world renowned and celebrated man in miniature, P. T. Barnum's original Tom Thumb, who made a triumphant tour of Rhode Island nearly a century ago? Charles S. Stratton, named General Tom Thumb, by his manager and promoter, the master showman, P. T. Barnum, was born in Bridgeport, Connecticut, and began his public career on Thanksgiving Day, December 8, 1842. Barnum hired this diminutive child, not two feet high and weighing less than sixteen pounds, for exhibition purposes at a price of three dollars per week, but not many months had passed before the midget, his parents, and his promoter were making fortunes for themselves. Apparently, Tom Thumb

made his first appearance in Rhode Island in the year 1847, following his historic European tour, and there is evidence to prove that he came here again, in 1850, the same year that Barnum brought Jenny Lind to Providence for one of her 150 American appearances.

One should read about the “Little General” and his beautiful miniature equipage presented by Queen Victoria, consisting of the smallest horses in the world, and chariot, attended by elfin coachmen and footmen in livery. More than seven million people crowded into halls, tents, museums, and other public auditoriums to see Tom Thumb before he came back to Rhode Island in 1850 for a return engagement, and it can be well believed that the general was the little idol of the hour for every Rhode Island youngster. His appearances virtually called for holidays, people stood in lines before the exhibition halls clamoring for admission tickets, and when Tom Thumb, who had been received by all the principal crowned heads of Europe, appeared in his Lilliputian coach for a drive through the streets after his matinee appearance, no hero home coming, or movie star public promenade has ever aroused more enthusiasm or greater demonstrations of contagious adoration.

During Revolutionary times Rhode Islanders indulged in very few, if any, public amusements. The occasional exhibition of a wild animal, the simple feats of a mountebank, displays of wax figures, tight-rope walking, and dancing, constituted the chief, and probably the only, modes of entertainment until the establishment of the theatre, and, of course, the theatre met with violent opposition on the part of many who regarded the institution as a danger to morals. In February, 1781, a tight rope walking performance was presented in the Old State House on Benefit Street, and the artist was a Mr. Templeton, a native of Virginia who had come to Providence to establish himself as a dentist. Not meeting with the encouragement which he expected, he supplemented the business of tooth-pulling with occasional performances upon the wire. Circus and minstrel show history is filled with amus-

ing instances where the trombone player was also the troupe cook, and where the head tent man did a turn at juggling in the show, but it would be difficult to discover another case of a wire walker who doubled in dentistry. And, most interesting of all, Prof. and Dr. Templeton offered his skillful evolutions on a slender strand in one of the chambers of an historic Rhode Island structure, the Old State House.

Thirty or so years later another performance of rope-dancing, or walking the slack wire, took place at the Providence Theatre, then situated at the corner of Westminster and Mathewson Streets, on the present site of Grace Church. Again, on Independence Day, 1821, a Mr. Godeau and a Miss Adolphe performed; and a week later, a six year old child appeared as one of the slack wire performers.

Samuel MacCracken, an equestrian of some note, obtained a license from the Town Council of Providence, on June 5, 1826, to open a circus and retain the privilege of promoting such entertainment for the period of one year. He was widely experienced in the management of circuses and traveling shows and he was probably quite typical of those pioneer promoters who sought to give the public what it wanted in the way of spectacular entertainment. Through his efforts entirely, a temporary arena, constructed of wood, was erected on a lot facing Westminster Street and that ran back as far as Fulton Street. One of the entrances was on the latter street, and the other opened on Union, then known as North Union Street. This particular area was then referred to as Westminster Gardens, somewhat of an amusement park laid out with winding walks, gardens and shrubbery. Various attractions had been presented there for some time before the establishment of the circus. This innovation, subsequently called the Westminster Circus, enjoyed a long and colorful career, and evidently it supplanted the Gardens as an amusement center, for no mention is ever made of the earlier resort after the wooden building with its show ring and rough board seats had been opened under the able direction of Professor MacCracken.

From that time on, Providence became circus-minded and demands were great for a continual display of all the wonders that ingenious showmen could procure for the rapidly growing road shows. Providence was always listed as a good show town, and the wealth of circus ads to be found in the old newspapers proves that. Our great-great grandparents never saw a man shot from the mouth of a fire belching cannon, but they did see General Tom Thumb drive up Westminster Street in a pint-size coach drawn by pigmy steeds. Nelson Eddy never thrilled our ancestors with his melodious

ballads, but, in 1850, a huge crowd, augmented by droves of school children, milled about the Providence Railroad Station to welcome Jenny Lind. Première performances on Broadway often bring high prices for choice seats, but William Ross of Providence paid exactly \$653 for one ticket to hear Jenny Lind sing in Howard Hall, on the evening of October 7, 1850. Tents may be larger; stages wider; lights may be brighter; but what showmen exhibit, and for what people stand in line to see and hear, there have been but few changes, at least in Rhode Island.

IDA LEWIS

OF all the Rhode Island women who have achieved fame in one way or another . . . and there have been many . . . none attained the world renown of a modest little woman who was born and lived most of her life in Newport. In fact, it would hardly be exaggeration to say that she was more famous, particularly during the latter half of her life, than any American woman of the past or present. She became popularly known as the "Grace Darling of America," but her real name was Ida Lewis.

Her father was Captain Hosea Lewis who was born in Hingham, Massachusetts. Like so many of his day who were born and brought up in seaside towns he followed the sea for a living. For a number of years he was a coastal and marine pilot and was employed on a Newport revenue cutter at the time he courted Ida's mother, the daughter of Dr. Aaron C. Willey of Block Island.

About a dozen years after they had been married, Captain Lewis was appointed by the government to the position of keeper of Lime Rock Light in Newport Harbor. At that time Lime Rock had only a small sentry box for the keeper in addition to the light, and Captain Lewis had to establish a home for himself and his family on shore. He took a house at the corner of Spring and Brewer Streets in Newport and rowed out to the light twice every day for three years. Then, in 1857, the gov-

ernment built him a house on the island, a stone structure white-washed on the interior. To this building he immediately moved his family and set up house-keeping on the island.

But within six months, after the family had become nicely settled in its new quarters, Captain Lewis was the victim of a sudden paralytic stroke which left him a complete invalid. Ida, the second of his four children, was then fifteen years old, but, young as she was, she gave up the schooling which she had begun in Newport and joined her mother in taking care of the house, the other children, and the light. It was a difficult undertaking for the two women (one of whom was only a girl), but their determination would not let them give up, and they mastered the situation as it stood.

Ida had had no previous experience in handling any sort of a boat, but she learned to row very quickly for upon her fell the task of getting the other children to and from school and procuring provisions for the household. In the morning she set out with the children for the mainland and in the evening or late afternoon came to row them back to the light. The very necessity that forced her to the hard task of rowing toughened her young muscles and gave her a skill in handling a boat that became invaluable to her in later life. No kind of weather ever prevented her from making these trips.

Short as they were, they were often extremely dangerous, and many a hardier boatman would not have attempted them. When a fierce storm was blowing, Captain Hosea, crippled and helpless, would sit in the window of the house on the rock and peer through the flying rain toward the shore where his daughter with her precious boatload was setting out to begin her fight with the waves. Sometimes he would lose sight of the boat altogether as it sank low into the trough between great rollers, and would wonder for the hundredth time how his frail little daughter was able to keep afloat in such heavy seas. Often he did not dare to watch the progress she was making and would ask his wife to tell him when the boat reached the island. But Ida was not frail. The children trusted her courage and skill, and even her father, in moments of pride, would say that she could hold a boat in the teeth of a gale better than most men. That there were gales in truth is evident by the fact that Ida more than once had to cut off her frozen stockings at the knee once she reached her warm home.

The efforts of Mrs. Lewis and Ida enabled Captain Hosea to keep his appointment until his death in 1872. After that the former was appointed keeper of the light and Ida was made her assistant by a special act of Congress. Five years later, she succeeded her mother as keeper, and held the position for the rest of her life.

Her famous rescues began in 1859, and there are eighteen of them recorded. The first was of four young men from Newport's summer colony who overturned their small sailboat near the light. They could not hang on to the slippery hull and were being swept out to sea by a strong tide when Ida saw them. She set out in her rowboat at once, but reached them just in time. Wisely avoiding them as a group, she approached one at a time, taking him into her small boat over the stern. Then she rowed them back to the light and provided them with hot food and warm dry clothing. Neither she nor the four young men mentioned the rescue to others, and it was not known until years later.

Six years later she rescued a drunken soldier who had thrust his foot through

the bottom of her brother's skiff, after having stolen it for a trip to Fort Adams. The next year she rescued another man who also had appropriated her brother's boat and had got caught in the tide. Within two more weeks after this she went to the aid of a man whose sailboat had struck on Little Lime Rock. Yet for this she received no thanks.

Probably her most noted rescue was made in 1869, when she set out in a bitter storm to aid two men whose cries she had heard. They proved to be Sergeant Adams and Private McLaughlin, two soldiers who were returning to Fort Adams when their boat upset in a sudden squall. She needed all her months and years of exercise and rowing experience then. The waves broke over her boat threatening to swamp her again and again, but she finally reached the light with the two half-drowned men.

This rescue was immediately heralded around the world, and Ida became famous overnight. Newport basked in the greatness of its heroine. Newspapers printed long articles about her; photographers came in droves to get her picture; theatrical managers offered her vaudeville engagements; and the tiresome stream of curious visitors began. Yet in the midst of all the honors that were suddenly bestowed upon her, she maintained a calm poise and modesty that was both unusual and admirable.

The name "Grace Darling of America" was given to her at once, but in reality she was a greater heroine than the English girl, Grace Darling. The latter made one great rescue, aiding her father to get five persons off some rocks in the ocean near the Farne Islands, but Ida Lewis performed her daring deeds unaided. Both of these women were small and underweight yet they seemed to have the strength to meet any emergency.

In 1870, Ida married William H. Wilson of Black Rock, Connecticut, and went to the mainland to live with her husband. But the marriage did not turn out happily, and very shortly she was once more attending to duties at the light.

As time went on, she made more rescues (just how many only she knew and she would never tell). But her fame was

already widespread. She was made a member of the American Legion of Honor and was given the special distinction of being elected to the American Cross of Honor and awarded the first gold cross of that organization. The New York Humane Society presented her with a medal, and the Massachusetts Humane Society soon followed suit. Congress awarded her a special gold medal, and Andrew Carnegie gave her a pension of \$30 a month from his private fund. Finally the Sorosis Society made her an honorary member.

Of course in addition to all this she was deluged with visitors and mail from admirers (in the latter receiving everything from congratulations to offers of marriage). Prominent men and women came to Newport especially to see her, among them President Grant, Vice-President Colfax, Admiral Porter, Admiral Dewey, General Sherman, Jay Gould, Mrs. William Astor, and Susan B. Anthony. However her attitude was always the same, modest and unassuming. Even when the visitors became inquisitive beyond all limits of courtesy, she herself was quietly courteous (and just as un-talkative).

These visitors tired her more than her daily tasks, for they came at all hours without warning. Soon they averaged one hundred a day, and in one summer, her father counted a total of 9000. Truly she suffered upon the rack of American inquisitiveness.

She lost but one person among all those whom she set out to save, and that because she arrived on the scene too late. Even in her later years she was a consummate master of her boat and could man it with ease. She was presented with a new boat, named the "Rescue," but preferred to use her old one. The "Rescue" is now in the Newport Historical Society.

Up to her death in 1911 she remained keeper of Lime Rock Light, and when she died not only Rhode Island but the whole world mourned a courageous woman, one who had been a rare model of sincere modesty and simplicity.

Lime Rock Light has since been honored with her name and is now connected to the mainland by a long wharf. The island is at present the home of the Ida Lewis Yacht Club, but the rock itself is a lasting monument to its former mistress.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN PROVIDENCE

ONE by one, human links connecting with that which has gone before are taken away. Men and women walking among us today talk to us of those whom they once knew, or saw; they tell us of things that happened once upon a time; they relate happenings that occurred within the span of their lives, and then, suddenly, these men and women are no longer with us. Day by day the past becomes no longer our personal experiences, or the first-hand knowledge of others, for the past constantly recedes away into a record which we call history. That which is, at this hour, news; that which we read about, hear about, and talk about with the passing of these moments will someday be a narration of facts and events arranged chronologically with their causes and effects. Only the pen, the brush and

lens, figuratively speaking, can provide perpetual knowledge and understanding of the fast-fading chapters in human evolution. The preservation of certain material objects, the advance in archaeological deductions, all have and will contribute to the wealth and accuracy of historical recordings, and ever-improving methods of preserving words, pictures and sounds will assure livelier records of the present for future enlightenment, but what are printed papers, colored pictures and canned sounds in comparison with one's description of a great personal experience? What is someone's private interpretation or impression of a significant event in comparison with the spoken words of one who had first hand knowledge of that particular event?

Until a comparatively short time ago

there was one walking among us who had an experience of local historical importance. While this man lived, his experience was a vivid precious memory, not exactly history. He had seen with his own eyes; heard with his own ears; he told of it in his own words; suddenly, this experience becomes a tale to be told in the third person. It is now history, and somewhat as follows it shall be related down through the centuries.

After fifty-one years of a life that took him from a humble cabin in the middle West to a place of political leadership among many who sought to elect him President of the United States, Abraham Lincoln received an invitation in the fall of 1859 to lecture at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. To his friends it was evident that he was greatly pleased by the compliment, but that he feared that he was not equal to an Eastern audience, despite the fact that he had become the first choice of his entire party for political speeches. After some hesitation he accepted the Brooklyn invitation, provided his hosts would take a political speech if he could not find time to prepare some other message.

When he reached New York City he learned that he was to speak there instead of Brooklyn, and that he was certain to have a distinguished audience. Concerned about what he should say, and conscious too, that he had a great opportunity before him, he spent nearly three full days revising his speech and familiarizing himself with the material. The oration was delivered at the Cooper Institute on February 27, 1860, and is now referred to as the Cooper Union speech. Lincoln held a notable audience spellbound with his oddly expressed but trenchant and convincing arguments that clearly confirmed the soundness of his political conclusions. William Cullen Bryant introduced Lincoln; Horace Greeley, David Dudley Field, and many more well-known men of the day were there to hear him. Also there that evening in New York City were several political leaders from New England who approached Lincoln after the conclusion of his address and extended invitations to him to visit their respective states. Among these representatives was

Mr. John Eddy of Providence, a prominent lawyer who earnestly requested that Lincoln be his guest in Rhode Island where the Republican party was not making very great progress, and where it was believed Mr. Lincoln would exert a powerful influence upon local textile manufacturers.

As for Mr. Lincoln he probably had several reasons for considering seriously the invitations extended by Mr. Eddy and other New England political leaders. First, and very likely, foremost, he wanted to see his son Robert, then a student at Phillips Academy in Exeter, New Hampshire. Second, then unknown to New Englanders, Lincoln had the support of his Western friends for the approaching Presidential election, and, consequently, he saw an opportunity to strengthen his own political power in a section of the country that scarcely knew him. Third, Lincoln saw the opportunity of presenting to sympathetic audiences his ideas and opinions of slavery, a subject that dominated his thoughts and speeches of that period of his career.

Before retiring on the night of February 27, 1860, Abraham Lincoln decided to visit New England at once, and Providence was selected as the first stop. The next morning, accompanied by several political leaders, including Mr. John Eddy, he departed from New York, taking the Boston Express that left from the old depot at 4th Avenue and 27th Street, then on the site of Old Madison Square Garden. The train left at eight o'clock and the party changed cars in New Haven for the Shore Line train, reaching New London at 1:15 P.M., and Providence at 4:15 P.M.

Since Mr. Eddy was the official host, Lincoln was invited to spend the night at his home then located at 67 Washington Street, but now the home, still standing, is at 265 Washington Street. Probably escorted by several enthusiastic members of the party that welcomed Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Eddy at the train, the tall, then clean-shaven foe of human servitude, undoubtedly made the short trip to the Eddy home in a carriage, no troops lined up in a guard of honor, no flag waving from Exchange Place buildings, no crowds gathered at vantage points to hail the one

who was destined to become immortal in the hearts and minds of people throughout the world. Then he was just Abraham Lincoln, a powerful Western politician, a good speaker.

In the Eddy home, located in what was then regarded as the residential quarter of Providence, Mr. Lincoln sat down to supper with the family after he had been shown his room on the second floor, at the northeast corner of the residence. What a pity that every last detail of that meal and the social gathering that took place before and after has not been recorded, what a loss to the record of local historical facts that a faithful description of what Mr. Lincoln said, what Mr. Lincoln wore, and what he did during the hours of hospitality so graciously provided by Mr. and Mrs. Eddy, was not preserved.

However, we do know that Alfred, the four year old son of the Eddy's, attracted the attention of the distinguished guest and that this youngster was presented with a handful of red gumdrops during the early evening or the next morning, either as a reward for good behavior, or as just the natural courtesy of a visitor to a member of his host's family. Now, we know well of Lincoln's love of his fellowmen, we know of his warmth, his kindness, of his human understanding, and of his sympathy. His gift of sweetmeats to a healthy, lively and well-behaved child must have given him the same delight that most of us experience when another reflects appreciation for our generousities, however small may be our gift. And this gift of Lincoln's pleased little Alfred because the latter never forgot the incident, nor did the vivid memory of Abraham Lincoln in his father's household ever become dimmed or distorted with the passing of many years.

That evening Lincoln spoke in what was then called Railroad Hall on the second floor of the northern end of the Old Union Station. This terminal, replaced by the present one, was opened on May 3, 1848, and, at the time, was owned by the Boston and Providence, Providence and Worcester, the New York, Providence, and Boston, and the Hartford, Providence and Fishkill roads, now all a part of the

New Haven Road. The hall was filled to overflowing and many who would have liked to have heard the champion of Republicanism were turned away. When Lincoln, accompanied by Mr. Eddy and others, appeared at the door, he was greeted with, as the newspaper account reads, "enthusiastic and prolonged cheerings of the Assembly."

William Warner Hopper, a former Governor of Rhode Island, called the meeting to order and nominated the Hon. Thomas A. Jencks as president, or chairman, and he was elected. Mr. Eddy was chosen secretary. Mr. Jencks spoke briefly but with stirring words of the great responsibility which rested upon Rhode Island in the coming struggle, and he referred to the vast importance of Rhode Island's preserving the place she had so faithfully held in the line of Republican States. He then introduced the Hon. Abraham Lincoln, orator of the occasion. Mr. Lincoln began by alluding good-naturedly to some remarks in the press which he had read on his way to Providence. Then with characteristic wit he selected as the main subject of his speech, a topic suggested by the quotation which the newspaper took from one of his former orations. He defended, repeating the position which he took in that speech, that this country could not permanently endure, half slave and half free. He gave the context in which his cited words were found, and he discussed his subject with great fairness, earnestness and ability. He showed that he occupied only the ground which was taken by the founders of this government, and quoting the contemporary report, "he triumphantly vindicated himself and the Republican party against the false charges which are so unscrupulously brought against them." In short, his speech in Providence was a great success. He impressed his hearers that he held a sincere, honest belief in all he said; he aroused great enthusiasm with his eloquence, and he won a host of new adherents with his plain, simple, cogent reasoning.

That night he slept in the Eddy house in a large, airy room that is today rented to anyone who desires its shelter because the residence is now a rooming house fortunately in good hands, for the moment,

assuring that the structure and the hal-
lowed sleeping room at the northeast
corner of the second floor will be protected
and kept neat and clean. That night, in
that room, Lincoln slept in an oversized
bed because Mr. Eddy was an unusually
tall man and he had provided for himself
sleeping furniture that accommodated his
long limbs. This treat of not being forced
to curl up in bed was greatly appreciated
by the tired guest, and he remarked about
the comfortable bed to Mr. Eddy the next
morning. The bed and the chair sat in by
Mr. Lincoln have been preserved by Mr.
John Eddy's descendants.

Mr. Lincoln said farewell to his host
and family the next morning after break-
fast and among those who took the grasp
of the tall friendly guest was little Alfred
whose chubby hands had lately clutched
a few sticky gumdrops, the gift from a
stranger who seemed to like small boys.
Until a comparatively short time ago,
Alfred U. Eddy could tell us first hand of
that memorable incident in his long and
fruitful life, but he was recently laid to
rest in Swan Point Cemetery, probably
the last person in Rhode Island who con-

sciously remembered seeing one of the
greatest immortals in the history of the
world. Mr. Alfred Updike Eddy, first
captain of an organized Brown Univer-
sity football team and a member of the
class of 1879, founded the Mercantile
Mutual Fire Insurance Company in 1882,
becoming its first secretary and treasurer,
and he was a member of the board of that
company at the time of his death.

As the author now recalls meeting
Mr. Eddy on several pleasant occasions
and discussing with him his precious
memories of Abraham Lincoln, he was
reminded of a most impressive scene in-
cluded in a widely-presented, screened
Biblical drama. In this particular scene
two Christians had met secretly on the
outskirts of Rome during the times of
religious persecution. One of these, a
Pilgrim recently returned from the Holy
Land, whispered low to his friend, say-
ing: "I have seen the Master." A distin-
guished Rhode Island citizen is now
with his Master, and while here on earth
among us, not so long ago, he talked to
us, and told us in his own words, that he
had seen Abraham Lincoln.

THE CIVIL WAR

RHODE ISLAND took a very prominent
part in the struggle between the
North and South. The outbreak of
hostilities found the people ready to
respond with enthusiasm. President Lin-
coln issued his proclamation calling for
75,000 men for three months, on April
15, 1861, and in the course of a week, the
First Rhode Island Regiment, composed
of ten companies of infantry and a battery
of artillery, under command of Colonel
Ambrose E. Burnside, was dispatched to
Washington. But soon it became evident
that the government had undertaken a
task not to be completed by a service of
three months. The promptness with
which the people of the loyal States had
answered the appeal encouraged the
authorities at Washington to make a
second request. This time the period of
service was to be for three years and the
number of men summoned to the field

was a little more than 42,000. On June
18, Governor Sprague of Rhode Island
issued an order for the organization of a
second regiment of infantry and a battery
of artillery. A camp for the purpose of
mobilization was established on Dexter
Training Ground, and Major John S.
Slocum was appointed Colonel in com-
mand. On June 19th, the Second Rhode
Island Regiment marched away to Ex-
change Place, where appropriate exercises
were held, and then proceeded to Fox
Point, where the Steamer "State of Maine"
awaited the local volunteers and their
baggage. The Second arrived in Washing-
ton four days later, accompanied by
Governor Sprague. From then on, the
story of the Second Rhode Island Regi-
ment's service in the War of the Rebellion
is a narrative of brave, honorable, enviable
and efficient performance in the thick of
the fighting in most all of the major

engagements of the war from the First Battle of Bull Run to the surrender at Appomattox. The same tribute can be paid to other less prominent fighting contingents and to individuals from Rhode Island who saw service on land or on the water during the bitter years of tragic conflict between men who had been born under the same flag, and who had cherished the same ideals of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Certainly, it is plain to see that Rhode Island conducted herself nobly in the emergency that threatened to destroy the Union or to create in the United States an aristocratic class, maintained by the Constitution, which could enjoy the privileges of living upon the toil of human beings held in bondage. With men, money and patriotic enthusiasm, Rhode Island rallied to the support of the Federal Government, determined that there would be no such thing as secession, and that human servitude in these United States would be unconstitutional.

Slavery was the chief cause of the Civil War in America. The South wanted slaves, and it was either a case of the slave-holding States withdrawing from the Union and forming their own independent government, or of converting the anti-slave States to the South's way of thinking. The North desired neither slave-holding nor secession — the result was War. The main issue was slavery, but what of contributory causes? One of the chief causes of the American struggle was the introduction of the slave traffic into the Western hemisphere and that started, as far as we know, in 1614, when Thomas Hunt, an English explorer, captured a group of Indians somewhere on Long Island and took them to Malaga as slaves. Probably the earlier Spanish and French explorers indulged in some slave taking and selling, but the traffic in this part of the world really began after the colonization of America, when human labor in the West Indies brought good prices, and when American ships and willing owners were available to transport unfortunate people from Africa to end their lives under the lash of an overseer on some scorching tropical plantation. Later, when the South needed more hands

to pick the cotton and to toil on the vast acres acquired by wealthy land-holders, there, the selling of people into human bondage became a big business; and, in that enterprise, little Rhode Island took no small part. Although Rhode Island could never be accused of being much of a slave-holding State at any period, many a fortune was gained by residents along the shores of Narragansett Bay during the period of slave running to the West Indies and to the South.

Little has been written, not much of fact can be uncovered, about Rhode Island and the slave trade, but enough is known to conclude that thousands of bewildered, fear stricken negroes were whisked away from African jungles to bondage below the Mason-Dixon line through the direct agency of Rhode Island capital. The molasses came from the West Indies to be turned into rum in Bristol and Newport distilleries; the rum was bartered for slaves on the West Coast of Africa, and slaves were transported to western hemisphere ports. At one time, as many as fifty ships hailing from Rhode Island were engaged in this three way traffic, so, at this date, it is logical to admit that Rhode Island, willing to help stamp out a Dark Age practice in this land when it became a national issue, did at one time, countenance the participation of some of its leading citizens in the evil that finally provoked a bloody rebellion. Other Northern States besides Rhode Island were engaged in exploiting human servitude for the benefit of one particular area of this nation, but that is not the point. In analyzing causes and effects in human evolution, it is always well to see both sides of a question, and when we properly extol principles and praise ideals of one side, one viewpoint, mark well the earlier chapters of history, for thereby does one see the complete picture, and thereby comprehend some things much more clearly. It was only one generation or so before the boys in blue marched bravely away from Rhode Island to the battlefields of the South that the smoke was pouring from busy Rhode Island distilleries from which great casks were rolled into fast sailing sloops and brigs bound for Cape Verde,

where human flesh was measured in terms of so many gallons of rum.

Continuing a bit with an analysis of the causes of a Civil War in America, let us take a broad view of the South's side of the immortal conflict. Even today champions of the Confederate cause claim that slavery could have existed successfully if permitted under the Constitution. History tells a different story. Through all the ages two antagonistic systems, democratic equality and aristocratic privilege, have kept the world in commotion, and they probably will continue to cause conflict within and among nations, until one or the other shall gain undisputed ascendancy. From the dawn of history it is easy to trace the course of this ever-present conflict between the two diametrically opposite theories, or systems of government. Aristocratic privilege can be divine right of kings, absolute monarchy, feudal lordship, imperialism or dictatorship — they are all the same, and history clearly shows how they all come to the same end. Any form of slavery, any system of government that takes away all or some human rights, liberties, privileges or freedom denotes the existence

of some aristocratic privilege, and that, we find, does not survive for long. True, there must always be gradations of society. There must be diversities of rank. There must be bootblacks, stokers and laborers in the field. There must be men to clean the streets and men to rule in the senate. There must be men to lay the rails and men to occupy the presidential chair. True democracy demands that the farmer, sailor, carpenter, taxi driver, clam-digger, and cotton picker have unobstructed opportunities to improve their condition, if they can; that every man shall have fair scope for industry, ingenuity, ambition and talent. The history of the world has proved that there can be no reconciliation between democratic equality and aristocratic or dictatorial privilege. That is why slavery in this country did not survive, and that is why any form of inequality or involuntary sacrifice of individual rights in any country cannot long survive.

History is a great teacher. Read it, understand it, ponder upon the first and last chapters as well as the middle. It makes the present so much more understandable and less perplexing.

WILLIAM SPRAGUE

IN the "History of the Civil War in America" by John S. C. Abbott, one sentence reads as follows: "On the 2d of May (1861) the Marine Flying Artillery of Rhode Island arrived in Washington, having a battery of six pieces. The energy manifested by this gallant little State, under its young but noble Governor, William Sprague, attracted universal admiration." Not much will be written in this account about the "Marine Flying Artillery," although the colorful name of that local fighting unit and its still more colorful war record, offers plenty of writing material, but we are going to deal with the "young but noble Governor" William Sprague, who ranks among the immortals on that perpetual panorama of people and their experiences known as Rhode Island history.

But, first, it must be made clear that Rhode Island has had two Governors by the same name. William Sprague of Warwick, the next to the last chief executive to serve the State under the old royal charter, held office from 1838 to 1839, and his nephew, William of Providence, became Governor, in 1860. Of the first Governor William Sprague, it can be said that he was born, in 1789, the son of a prominent textile manufacturer. In 1836, when his father died, this William united with his brother Amasa in the firm of A. & W. Sprague, said to have been the world's largest calico mills.

In 1842, Governor Sprague was elected United States Senator to succeed Nathan F. Dixon who died in office, and he served in Washington for two years, resigning after the murder of his brother Amasa,

who had successfully managed the Sprague factories and calico works during the period that his brother partner had been concerned with political interests and duties. William Sprague devoted the rest of his life to the business, and died in 1856.

In the meantime, his nephew, William, born in Cranston, in 1830, had started his career in the renowned Sprague establishment by entering the employ of his uncle at the age of fifteen. His father Amasa was murdered in Cranston near the Sprague mills in 1844, and the story of that tragedy, and the results of the murder trial that followed, constitute a shocking chapter in the annals of local nineteenth century history.

At the age of twenty-six, William, grandson of the first calico printer in Rhode Island, and one of the first in America, and nephew of Governor William Sprague, occupied the leading place in the control of the vast interests of the A. & W. Sprague Co. The business activities of the firm were then greatly enlarged, and included manufacturing units in Rhode Island, Connecticut, Maine and Georgia, so that it soon became the largest calico printing company in the world. In the conduct of this vast enterprise, young William Sprague showed great ability, and the heavy responsibility appeared to be an easy burden for the youthful manufacturer and financier. He became interested in military activities and found time to belong to the Marine Artillery of Providence, in which unit he rose by gradual promotion to the rank of colonel. In 1859, he made a tour of Europe, where he found special interests in the military establishments of the Continent. He returned to Providence in the Spring of 1860, on the eve of an impending national crisis that was to involve him in a way that he did not, in the least, suspect.

Prior to Sprague's return from his grand tour of the Old World, the Republicans had met in Rhode Island and nominated the Hon. Seth Padelford for Governor. Some of the younger Republicans of that time objected to the Padelford nomination, claiming that the candidate had been forced upon the party. In the midst of this

political dissension, William Sprague, described as wealthy, successful, popular, a good soldier, a born leader, and socially prominent, returned from Europe; and he was welcomed home as the man of the hour. The whole State turned out to hail the young idol, and he soon found himself the key man in a bitter political squabble. The Rhode Island Democrats, taking advantage of the popular outburst for Sprague, and sensing the opposition to the head of the Republican ticket, hastily nominated William Sprague for Governor, and for the next sixty days Rhode Island was the scene of a gubernatorial contest that virtually rocked the shores of Narragansett Bay. To make a long story short, the young manufacturer, soldier and socialite was elected Governor in the largest vote ever cast in Rhode Island, and, too, in spite of the national and local campaign speech made in Providence by Abraham Lincoln, who was elected President of the United States in November of that same year.

One of the first indications of Governor Sprague's abilities as a statesman was his prophecy of strife between the North and the South. Convinced that the South was sincere in its threats to secede, and that the North would take militant measures to prevent secession, Governor Sprague lost no time in preparing the military forces of Rhode Island to aid in the defence of the Union. He was right in this presentiment. Hardly had President Lincoln's proclamation for 75,000 volunteers, for three months' service, been made on April 15, 1861, before Rhode Islanders were on their way to the scene of expected action.

The local Governor immediately organized a regiment of infantry, twenty-five hundred volunteering, fifteen hundred more than was necessary, or required to fill up a regiment in those days. These men came from all over the State, and from all stations in its social and business life. Competition for membership in the unit was keen, and the Governor and his assistants had great difficulty in making selections so that all sections of the State were properly and fairly represented. The first regiment was finally made up of six companies from Providence, one from

Newport, one from Pawtucket, one from Westerly, and one from Woonsocket. Ambrose E. Burnside, at the time treasurer of the Illinois Central Railroad, was hastily summoned from New York, where he maintained an office, and he was placed in command of the regiment. It is evident that Governor Sprague had prepared well, and that he conducted his military organizing in an efficient and inspiring fashion because, within five days after the call for volunteers, the first half of the regiment under the command of Colonel Burnside left Providence for Washington, and four days later, the second half, under Lieutenant Colonel Joseph S. Pitman, departed for the theatre of war in the South. All this hasty response to the call for arms required money, and since no warning had been given, the Legislature was not in session; nor was there time to call a session to authorize the expenditure of money which the emergency required. Governor Sprague met the crisis. He and his firm, the A. & W. Sprague Company, guaranteed that the expense incurred would be paid, and thus, the Rhode Island troops were enabled to move more speedily to the front.

Meanwhile, the national situation had reached a point where it was plainly apparent that a greater force was needed, and that short term enlistments were inadequate. President Lincoln issued a second proclamation for troops, and this time enlistments were for three years, or the duration of the war. Therefore, on June 18th, Governor Sprague issued an order for the organization of a second regiment of infantry and a battery of artillery, and a camp for the purpose of organization was established on Dexter Training Ground in Providence. Major John S. Slocum was appointed Colonel. On June 19th, the Second Rhode Island Regiment struck their tents and marched to Exchange Place, where appropriate exercises were held, and then resumed the march to Fox Point, where the men embarked for Washington on the Steamer "State of Maine." The regiment arrived in Washington four days later, accompanied by Governor Sprague.

From then on, the story of the Second Rhode Island Regiment's service in the

war of the rebellion is a narrative of brave, honorable, enviable and efficient performance in the thick of the fighting in most all of the major engagements of the war from the First Battle of Bull Run to the surrender at Appomattox. It was mustered out of service May 24, 1865, and arrived back on Rhode Island soil on the 17th of July.

The first regiment which was enlisted for three months, the one that Governor Sprague organized so rapidly and sent to the front after Lincoln's first call for volunteers, was in only one engagement, the First Battle of Bull Run, fought on Sunday, July 21, 1861, at Manassas, Virginia, about thirty miles southwest of Washington. Governor Sprague took part in this battle, serving as an aid to one of the Union commanders. During the fighting he had his horse shot beneath him, and for his bravery under fire, he was commissioned a Brigadier General, although he was not mustered into Government service. Under the leadership of this youthful War Governor, Rhode Island won first rank for the number, character and fighting efficiency of her volunteers, sending to the defense of the Union, 10,832 infantry; 4394 cavalry; 2979 light artillery; 5644 heavy artillery; 645 navy — and spent for war purposes six and one-half million dollars.

Governor Sprague resigned March 3, 1863, to accept the office of United States Senator, and he served the State in that capacity until March 4, 1875.

Disaster followed William Sprague's whirlwind flight to fortune and fame as a fighting, battle-tried leader of the people. Financial ruin came quickly upon the heels of political downfall; the failure of the house of A. & W. Sprague involving thousands of people in what amounted to a statewide, almost national, calamity. He died in Paris on September 11, 1915, and is buried in Swan Point Cemetery, Providence. Somewhere else in a well-known history of the Civil War can be found a passage that reads somewhat as follows: "The Regiment from Rhode Island was assigned quarters in the Department of Interior Building. Governor Sprague in full uniform accompanied his troops when they marched into the edifice

as the national banner was raised above and the spectators cheered. Southern sympathizers looked on sullenly, flashing

their teeth. As the heroic little band of Rhode Island volunteers entered their quarters they sang: "Our flag still waves."

JOHN HAY

THE first-known John Hay, son of a Scotch soldier of fortune, emigrated to America and settled in Virginia, in 1750. Of four sons, two rendered distinguished service in the Revolutionary War. After the War, one of these, Adam, left Virginia and settled in Lexington, Kentucky. His son, John, at the age of fifty-five, became convinced that a slave state was not the place to bring up a family, and accordingly removed to Springfield, Illinois, assisted in making the river trip by Abraham Lincoln. Another John, his son, went to Salem, Indiana. He was graduated from Transylvania College and later received the degree of Doctor of Medicine. Settling in the little town of eight hundred inhabitants, about 1830, he practised there for ten years. He married Helen Leonard, at one time a resident of Providence, Rhode Island, daughter of Reverend David A. Leonard, a man of high scholastic attainment, a graduate of Brown University, and the poet of his class. Dr. John and Helen Leonard Hay had five children, Edward, Augustus, Mary, Charles and John, the subject of this account, who was born October 8, 1838. A few years after John's birth Doctor Hay moved his family to Warsaw, Illinois.

The quaint little town of Warsaw became the home and school home of John Hay's boyhood, and this second home, statelier than the cabin where he was born, stood on a bluff of the Illinois bank of the Mississippi River, half way up the State, commanding a broad view of the River and the Missouri country beyond. Those were the days of river boats and river men with ways of their own, later vividly pictured in verse by a lad who, as his sister once remarked, "had the habit of stringing his words together into rhymes."

John Hay's education began in a little brick schoolhouse, where he learned what

was to be acquired from Schoolmaster Holmes and his successors. When his grammar school days were over, at about the age of thirteen, John entered a private school, this opportunity being afforded by his uncle, Colonel Milton Hay, living in Pittsfield, the county seat. Later he pursued his studies in a Springfield school, known at a later date as Lutheran Concordia College. But, Western colleges had not yet attained the standards of excellence which they have since reached and Eastern institutions were sought by those who could afford the expense. Accordingly, his patron uncle determined to send John to Brown University. Being himself a Baptist, he may have cherished hopes of directing his nephew's inclinations toward the ministry. Other reasons may have been found in the fact that John's grandfather had graduated from Brown in 1792, and that Providence had been his mother's early home. At any rate, John came East, and entered the College on the Hill as a sophomore in the Fall of 1855, in the class of 1858.

Men who made academic history were then members of Brown's faculty, including Professors Caswell, Gamwell, Angell and Harkness, and at their feet sat this young student from the West who was destined to attain signal success as a poet, novelist, historian, journalist, politician and diplomat.

As to his college career, it seems sufficient to note that he had an excellent memory, but that in creative work, as distinct from memorizing and applying fact and formulas outlined in textbooks or propounded in lectures, John Hay excelled. His twenty-eight classmates recognized his literary tastes and promise, and therefore chose him as the poet of the class. One undergraduate associate afterwards recalled John Hay's "singularly modest and retiring disposition, but

withal of so winning a manner that no one could be in his presence, even for a few moments, without falling under the spell which his conversation and companionship invariably cast upon all who came within its influence. He was indeed, to his little circle of intimates, a young Dr. Johnson without his boorishness, or a Dr. Goldsmith without his frivolity."

As to his public career after graduation from Brown—that is a long exciting story. But, what are the highlights? First, and most important, John Hay returned West after graduation and took up the study of law with his uncle, then living in Springfield, Illinois. He was admitted to the bar in 1861. It just happened that Milton Hay's law office adjoined that of the firm of Lincoln and Herndon. Lincoln had not yet attained eminence in his legal career and there was plenty of time for visiting and talking over things between the offices. In fact, Abraham Lincoln gave up many evenings to instructing the youthful law student. Suddenly, the hand of destiny led Lincoln into his debates with Douglas; then came campaigning, the nomination and, finally, the election to the Presidency. No one supported Lincoln more enthusiastically or efficiently than did the twenty-two year old lawyer—he knew Lincoln and he saw in him qualities which had not yet been revealed to the party leaders. And when Lincoln was elected to the highest position of responsibility in a time of complete uncertainty, the Great Emancipator took with him, as one of the two who should be his most intimate and confidential associates and private secretaries, the young friend and office neighbor of three previous years. The other was John G. Nicolay, proprietor and editor of the Pittsfield Free Press, who had also rendered important political services in the campaign. Picture the experiences of a secretary to Lincoln during the laborious days in the early years of the War—think of the behind-the-scenes meetings, the midnight conferences with political and military leaders, the hurried dispatches, the secret missions.

Soon John Hay received the title of Colonel on General Hunter's staff and spent much time in the field on special

service, although he remained secretary to the President until the assassination. Thus, it may be said he came to have an intimate acquaintance with the entire situation at the Capital, and in every part of the country, probably better than any other person of his times. With the change in administration Hay relinquished his position, but his career in public life had only begun. In steady succession came his appointment as first secretary of legation at Paris, higher diplomatic responsibilities at Vienna, and then secretary of legation at Madrid. From 1870 to 1875, he was on the editorial staff of the New York Tribune, and from '79 to '81 first assistant Secretary of State under President Hayes. In collaboration with his fellow secretary John Nicolay, the "History of the Administration of Abraham Lincoln" was written and published, and this work stands today as a monument of fact concerning some of the darkest days in the history of this nation. In 1897, John Hay was appointed minister to England, and in the autumn of 1898 President McKinley summoned Hay from the Court of St. James to accept the office of Secretary of State.

As Secretary of State, Hay's chief claim to fame came with his sponsorship of the Open Door in China, a policy strangely enough brought into light with parallel events at the hundredth anniversary of his birth. China was then threatened with a war of conquest, and the breaking-up of the empire into partitions, but Hay's masterly intervention averted both war and land grabbing and the whole nation acclaimed his achievement.

Following the assassination of President McKinley, he remained as Secretary of State under President Roosevelt, but his health soon failed and he died on July 1, 1905. This must be but a mere touching of the highspots since Hay's life, from the Halls of Brown to the Chambers of State, was a long career of splendid service in the moving affairs of the nations. And, he found time to pen some of the immortal verses of the past century. He liked poetry, he enjoyed the company of poets, and of men and women endowed with creative genius. He mingled with the great minds of Rhode Island during the

course of his undergraduate days on the Hill, and his letters to a distinguished acquaintance in Providence, written after he had returned West, plainly disclose that he found great pleasure in the hours spent with the talented ones, the brilliant

women and clever men, here at that time. He missed the delightful moments once spent in the drawing room of Sarah Helen Whitman, who came so near to linking her fortunes with those of Edgar Allan Poe.

THE WRECK AT RICHMOND SWITCH

EARLY Saturday morning, April 19, 1873, Wood River Junction, Rhode Island, was the scene of a frightful disaster concerning which the present generation knows nothing, and it is doubtful if anyone who was living at the time can now recall the tragedy that was there—after discussed for many months, and which a famous writer referred to in verses shortly after the occurrence. Where the old Providence and Stonington Railroad crossed a little stream called “Meadow Brook,” or “New Brook,” near Richmond Switch, so-called then, and not far from the point where the tracks crossed the Pawcatuck or Charles River, was a small bridge, with abutments about twenty feet apart. Above this railroad bridge was a dam surmounted by a small road bridge. Sometime between midnight and three o’clock on the morning of April 19, 1873, this dam gave way, releasing water from a mill pond beside a grist mill owned by a Mr. G. N. Ennis. The rushing, tumbling waters filled with logs and debris struck the railroad bridge and carried it away, along with the abutments, leaving a chasm between the shores of more than forty feet. A switchman on the road afterwards claimed that he had crossed the dam at six o’clock the night before, and had noted that the water was high, although he had often seen it higher. A mail train passed safely over the stream at midnight, and it was reported that a person walked across the dam at two o’clock in the morning when everything must have been in proper order.

Back in Stonington, Connecticut, the so-called “Steamboat Train” was about to make its daily early morning run to Providence and Boston, carrying the first group of passengers to leave the steam-

boat that plied regularly between New York City and Stonington. This train was made up of an engine, three flat cars, a second class car, three first class passenger cars and a smoking car, and started off with ninety-one passengers, nine trainmen and six railroad men, making a total of one hundred and six persons. Just as the train was about to pull out of Stonington, the “Shore Line Train” arrived, also eastbound, and the conductors argued over which train should have the right of way. The “Steamboat Train” was finally allowed a start of a few minutes, and away it clattered into the gloom of the night, through Wequetequock, across the old bridge into Westerly, where the first stop was made. Off again into the darkness, it thundered on at a speed of thirty to forty miles an hour, nearly forty minutes behind schedule; the whistle screeching at dangerous crossings; the bell ringing; and Engineer Guile, his hand on the throttle, probably thinking of the happy moment in his daily program when he could give two low whistles, quaint and clear, the signal to his wife that all was well. The Guiles lived on the outskirts of Providence, near the tracks, and Mrs. Guile never failed to be wakeful in the early hours, hearkening for her husband’s cheerful salutation.

The on-rushing train raced down the grade approaching the Meadow Brook bridge. Whether or not Engineer Guile and Fireman Eldred could see the awful chasm left by the disappearance of the bridge; whether they could catch a fleeting glimpse of the rushing waters and the tossing logs and timbers that suddenly loomed before them, will never be known. But, into space hurtled the speeding train, like a projectile fired from some monster

cannon. Words cannot describe the scene; the screams of the dying and wounded rent the air mingled with confused shouts of those who managed to crawl through the broken windows or drag themselves out of the splintered coaches.

So strong was the momentum that the engine dragging the veering cars, jumped the forty foot chasm and buried itself in the opposite bank. The head-light and forward part of the locomotive were pushed up as high as the road bed while the rear rested on the embankment; in fact, the engine rested on the hill-side with the coal tender turned over upon it, the two parts forming a V. The freight cars followed, and the second class car, both going down into the river bed. The first class car telescoped into the rear of the second class car, and rested on the embankment on the opposite side of the chasm. The second first class car remained on the track, but was telescoped about half its length into the forward car. The other passenger cars and the smoking car followed, striking the end of the first car, but were not wrecked. Immediately the train caught fire, either from the engine or from the stove in the second class or emigrant car, and the flames spread rapidly. The water in the brook was not deep enough to cover the top of the crates of freight on the flat cars, so the fire spread into and through the emigrant and passenger cars before all of the passengers could extricate themselves. In the first class car that went down the embankment there was but one person, Thomas Nolan, the baggagemaster who was badly injured but managed to escape. In the next car there were several passengers, many of whom were pinned into their seats. Efforts were made to rescue them with partial success for several passengers were burned to death in that car, one of them being Mr. Albert Allen, a prominent Providence citizen, a Civil War veteran and manufacturer of fire department supplies. In the emigrant car were many passengers, the most of whom were injured and some were burned beyond recognition as human bodies. The cars and engine were entirely destroyed, the woodwork being burned to ashes, only the iron remaining.

A few moments after the disaster, parties crossed the river over the broken dam and found both the engineer William D. Guile and the fireman George Eldred dead at their posts, the former with his hand stretched out toward the throttle, the latter holding the brake and the engine a complete wreck in the position previously described. Later, after the flames had subsided, the bodies of these two were found "burned to a crisp" (as the headlines of the press of that day reported). A watch belonging to Mr. Guile and presented to him for faithful service as an engineer was found melted by the heat into a misshapen mass. To show the force with which the engine struck, it was said that a rail which lay in its place on the road bed pierced entirely through the locomotive boiler.

Just as the crash came, the conductor, Mr. Orrin S. Gardiner, was stooping down in the rear of the smoking car, where the rest of the railroad men had gathered, to get some signal lights for the rear of his train to warn the "Shore Line" to keep proper distance. The crash threw him to the floor, and, as he fell, it was reported that he shouted "Carry the red light to the rear as quick as possible." This order was carried out in spite of the confusion that ensued, and in a few minutes along came the express, stopping at a safe distance when the engineer observed the danger signals.

Rescue trains were dispatched from Providence and Westerly and many local surgeons were rushed to the scene to care for those who escaped alive. Some of the bodies were brought into the city later in the day and were taken to the Swarts undertaking establishment at the corner of Pine and Dorrance Streets. Crowds assembled at this point, many entering to try and identify the dead, while throngs gathered at the Railroad Station hoping for additional news of the catastrophe. Hundreds of others journeyed to Wood River Junction to view the smoldering ruins, and to watch the railroad wrecking crews clear the roadbed and erect a temporary bridge across the chasm.

Naturally, this tragedy was the chief topic of conversation hereabouts for many months, and it resulted in considerable

agitation in the papers for some sort of systematic inspection of all bridges, and for approved standards of bridge construction. The record that suggested this account was found with a long-forgotten poem written by the distinguished writer and poet, Bret Harte, famed for his "Luck of Roaring Camp" and countless other literary masterpieces. The following poem that tells of Engineer Guile's tragic death, was composed by Bret Harte and published in the New York Tribune shortly after the wreck at Wood River Junction: —

Two low whistles, quaint and clear,
That was the signal the engineer —
That was the signal that Guile, 'tis said,
Gave to his wife at Providence,
As through the sleeping town, and thence
Out in the night,
On to the light,
Down past the farms, lying white, he sped.

As a husband's greeting, scant no doubt
Yet to the woman looking out,
Watching and waiting, no serenade,
Love song or midnight roundelay
Said what that whistle seemed to say:
"To my trust true,
So love to you!
Working or waiting, Good night!" it said.

Brisk young bagmen, tourist fine,
Old commuters, along the line,
Brakemen and porters glanced ahead.
Smiled as the signal, sharp, intense,
Pierced through the shadows of Providence —
"Nothing amiss!
Nothing! — it is
Only Guile calling his wife," they said.

Summer and Winter, the old refrain
Rang o'er the billows of ripening grain,
Pierced through the budding boughs
o'erhead,
Flew down the track when the red leaves
burned
Like living coals from the engine spurned;
Sang as it flew
"To our trust true,
First of all, Duty — Good night," it said.
And then, one night, it was heard no more
From Stonington over Rhode Island
shore,
And then the folk in Providence smiled
and said,
As they turned in their beds, "The engineer
Has once forgotten his midnight cheer."
One only knew
To his trust true
Guile lay under his engine, dead.

GRANT TAKES BRISTOL

THIS account has to do with two distinguished American figures, although neither was a native born Rhode Islander. First, who were they and why may it be claimed that they were distinguished? Ulysses S. Grant, the eldest of six children, was born at Point Pleasant, Ohio, April 27, 1822, and, as a boy, worked on his father's farm. In 1843, he was graduated from the U. S. Military Academy and served as an officer under Generals Zachary Taylor and Winfield Scott in the war with Mexico. Then he retired from the military service and entered upon a business career. At the outbreak of the Civil War he drilled volunteers and was commissioned Colonel of the 21st Illinois Regiment by Governor

Yates. In 1862, after his capture of Fort Donelson he was made a Major General; he captured Vicksburg July 4, 1863; won the Battle of Chattanooga later the same year; in 1864 Grant was made a Lieutenant General; he forced Lee's surrender at Appomattox, Virginia, April 9, 1865; and, in 1866, Congress commissioned him General of the Army. General Grant was elected President in 1868, and was re-elected four years later. He died in 1885. That is a rather sketchy review of the life of a great American, but the sequence of events and the dates will help to explain the occasion which is about to be described.

The other distinguished figure, a contemporary of Grant, and also a graduate

of West Point, was Ambrose E. Burnside. He was born near Liberty, Union County, Indiana, May 23, 1824, two years after the birth of his future military associate. He started off in life as a tailor's apprentice, but his mind remained on such subjects as deployment, counter-attack, flanking and close order while his fingers mechanically basted and stitched. At the termination of his apprenticeship, young Burnside worked as a journeyman tailor for a time, and then entered into a partnership under the firm name of Meyers and Burnside. Both partners were said to have been cranks on the subject of military tactics, and stories have been told of their soldier playing with buttons and other handy tailor-shop odds and ends. On one occasion, Burnside the tailor worked out a complicated military maneuver using more than 500 buttons which he patiently moved about on a shop board. Destined for more exciting experiences than cutting, fitting and pressing, the young tactician's interest in warfare procured for him an appointment to West Point, from which Academy he was graduated in 1847.

Burnside spent some years in garrison service, being stationed much of the time at Fort Adams in Newport, Rhode Island. He was a Lieutenant of Artillery in Mexico, and took part in several expeditions to quell Indian uprisings. Then followed a business career, spending five years in Bristol, Rhode Island, where he manufactured firearms, including his own invention, the Burnside Breech-loading Rifle. Like Grant, he re-entered the service upon the outbreak of the Civil War, going to the front as a Colonel with the Rhode Island Volunteers. He rose rapidly through the high ranks of line officers, and was finally placed in command of the Army of the Potomac. Several reverses followed this promotion, but he continued to hold important commands in various phases of the several campaigns that finally led to Lee's surrender.

In 1865, Burnside resigned from the service and became prominent as projector and manager of railroads. He settled at Bristol, served as Governor of Rhode Island, from 1866 to 1869, and, from 1875 until his death, was a member of the United States Senate. That too is a

bare outline of a great American's career, but enough has been noted about both Grant and Burnside to reveal the remarkable parallels in their lives. They lived at the same time; their early lives were singularly similar; each graduated from West Point. They served in the same conflict with Mexico; and they promptly re-entered the military service when Lincoln called. They became intimate friends, close associates in a cause for which they led a people to victory. Both Grant and Burnside attained high ranks in times of war, and they were honored by high offices in times of peace. They had much in common, which will explain what transpired on Rhode Island soil on and after August 17, 1875.

Bristol, Rhode Island, is noted for its enthusiasm and efficiency when it comes to any kind of patriotic display and observance, and, evidently, Bristol's 4th of July super-spirit is not something recently acquired because when one examines the records of the reception given to President Grant in the summer of 1875, it is plain to see that General Burnside's adopted home town already knew plenty about stirring up excitement with bunting, bands and earth-rocking orations. Here are some of the high spots of when "Grant took Bristol."

For days and nights, the whole town directed by a committee headed by Mr. Isaac F. Williams feverishly prepared for the reception to the President. By the night before the day when the distinguished visitor was to taste the delights of Bristol hospitality, Hope, High and Franklin Streets were "strewed with bunting, flags, streamers and festoons" (as one quaint account reads). The Common was arranged for one huge clam-bake and a mammoth arch was erected across the street opposite the town clerk's office. Private homes were gaily decorated with flags, and Bristol's traditional institution of open-house put everyone into the right frame of mind for celebrating and rejoicing. By carriage, railroad and on foot great hordes crowded into the little seaport; guns boomed; bands blared; frightened horses pranced; and the harbor was alive with activities incident to the arrival of a President, several Cabinet

officers and countless dignitaries who were to take part in the elaborate program.

At two o'clock on the morning of the 17th a special engine "William D. Hilton" (locomotives had names in those days) left Providence to convey the Presidential train from Worcester. A special car named the "Northern Crown" carried the President, and this car, equipped with sleeping and dressing rooms, was elegantly furnished. There was even a sideboard in the car, upon which stood "a large dish of his favorite fruits festooned with flowers." Engine "William D. Hilton" safely hauled car "Northern Crown" to Providence, arriving at India Point about 6:00 A.M., and there the special car was switched to connect with the 7:45 train for Bristol. Few people were at the depot when President Grant arrived, because the time of his arrival had not been announced; but it was not more than two minutes before the whole town, from Poppasquash to Mount Hope, was electrified by the startling news "The President is here!" Young and old ran pell-mell for the old railroad station, and there the usual observations were overheard, such as, "Why he looks like any man — Is that Grant? — How fat he looks! — I guess he takes life easy — He doesn't look like his picture." There were no jostling reporters, no acrobatic camera men, no autograph fiends in those days, but local constables, badge-wearing officials, and crowding hero worshippers probably contributed the usual amount of confusion at such a scene.

General, then Senator, Burnside arrived in time to greet his old friend when he stepped from the train, and the official party immediately entered carriages for the ride through Bristol streets to Burnside's home on Ferry Road. This residence is still standing and can be seen to the east from Ferry Road, just to the north of Ferrycliffe Farm. As this was being written, a very rare photograph of the house, taken at the time of the President Grant visit, stood on the author's desk, and the remarkably clear view of the estate, with the General standing with members of his family and, of course, his favorite horse, helped to visualize what took place there when the two old friends

finally sat down for a quiet chat while the rest of the community fairly boiled over with excitement. Within less than an hour, Chairman Williams and his reception committee appeared to extend formal greetings and the President responded with a few modest remarks. Grant probably took a walk around the spacious grounds, undoubtedly looked at, and admired, the Burnside horse flesh, inspected the General's famous poultry house, and remarked about the unbroken view of Mount Hope Bay and of the symmetrical rise of King Philip's ancestral lands off to the left. Breakfast was then served and preparations were made for the grand procession and public appearance of the Chief Magistrate.

At 11:45, the various marching units, the First Light Infantry and other mounted commands, bands, patriotic orders invited to participate, lined up on Ferry Road, and the President took his seat in the carriage provided for him. Space does not permit a detailed description of this particular Bristol demonstration of patriotism, but, from all accounts, it was glorious tribute to a public hero. Dense crowds banked the line of march on both sides and cheers greeted the President the entire distance of the parade. He responded to the salutes by frequent bowing, in the usual Presidential manner. A reception at the Burnside home followed the spectacular procession and the President was kept busy shaking hands for several hours. Many a veteran from Bristol and elsewhere in Rhode Island came to see their former war leader, for the ranks of the G. A. R., in 1875, were as relatively strong as those of the American Legion are today. The grandson of Chairman Williams, Mr. W. Fred Williams, Jr., a resident of Bristol at the time of this writing, told the author of the speedy launch that the late Nathaniel G. Herreshoff provided to convey messages from the Burnside house to the old telegraph office on the harborside. Evidently, the custom of a traveling President keeping in constant touch with the White House is not a modern practice. The following morning Grant was entertained with a sail on Narragansett Bay, and, in the afternoon, he sat down to a real Rhode

Island clambake served in the open on the Common — Rhode Island's exclusive treat. And that about covers the high

spots of a very active three days in the colorful career of President Ulysses S. Grant.

PRESIDENT HAYES COMES TO PROVIDENCE

RUTHERFORD BIRCHARD HAYES, nineteenth President of the United States, followed Grant in the White House and assumed many of the unfinished tasks in the tremendous problem of reuniting a nation, lately torn asunder by the tragedies of a civil war. Hayes was born at Delaware, Ohio, October 4, 1822. He graduated from Kenyon College; studied law at Harvard; and began to practice at Fremont, Ohio. Later he served as a Brevet Major General in the Civil War, and, following the return of peace, rose rapidly in the ranks of political service. Briefly, Hayes served in the House of Representatives 1865, 1867 — elected Governor of Ohio in 1867 — and was re-elected — defeated for Congress in 1872, re-elected Governor in 1875 — the following year he was Republican Party candidate for President. The votes of Louisiana, South Carolina and Florida being in dispute, Congress appointed an Electoral Commission of 5 Senators, 5 Representatives, 5 Justices of the U. S. Supreme Court, who, by a vote of 8 to 7, decided the votes of these States in favor of General Hayes, and he was seated. Out of 26,627 ballots cast by Rhode Islanders in the 1876 election, Hayes received a majority of nearly 5000 votes.

One of the high spots of President Hayes' triumphal tour of New England, in 1877, was his stay in Providence, and, in telling the story of what Rhode Island did in welcoming so distinguished a guest, it should be noted that there must be quite a few living, at the time of this writing, who can remember the event. Of those elder Rhode Islanders who may read this account, the question might be asked, "Do you remember — the morning of June 28, 1877 — when a train arrived from Boston bearing the chief executive, hailed by many as the man who had

singularly reunited the country?" At exactly 9:25 A.M. as the puffing locomotive appeared at the far end of the long curve to the northeast of the railroad station, cannons began to boom on Exchange Place, a signal for a general cheer throughout downtown Providence, and also for a wild rush to the depot. The police managed to keep a small space clear, and before the milling, shouting crowds were aware that the train had come to a stop, President Rutherford B. Hayes appeared on the car platform and stepped from the train. He walked between the Honorable Nathan F. Dixon of Westerly and Honorable Pardon E. Tillinghast of Pawtucket on the way to a waiting carriage. Then followed the usual scenes when a President virtually rubs elbows with the people. There was much cheering, hat waving and handkerchief fluttering, and plenty of excitement as the President's admirers surged around the carriage. Obliging the honored guest stood up in the barouche for a moment, quietly bowing acknowledgment of the ovation. When he sat down, hands and arms went at him from all directions, reaching for the priceless privilege of a Presidential shake.

In the meantime, local officials and prominent citizens, and many ladies, were pushing and shoving each other inside the station, all hoping to be in the limelight of the welcoming program. And by the time Hayes had reached his carriage, the attempt of these excited folks, who rushed to get out of the station, and the efforts of police who decided to keep them inside until the President could be moved to a safer, more protected place, caused, according to the record, a "dead lock." Finally, some order was restored; those who belonged in the official parties were allowed to proceed to their carriages and a

procession was formed. Lined up for a grand parade were many of the civic, military and patriotic organizations of the times, — Wally Reeves and his famous American Band; the First Light Infantry, commanded by Colonel R. H. I. Goddard; several Civil War veteran units, police skirmishers, as they were called; military and naval contingents, and an imposing array of "aides to the commander of the line," General Ambrose E. Burnside.

The procession moved over the customary route for Providence — Westminster, Mathewson, Broad, North Main Streets, etc. The sidewalks and streets were crowded all along the line of march. People perched in windows and on rooftops, as they always do, cheering the President, and, at some downtown points, it was difficult for the line to make its way through the milling throngs. Here is a long forgotten touch that the youngsters of today have never seen on an occasion of hero-worship. When the Hayes procession moved through the streets of Providence "The ladies frantically waved handkerchiefs and parasols." All the buildings along the route were covered with flags and tri-colored bunting, and, instead of being showered with confetti and mutilated phone-book sheets, the honored guest, riding with his head uncovered most of the way, knew that the city's enthusiasm was genuine when he beheld, displayed on the fronts of many buildings, huge scrolls bearing the hospitable word "Welcome."

The President's carriage finally arrived at the old mansion at the corner of Benefit and John Streets, and there the guest was to make his headquarters during the period of his visit. Governor Charles C. Van Zandt of Rhode Island and his staff received the President at the entrance to the mansion, within the reception room of which the Governor extended an official welcome, and the President responded with a few appropriate remarks, observing that "we have one country, one constitution and one destiny."

A gay and colorful reception period followed, when all who could, for one reason or another, shook hands with the guest. In the line were national, state and city dignitaries, members of various

reception committees, military and naval figures, and social leaders. A few minutes before 11:00 o'clock, the official party was escorted to the steamer "City of Newport," and while guns roared again and bands blared forth with stirring martial music and crowds cheered, the boat pulled away from the wharf and headed down the Bay for Rocky Point, in those days a nationally-famous shore resort. The trip down the Bay turned out to be an enjoyable phase of the reception for all on board, and there were many. Food and refreshment attracted the attention of everyone, including the President, for a time after passing Field's Point, but when all had been served, an impromptu program was enjoyed in the saloon aft, where the President remained with the Governor and other officials. The Mayor of Bangor, Maine, had a few remarks to make — Ex-Governor Lippitt read an original poem composed by Dr. J. B. Greene of Providence — and the President again spoke briefly.

On the way, President Hayes expressed delight at the scenery of the Bay, and stated that he was most anxious to try the virtues of a genuine Rhode Island clam-bake. Incidentally, it would be very interesting for many present day Rhode Islanders to read over the list of those who journeyed to Rocky Point on that famous excursion. Quite a few names, included then in the list of distinguished guests, are likewise important in this day and age.

Rocky Point was thronged with people waiting to witness the arrival of the President. Amid cheers and salutes the boat party marched to the dining hall between two rows of veterans and Grand Army corps, lined up as a guard of honor. The American Band, under Wally Reeves, played "Hail to the Chief," and those who can remember the world famous bandmaster and composer say that his directing of the local illustrious group of musicians in the playing of this particular selection of salute was something never to be forgotten.

Then came the feast — such as only Rhode Island can place before King or humble servant. Clams, boiled to a tender delectability in steaming gallons of delicious chowder; clams, baked to a mouth-

watering brown and doused in golden melted butter; clams, stacked high in mountains of lobster, chicken, white and sweet potatoes, corn on the cob, sliced onions, sliced tomatoes, cucumbers, fish, sausages, Indian pudding and watermelon — clams, once more stepped into the spot-light as Rhode Island's exclusive reception feature when President Hayes, his party and hosts, sat down to the long tables in the huge dining hall at Rocky Point. "Clams, more clams," resounded continually from a thousand throats as the empty shells buried the tables in ghastly piles. At last, as one quaint report of the scene recorded, "the veterans of a hundred victories from Williamsburg to Appomattox, whose hearts had never quailed at steel and lead, grounded their arms before the mild, the gentle but invincible clam." President Hayes ate plenty — enjoyed the whole gastronomical ritual. He admitted that a real Rhode Island clambake was not in the least over-rated.

After a short period of relaxation in the old Rocky Point Hotel, the President stepped to the piazza — there more speeches, more cheering — more bowing and scraping by distinguished people. It

may be interesting to note that a private demonstration of a new device, called the telephone, was arranged at Rocky Point that afternoon and the President found amusement in talking over the wire to individuals at the City Hotel in Providence.

Later in the afternoon the President returned to Providence and every step taken found crowds awaiting to cheer and salute him. A state dinner in the evening wound up the day's well-filled program, and, doubtless, his wearied head that night had little room for dreams, filled as it was with visions of dancing clams and frolicking lobsters.

Providence was not through — the next morning a grand procession took him to a concert by the school children, thence to Dexter Training Ground, where a grand military review was arranged in honor of the President. At last, in the afternoon, the gaily bedecked Steamer "Massachusetts" had steam up to take the President and his party down the Sound to New York. When the last whistle on the Bay had become silent; when the last cheer echoed down over the shoreline, the chief executive had his first chance to reflect that Providence certainly knew how to entertain a President.

